

LIONS ELEGY,

O R

Verſes on the Death of the three Lions
in the F O W E R.

Lion, Tower of

Three Lions dead! O ſtrange! O ſtrange! What then?
And muſt not Lions dye as well as Men?
But 'tis prodigious, and hence ſome Divine,
That Monarchy will fall, or eſe decline.
That we once more ſhall be without a King,
And in his Room a Common-Wealth ſhall ſpring.
Let not ſuch Thoughts trouble a wise Man's Head,
The Lion, Charles the Second, is not dead:
He ſtill ſurvives, and lives within his Stall,
Whilſt th' others by the hand of Fate did fall.
Againſt our Senſe let us not vainly ſtrive,
Since Charles is ſafe, and ſtill paſer'v'd alive;
We doubt not, but it muſt be underſtood,
The Omen to the King and us is good.
Old Charles is dead, who liv'd to a fair Age,
In Peace, and undiſturb'd march'd off the Stage;
Like the Mogul he parted with his Throne,
Who (as 'tis ſaid) does never die alone;
But marches to the other World in State,
Whilſt dying Friends and Servants on him wait,
And thus old Charles like the Mogul is fled,
And Fate to attend him, the Queens and Dukes ſtruck dead;
You, who do Superſtitioſon ſo cry down,
Ben't ſuperſtitious now againſt the Crown,
Let not the ſpitefull, pervert Nature Laws,
And turn to poyſon, every natural Caufe;
Let not the wicked's hopes revive again,
That Mongrel Curs, or wild Bulls here ſhall Reign,
Or that the hundred-headed Hydra ſhall,
Into the Royal Seat of Monarchs crawle.
To break that vain imaginary ſpell,
Still Charles the ſecond is alive and well.
But if we needs muſt ſuperſtitious be,
And their Deaths call Omen, or a prodegie;
Interpret thus the Augurie with me.
The Lions, Queens and Dukes, are dead and gon,
To attend old Charles, and left alive the Son,
Therefore your Fears and Jealousies lay by,
It ſhews in England Popery shall dye:
The Queen and Duke will ne're that power win,
To bring their own or Rome's Religion in
And if design'd, e're it accompliſh'd be,
The Duke and Queen themſelves we dead may fee;
And our good King, ſurvivour of the three.
God bless his Life, and ſend him long to Reign,
And ſend us Peace and happy days again:
Which we prognosticate will ſurely be,
If King and Parliament in Love agree.

LETANY

FOR

S. O M E R S,

PART II.

From the same Hand, and to the same Tune.

From all that like the Triple Crown,
And worship *Maries silken Gown*:
From ev'ry *Corydon* and *Clown*,
Who now are (in) or (out) of *Town*.

Libera nos, &c.

From all the Rascally *Befesters*,
And all that like to go in *Festers*:
From all the FATE of *Colemans Letters*,
For which he was before his Better.

Libera nos, &c.

From all who chuse to lye in *Straw*,
And all against that *Swedish-Law*,
Which keeps the JESUITES so in *Awe*,
That there they dare not let a *Pow*.

Libera nos, &c.

From *Enemies to Grace and Glory*,
And from a *profligated TORT*:
So charmed with *Romance and Story*,
Not paying *Homage* to the *Hoary*.

Libera nos, &c.

From him that putteth *Bad* for *Good*,
But plainly (now) is understood:
Who waiteth for a *Romish HOOD*,
And longs to go in *Shoes* of *WOOD*.

Libera nos, &c.

From all the Vile *Knights* of the *Post*,
That of their *Villany* do boast:
From all that *Protestants* do roast,
And also from an IRISH HOST.

Libera nos, &c.

From all that live to Drink and Dance,
Who Providence turn into Chance:
From all *Compliers* (now) with *France*,
And from all *Enemies* to PRANCE.

Libera nos, &c.

From all that worship *Wafer-Gods*,
And (vilely) *Nations* set at Odds:
Who are (at best) but earthen *Clods*,
And merit more than *Bridewell-Rods*.

Libera nos, &c.

From all that plow with *Ox*, and *Ays*,
And from a Frenchified *Lays*:
From all Adorers of the *Mass*,
Who bow to *Wood*, and *Stone*, and *Brass*.

Libera nos, &c.

From charmed ones with *Guiney-Pigs*,

And all that bowl without their *Trigs*:

From all who like the *Spanish Figs*,

And TORIES who abhor the WHIGS.

Libera nos, &c.

From every Monopolizer,

And also from a Temporizer:

From every fat *Gormandizer*,

And from a sordid *Stigmatizer*.

Libera nos, &c.

From all that set a COMPASS wide,

Yet (only) study *Wind* and *Tide*:

From all that play and cheat at *Hide*,

And from a Frenchified *Bride*.

Libera nos, &c.

From *Him* who is so full of *Ire*,

As if he had some savage *Sire*:

Who could piss out the *City Fire*,

So much as (then) *He did desire*.

Libera nos, &c.

From all who daily lay a *Snare*:

For *Innocents*, but *Nocents* spare:

Who in their handy-work may *share*,

And not appear a *Match* for CARE.

Libera nos, &c.

From every insipid *Jack*,

That *Brains* as well as *Bags* doth lack:

From Newgate-Midwife, and her BLACK,

Who plot for *Protestants* a RACK.

Libera nos, &c.

From *Millers* chiefly wishing *Grift*,

And *Smiters* with a wicked *Fist*:

From all that PAPISTS (slyly) lift,

And also from a *Scotish-Mist*.

Libera nos, &c.

From all that's lately falsely made,

And may to others be a SHADE:

From all who drive the Devils Trade,

And dare not call a Spade a SPADE.

Libera nos, &c.

From him that likes not *Trout*, or *Tench*,

And from the tyrannizing *French*:

From sending of another WE NCH

To be indulged Bed and Bench.

Libera nos, &c.

From

from all the TORIES at S. Ives,
And also from all Romish Knives:
From (ruled) Husbands (ruling) Wives,
And from all such domestick Lives.

Liber nos, &c.

From all infernal Newgate-Art,
That's now in value like a FART:
Who may in time experience Smart,
And ride to Tyburn in a CART.

Liber nos, &c.

From all who deepest Oaths do thin,
The greatest RHETORICK, and w^t
From all that like to Lead may sink,
Yet Heals to D. and Devil drink.

Liber nos, &c.

From every suborned PAIN,
Who thirsteth for to slay the SLAIN:
From all would go to Hell for Gain,
And introduce a Foreign Train.

Liber nos, &c.

From FAUXES and their Lamborn dark,
From Tyburn-Lamborn's quondam Clark,
Who roars, but sings not like a Lark,
And meriteth his Masters Mark.

Liber nos, &c.

From PLUTO and from Popish NAT,
Who eats in Lent no Lean nor Fat:
From Sacramental-Roger's Cat,
And also from a Gape CURAT.

Liber nos, &c.

From ev'ry perjured Elector,
And ev'ry Protestant Dissector:
From ev'ry daring, damming Hector,
And also from a shitten RECTOR.

Liber nos, &c.

Ah! but there's yet another Tool,
Who is (at once) both Knave and Fool:
Let him go to S. OMERS School,
If that he cannot go to Stool.

Alas! he is a broken Reed,
Yet longeth Others for to bleed:
But give me leave now to proceed,
And cast away this stinking Weed.

From that L'STRANGE, that's a strange Lee,
Who stinger worse than any Bee:
This Norfolk Dumplin once did flee,
From Englands POWER to get free:

When this arise, I clearly see,
Unto S. OMERS goeth HE,
In Rimmons house to bow his Knee,
For libelling to that Degree:
But this would be a Grief to Me,
Who should go rather for his Fee
To NEWGATE; thence to TYBUKN-TREE.

Liber nos, &c.

From him that is the Devils Guest,
Yet by a (ghostly) Father Blest:
From Wakeman, Gascoin, and the rest,
Who long have been the Nations PEST.

Liber nos, &c.

From him that understands not Reason,
But like a NABAL calls it Treason;
And from a Dish that's out of Season.

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Sed male dum recitas incipit esse Tuum.

From him who knows not Sea from Channel,
But leaves a Saddle for a Pannel,
And would have all interr'd in Flannel.

Liber nos, &c.

From all that break upon the Wheel,
(When they themselves no Torture feel:)
From all that whip with Rods of STEEL,
And with a ROMAN-CUP do reel.

Liber nos, &c.

From all that limp, yet are not lame,
And (solely) lay on others Blame:
From every confessing DAME,
And Others whom I dare not name.

Liber nos, &c.

From Him who makes a Galley-slave,
And every out-landish Knave,
That nothing more desires to have,
Than live to dig anothers GRAVE.

Liber nos, &c.

From bloody Butchers, and dough Bakers,
With all that are Foundation-shakers:
From all S. OMERS Undertakers,
And also from all Smithfield-Shakers.

Liber nos, &c.

From every informing Saul,
That unto SATAN gives the Wall:
To bring Dissenters into Thrall,
Though into Hell himself doth fall.

Liber nos, &c.

From ev'ry Dog that will not fetch,
And from a sanguinary KETCH,
Who is so merciless a Wretch,
VWhen he at Tyburn Persons stretches.

Liber nos, &c.

From him who scorns Wood for Trees,
And yet is busie as the Bees:
From him that's settled on his Lees,
And speaketh not without his Fees.

Liber nos, &c.

From all that cause domestick strife;
A smoaking Chimney, stabbing Knife,
A tired Horse, and scolding VIFE,
That Death is wished and not Life.

Liber nos, &c.

From ev'ry (Military) Feast,
VWhere ENOSH drinketh like a Beast,
And where the Greatest is not Least.

Liber nos, &c.

From all the Enemies to KNOX,
And also from Pandora's BOX:
From Adders unto Plebis VOX,
And from the Frenchified POX.

Liber nos, &c.

From all that imitate Jane Shore,
An (infamous) though (Royal) WHORE,
And died in a Ditch therefore.

Liber nos, &c.

From all Compilers with the Time,
VWho judge not Sin to be a Crime:
From all who boast themselves sublime,
And will not buy this NON-CON-RIME.

Liber nos, &c.

11/21

A LITANY from GENEVA, In

From the Tap in the Guts of the Honourable Stump,
From which runs Rebellion, that stinks like the Rump,
On purpose to leaven the Factious Lump,

Liberan os Domine.

From him that aspires as high as the Crown,
And vows to pull Copes and Cathedrals down,
Fit only to govern the World in the Moon.

Liberan os.

Form the Prick-ear'd Levite, that can without pain
Swear *Black* into *White*, then *Unswear* it again;
Whose Name did design him a Villain in *GRAIN*;

Liberan os.

From his *Black-Bills*, and *Pilgrims* with Sticks in their hands,
That came to make a Religious Band,
Then Ravish our Wives, and Inhabit our Land,

Liberan os.

From the Mouth of the City, that never gives o'r
To complain of Oppressions unheard-of before,
And yet for his Letchery will not quit score,

Liberan os.

From the *Cest per Cent* Scriv'ner, and all his State-tricks;
That cryer out of Intemp'rance, who yet will not stick
To clear a youg Spend-thrift's Estate at a lick,

Liberan os.

From the Force and the Fire of the Insolent Rable,
That wou'd hurle the Government into a *Babel*,
And from the nice Fare of the Mouse-starver's Table,

Liberan os.

From the Elder in *New-street*, that Goggles and Cants,
Then turns up his *Whites*, to nose it, and pant,
And at the same time plays *Devil* and *Saint*,

Liberan os.

LONDON, Printed for the use

In Answer to that from St. OMERS.

From Jenkin's Homilies drawn through the Nose,
From Langley, Dick, Baldwin, and all such as those,
And from Brawny Settle's Poem in Prose,

Libera nos.

From a Surfeit occasion'd by Protestant Feasts,
From Sedition for Sawce, and Republicks for Guests,
With Treason for Grace-Cup, or Faction at least,

Libera nos.

From the Conscience of Cits, resembling their Dames,
That in Private are Nice, but in Publick so Tame,
That they will not stick out for a Touch of that Same,

Libera nos.

From the blind Zeal of all Democratical Tools,
From Whigland, and all its Anarchical Rules,
Devised by Knaves, and Imposed on Fools,

Libera nos.

From the Late Times Reviv'd, when Religion was gain,
And Church-Plate was seiz'd for Reliques Prophane,
Since practic'd by Searching Sir William again,

Libera nos.

From such Reformation where Zealots begun,
To preach Heaven must by firm Bulwarks be won,
And Te Deum sung from the mouth of a Gun,

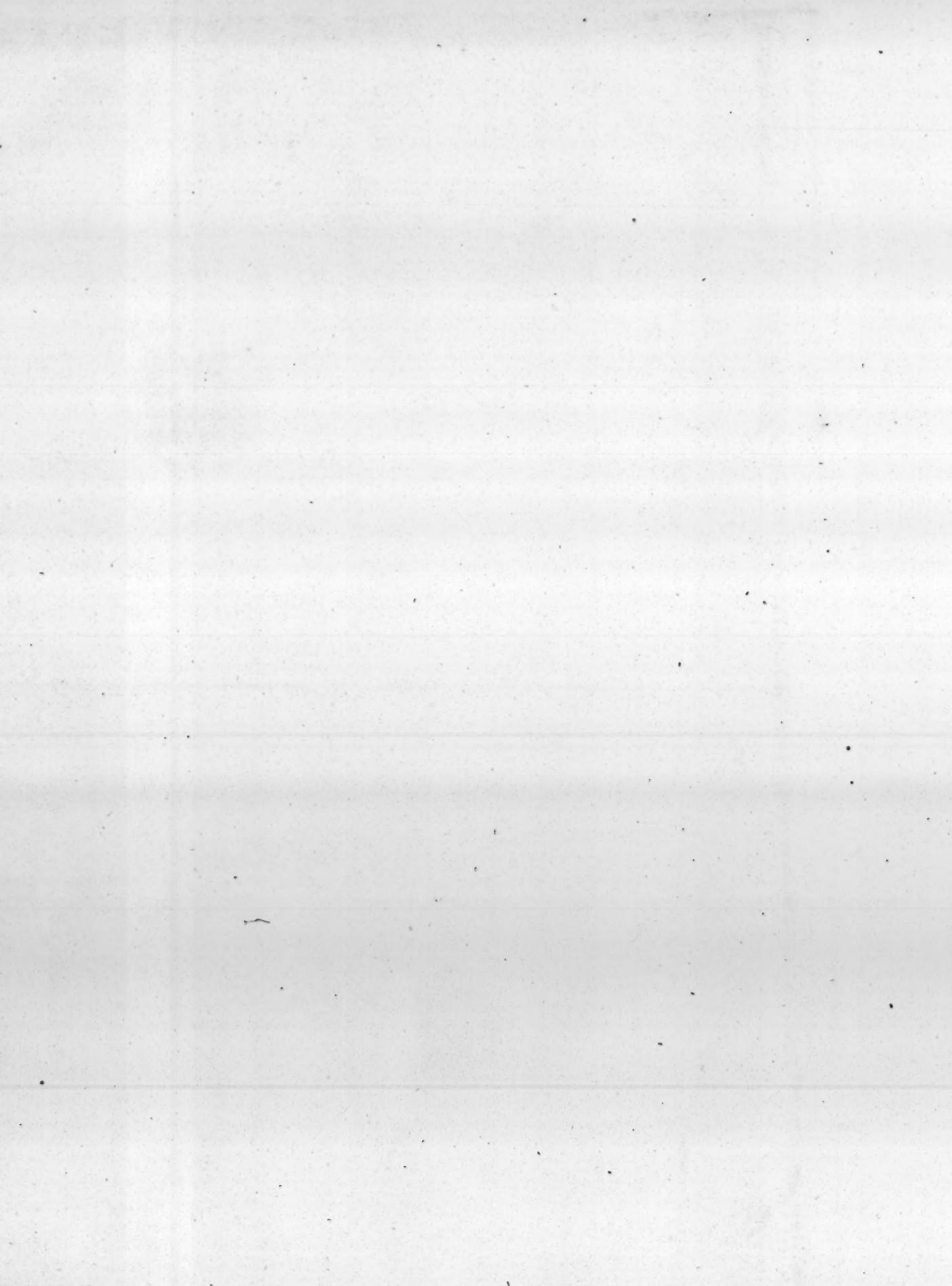
Libera nos.

From Parliamentarians, that out of their Love
And Care for His Majesty's Safety, wou'd prove
The securest way were His Guards to remove,

Libera nos.

From Sarcy PETITIONS, that serve to inflame us,
From all who for the ASSOCIATION are famous,
From the Devil, the Doctor, and the Damn'd IGNORAMUS.

Libera nos.



GARNETS GHOST;

K Addressing to the Jesuits, met in private Caball, just after
 THE
 MURTHE
 O F
 Sir Edmund-Bury Godfrey.



Written by the Author of the *Satyr against Virtue*, (not yet Printed.)

BY hell 'twas bravely done, what less then this;
 What Sacrifice of meaner worth, and price;
 Could we have offer'd up for our success?
 So fare all they who dare provoke our hate;
 Who by like ways presume to tempt their fate:
 Fare each like this bold medling fool, and be it well
 As well cur'd, as well dispatch'd as he can kill.
 Would he were here, yet warn, that we might drain
 His reeking gore, and drink up every vein:
 That were a glorious *Sunction*; much like thine,
Great Roman, made upon a like design.
 Like thine? we scorn so mean a Sacrament;
 To seal and consecrate our high intent,
 We scorn base blood should our great league cement.
 Thou didst it with a *slave*, but we think good
 To bind our *Treason* with a bleeding God.
 Would it were *His*; why should I fear to name,
 Or you to hear't? at which we nobly aim.
 Lives yet that hated enemy of our cause?
 Lives he our mighty projects to oppose?
 Can his weak innocence, and heavens care,
 Be thought security from what we dare,
 Are ye then *Jesuits*, are you so for nought?
 In all the *Catholique depths* of *Treason* taught:
 In *Orthodox*, and solid poysoning read:
 And each profounder Art of killing bred:
 And can you fail or bungle in your trade?
 Shall one poor life your cowardise upbraid?
 Tame dastard slaves, who your profession shame,
 And fix disgrace on your great Founders name.

Think what late *Sorries*, and ignoble crew,
 Not worthy to be rank'd in sin with you!
 Inspir'd with malice, wickedness durst do

How from his Throne, they hurl'd a Monarch down;
 And bravely eas'd him of his life and Crown.
 They scorn'd, in Covert, their bold Art to hide,
 In open face of Heaven the work they did;
 And dar'd its vengeance, and its powers defy'd.
 This is his *son*, and mortal too like *Him*:
 Durst you usurp the glory of the crime,
 And dare ye not? I know you scorn to be,
 By such as they, outdone in villainy:
 ('Your proper province) true, you urg'd then on,
 Were Engins in the fact; but they alone
 Share all the Open credit and Renown.

But hold, I wrong our Church & cause, which need
 No foreign Instance; nor what Others did.
 Think on that matchless *Affassin*, whose name,
 We with just pride can make our happy claim;
 He who at killing of an *Emperour*,
 To give his poyson stronger force and power,
 Mixt a *God* with't and made it work more sure.
 Blest memory, which shall through age to come
 Stand sacred in the lists of *Hell* and *Rome*.
 Let our great *Clement*, and *Ravilla's* name,
 Your spirits to like height of sin inflame.
 Those mighty souls, who each durst bravely dye,
 To have a Royal Ghost their company.
 Heroick Art! and worth their tortures well;
 Well worth the suffering of a double-hell:
 That they felt here, and that below they fell:
 And if these cannot move you as you shou'd,
 Let me and my example fire your blood,
 Think what I durst attempt; a glorious deed,
 Which durst the fates have suffer'd to succeed.
 Had Rivall'd hells most proud exploit and boast
 Ev'n that which would the King of fates depos'd

Seal up your ears to mercy; lest their words
Should tempt a pity, ram 'em with your swords, dare
Their tongues too down their throats; let them not
To mutte, for their souls a gasping prayer,
But choak't in th' utterance, and stab it there.
T'were witty handsome malice could you do't
To make 'em dye, and make 'em damn'd, to boot.
Make children, by one fate with Parents dye,
Kill in revenge, the next posterity:
You'll so be pester'd with no Orphans cry,
No Children's Mothers curse your Memory.
Make death and desolation swim in blood,
Throughout the Land, with nought to stop the flood
But slaughter'd Carcasses, till the whole Isle
Become one Tomb, become on Funeral Pile.
Till such vast numbers swell the countless sum,
That the wide grave, and wider hell want room,
Great was that tyrants wish, which should be mine,
Did I not scorn the leavings of a sin.
Freely I would bestow't on England now,
That the whole Nation with one neck might grow,
To be sic'd off, and you to give the blow.
What never Saxon rage could ere inflict,
Nor Danes more savage, nor the barbrous Piæ;

What Spain, nor Eighty eight could ere devise,
With all its fleet, and fraught of cruelties:
What Medina were wist, much less could dare,
And bloodier Alva would with trembling hear;
What may outdo all prodigies of old,
And make their milder cruelties untold:
What Heavens Judgments, nor the angry stars,
Forreign Invasions, nor Domestick wars;
Plague, Fire nor Famine could effect or do;
All this, and more be dar'd and done by you.
But why do I with idler talk delay,
Your hands, and while they should be acting stay?
Farewell.—

If I may waft a prayer for your success.
Hell be your aid, and your high projects bless.
May that vile wretch, if any here they be,
That meanly shrinks from brave Iniquity;
If any dare feel pity or remorse,
May he feel all I've bid you act, and worse:
May he by rage of foes unpittied fall,
And they tread out his hated Soul to hell,
May's name and carcasse rot, expos'd alike to be,
An everlasting mark of grinning Infamy.

F I N I S.
4 OC 58

The Loyal Nonconformist;

K W. R.
They Dr. Rob. Wilby

O.R.

An Account what he dare swear, and vwhat not.

I Fear an Oath, before I swear to take it;
'And well I may, for 'tis the Oath of God:
I fear an Oath, when I have sworn to break it;
And well I may, for Vengeance hath a Rod.

And yet I may swear, and must too, 'tis due
Both to my Heav'nly, and my Earthly King :
If I assent, it must be full and true;
And if I promise, I must do the thing.

I am no Quaker, not at all to swear ;
Nor Papist, to swear East, and mean the West;
But am a Protestant, and shall declare
What I cannot, and what I can protest.

I never will endeavour Alteration
Of Monarchy, or of that Royal Name,
Which God hath chosen to command this Nation,
But will maintain his Person, Crown & Fame:

What he commands, if Conscience say not nay,
(For Conscience is a greater King than he)
For Conscience sake, not Fear, I will obey;
And if not Active, Passive I will be.

I'll pray that all his Subjects may agree,
And never more be crumbled into parts ;
I will endeavour that his Majestie
May not be King of Clubs, but King of Hearts.

The Royal Oak I swear I will defend ;
But for the Ivy which doth hug it so,
I swear that is a Thief, and not a Friend,
And about Steeples fitter for to grow.

The Civil-Government I will obey;
But for Church-Policy I swear I doubt it ;
And if my Bible want th' Apocrypha,
I'll swear my Book may be compleat without it.

I dare not swear Church-Government is right
As it should be; but this I dare to swear,
If they should put me to t, the Bishops might
Do better, and be better than they are,

Nor will I swear for all that they are worth,
That Bishopricks will stand, & Doomsday see;
And yet I'll swear the Gospel holdeth forth
Christ with his Ministers till then will be.

That Peter was a Prelate they aver,
But I'll not swear't when all is said and done;
But I dare swear, and hope I shall not err,
He preach'd a hundred Sermons to their one.

Peter a Fisher was, and he caught Men :
And they have Nets, & in them catch Men too
Yet I'll not swear they are alike, for them
He caught he say'd : these catch, & them und.

I dare not swear that Courts Ecclesiastick
Do in their Laws make just and gentle Vote;
But I'll be sworn that Burton, Pryn aud Basswick
Were once Ear-witnesses of harsher Notes.

Archdeacons, Deans & Chapters are brave men
By Canon, not by Scripture : but to this,
If I be call'd, I'll swear, and swear agen,
That no such Chapter in my Bible is.

I'll not condemn those Presbyterians, who
Refused Bishopricks, and might have had'er
But Mistris Calamy I'll swear doth do
As well as if she were a Spiritual Madam.

For Holy Vestments I'll not take an Oath
Which Linen most Canonical may be ;
Some are for Lawn, some Holland, some Scoochan,
And Hemp for some is fitter than all three.

Paul had a Cloak, and Books, & Parchments too
But that he wore a Surplice I'll not swear,
Nor that his Parchments did his Orders shew
Or in his Books there was a Common-Prayer.

I owe affiance to the King by Oath ;
And if he please to put the Bishops down,
As who knows what may be, I should be loy
To see Tom Becket's Mitre push the Crown.

And yet Church-Government I do allow,
And am contented Bishops be the men,
And that I speak in earnest, here I vow
Where we have one, I wish we might have t

In fine, the Civil Power I'll obey,
And seek the Peace & Welfare of the Nation
If this won't do, I know not what to lay,
But farewell London, farewell Corporation.

R. W.



R Sharpe Jr.
Archivist
St Andrews
MS. B. 6.

The Barbarous Murther of
J A M E S,
Late Lord Arch Bishop of
S T. A N D R E V V S.
Primate and Metropolitan of all
S C O T L A N D,

And one of his Majesties most Honourable **P R I V Y C O U N C I L** of that Kingdom; May 3 1679.



Hen Rome, by Godfrey's Death, had proudly shown
The greatest Horror could by Man be done;
Hell stood amaz'd a while, and blusht to see
It self out done by Romish Cruelty;
At leng: h, Grim Lucifer the Silence broke;
And to his Imps, in furious tone he spoke;
See yonder reeking Murder! Come, lets fit
In strong debate, and strive to rival it;
Or else, as Novices, to Rome weel go,
And send the Pope to Mount our Throne below.

In hot dispute, the black Cabal had spent
A little Time, when with a full Consent,
It was resolv'd; Ten Furies, who express
A greater Love to Blood, than all the rest,
Should with as many Scottish Russians joyn
To act, on Pious SHARP, this Damn'd Design;
For, 'who that knows that Murder, can (indeed)
Think it by any here on Earth Decreed;
When every horri Circumstance does tell,
It could be Plotted nowhere but in Hell;
Though some sad Mortals do delight in Blood,
They could not be thus Wicked if they wou'd.
For what Infernal could enhance the Guilt,
More than in this, A Prelates Blood was Spilt!

Whose Sacred Function, was enough to quell
The Thoughts of Vengeance in an Infidell.
But yet nor this, nor's Silver colour'd Hairs,
His Learning, Piety, his Daughters Pray'r;s,
His Virtues, Prudence, Loyalty, nor age,
Were Charms enough, to stop these Russians Rages;
Who only therefore Long'd to shed his Blood,
Because they knew him Innocent and Good;
That so their Crime might unexampled seem;
Not in the Murder but in Murthering him.

Nor does the manner of this Murder less
The heighth of their Impiety express;
Behold! how like a Dog, they Hawl and Draw
Him from his Coach, not fearing Heav'n nor Law!
See, how the Coach-man Tumbles from his Box,
And poor Postillion fell'd, like Fatted Ox!

Whil'st on her Knees, the weeping Daughter Craves
Her Father's Life and's threatned by the Slaves!
Whil'st others, by a Show'r of Passes Given,
Let out his Blood, and send his Soul to Heaven!

If any Villians, for the Future, wou'd
Know the worst way, to dip their Hands in Blood,
To these Scotch Russians go, to end that Strife,
This Prelates Fal', will Teach them to the Life!

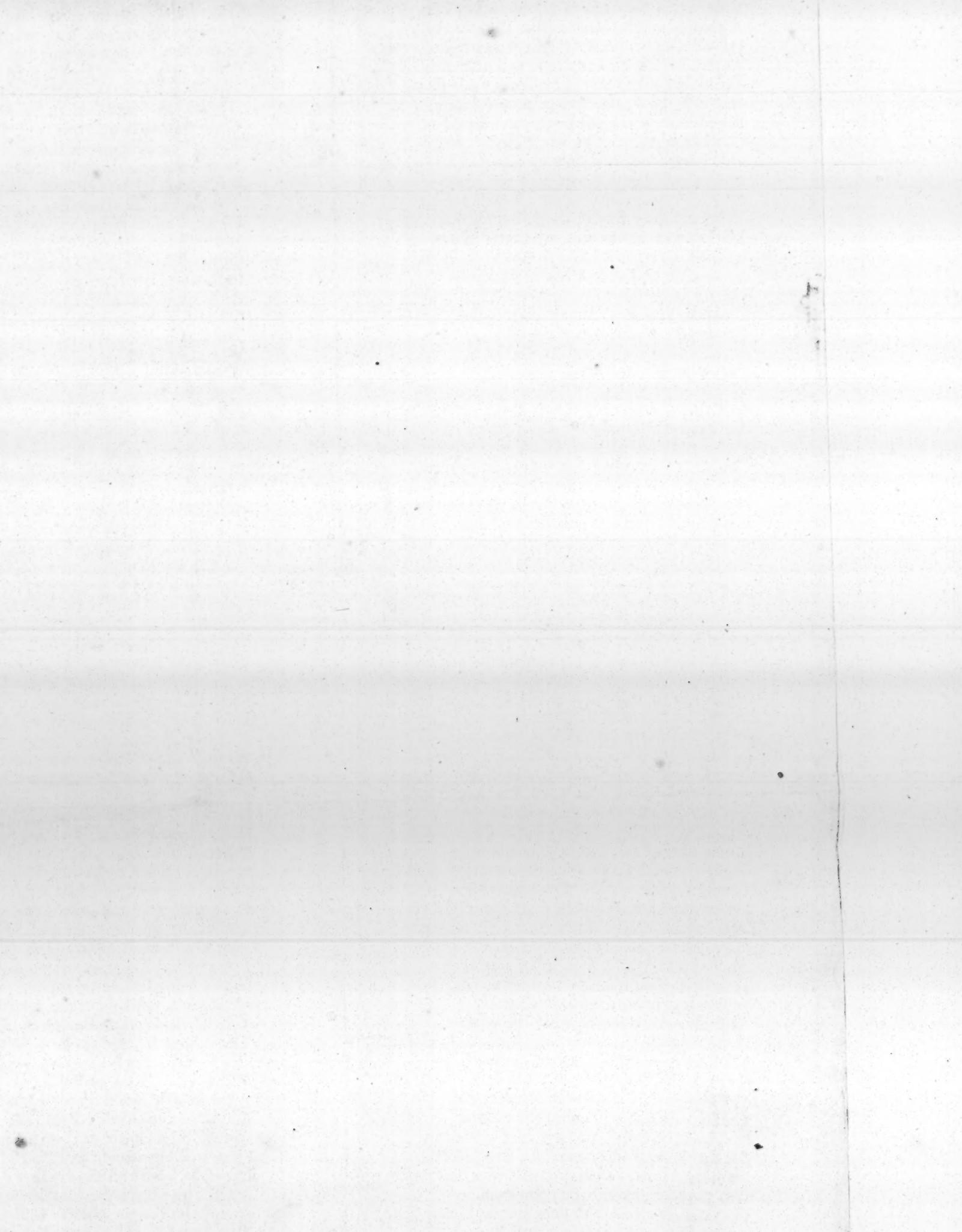


A P O E M

Upon the Right of Succession to the Crown of England.

T
hat precious Gem call'd Loyalty grows scarce,
Faction would turn it to disgraceful Farce.
When *England's* great Prerogative does grow
Into contempt by Tumult, Monarch's foe.
Whose subtil secret Jesuitick Gins,
Would turn the frame of Nature off its Pins.
A painted zeal must back what they decree,
Heav'n must be mock'd t'uphold their treachery.
As if they judg'd That would maintain their Caus',
Whose beams outshine it, to support our Laws.
Bles'd in the Hemisphere of peaceful days,
Beneath the warm, the bright, and sacred rays,
Of glorious Majesty, by whose sweet care,
Our Laws and Liberties maintained are.
Blush then disloyal Mortals, let your shame,
All wild attempts against your Reason tame.
Think not your selves that are but Subjects, Kings,
You know Religion teacheth better things.
Must all our ancient Laws then tumble down,
By turning this to an Elective Crown?
No lawful President you can disclose,
Whereby you power have Kings to depose,
Or turn the circulation of the Blood,
An adverse way, not to be understood.
But through a byass'd odd fantastick zeal,
Which being grasp'd, is slippery like an Eel.
Late reeling Times sufficiently have shwon,
Th' effects of Masquerade Religion.
When *Charles* the Great, whose memory shall live,
Could not their murtherous Principles survive.
And our most Gracious Sovereign *Charles* that now
Does rule our Land, from thence did he not grow.
Immediate Heir to sway the Scepter here,
And though Religion made the Point seem clear,
Yet theirs forsooth could him no Crown afford,
For by th' divine assistance of their Sword,
Their piety forc'd him forth his native Land,
Against both Law, Nature, and Heav'n's Command.
Are these the pious things you'd act again?
Fie! from dissembled Loyalty abstain.
Numb. 27.
9, 10.
For those who dirt do at the right Heir fling,
Can ne'r be found in heart towards their King.
As well by Nature as by Laws divine,
The first-born are preferred in the Line.
Gen. 4.7.
Duet. 21.17
Of Consanguinity, why then shall we
Dare to oppose God's heavenly Decree?
Heav'n may; but sure I am, no Power on Earth,
Can rob him of that Crown, whose claim's his Birth.
When God it sends, Descent the Scepter brings,
By that we pay Allegiance to our Kings.
Though humane Laws sometimes wax out of date,
By length of time, a far more happy Fate
Attends the Law of Nature, a long course
Of time can't turn her from her former source:
As well may man the heavenly Orbs controul,
And to his will make those great Circles rowl;
As well may he command the Firmament,
As intercept or hinder this Descent.
Which when it comes that Particle of time,
Th' undoubted Heir unto the Throne does climb.
He's King compleat by Nature's justest Law,
And our Allegiance doth as justly draw.
As Child to Parent does obedience show,
The same do Subjects unto Princes owe.
No Power on Earth, no Law, no Parliament,
But the Great God, can exclude this Descent.
An usurp'd Power, though glos'd with the consent
O'th' populace, can ne'r be permanent.
They're ever curs'd with some strange bloody Fate,
Furious Distempers over-rule that State.
Until surcharg'd with sickness and with blood,
At length they vomit up th' unwholsom food,
That lately seem'd to nourish their sick brest,
Till Loyalty doth give 'em ease and rest.
What strange Convulsions History doth tell,
Of States that did the lawful Heir expel.
The Second *William* govern'd once this Realm
By Usurpation, and the mighty Helm

By *Henry* the First being occupi'd,
Untii their elder Brother *Robert* di'd.
Who to obtain that Crown that was his due,
Colour'd this Land of a dread scarlet hue.
It ended with his death; th' imperial Crown
Then by Descent for *Henry*'s was known.
Next unto *Maud*, the Empress of that Name,
The only Heir of *Henry* it came.
When *Stephen* he usurp'd it as his own,
How heavily did this sick Nation groan.
Till Justice seem'd to take that pious care,
Once more to settle it on the rightful Heir.
Examples are numerous almost as words,
Which more compleat in Histories records.
You'll find; but to omit a search so far,
The late unnatural intestine War
Speaks loud enough, the wounds continue green,
When *Charles* the First had been the bloody Scene
Of their Impiety; this Land was wrack'd,
Its Bowels torn, Nature's chief Fabrick crack'd,
As 'twere at such disorder, till in th' end,
(As each thing doth unto its Centre tend.)
The Clouds dispers'd, and drove away despair,
When in the Throne appear'd the much wrong'd Heir,
Whom God preserve, and may he ever be
From treach'rous and disloyal Subjects free.
Princes are God's Anointed, and the Crown
None can detain, but Heav'n's great Prince alone.
When Nature's Law hath been impeach'd, such things
Are wrought by Power divine, or th' King of Kings.
By that great Power they rule, and by no less,
And as he rais'd them, he can them depress.
The God of Nature can't his Rules controul,
And make it seem against himself to rowl.
Then let not Fancy to our weak thoughts bring,
That it is lawful to Create a King,
From out o'th' Line, for being i'th' Bible seen,
I Sam. 16.1. That Heirs to Crowns have interrupted been.
You may as well allow with the same zeal,
That we by Law may pilfer, rob and steal,
Because the *Israelites* commanded were
To spoil th' *Egyptians* of their choicest Clear.
Exod. 11.2.
12.35. Unto the Law we bound are at this rate,
But not the strict Example t'imitate.
All our King's Officers, 'tis not unknown,
Are sworn t'uphold the Rights of *England's* Crown.
5 Eliz. c.1. The Commons too, before they Voice can claim
I'th' House, are duly sworn to right the same.
How can we judge of this but as a blot,
When such an Oath's most willingly forgot?
It's sin, we think, to let a Papist reign,
But Perjury we'll piously maintain
For a great vertue, when self-Interest,
In whispers tells us all goes for the best.
That Monster Faction evermore did range
In these three Kingdoms, to promote a Change.
Which being upheld by Frenzy, Pride, and Scorn
Of Monarchy, 'tis that's the wounding Thorn
To publick Peace, and makes the greatest Scars,
That fills mens mouths with Armies, Blood and Wars.
'Tis That deposes Princes, blackens Fame,
Whitens the *Negro*, makes the sound man lame.
A Prince o'th' Blood is now a petty thing,
And if we durst, we'd tell you so's a King.
Virtue's bright lustre can her ~~not~~ protect,
From base Ingratitude and Disrespect.
It once hath been admired in that Prince,
And still may be his glorious defence,
Against the Tongue of ev'ry sensless Brute,
That dares Succession to the Crown dispute.
But may our Good, our Gracious King long reign,
Whose Breast all precious Virtue doth contain.
May he reign, and live long enough to find
His Subjects all united in one mind.
And may a Gem so precious from his Crown,
Not be defil'd, nor rudely taken down.
And that Injustice shou'd it not impair,
Heav'n hath bequeath'd it to his dearest Care.



A CONGRATULATORY POEM

On the Right Honourable

S^t. ORLANDO BRIDGMAN K

Lord Keeper of the great Seal of *England*.

46025
8

My Lord.

To You, as fast as verses feet can move
A Country Muse conveys the Countrys love,
And though her Laureats Courtly sisters bring
From their rich Stones a noble offering,
Yet (sith the minde most makes the Sacrifice)
Your goodness will not meaneer gifts despise.

She joyes the Keeper, but more joyes the Seal
Lodg'd to th'advantage of the publiques Weale,
And the disposer too, whose prudent Choice
Is herein echo'd by the vulgar voice,
You are the happy Center, that unite
In one the Patriot, and the Favourite.
Rare Harmony ! the musick of the Spheeres
Too seldom thus accords with vulgar Ears.

T'were easy to reflect, but that such wayes,
Are the low Topicks of a narrow praise,
Whence let your predecessors rest for me
His Libell here would your detraction be,
True Diamonds are by their own sparks declar'd,
And they're dull stones which shine not but compard,
Nor do you seek or need it, single Merit
Wonne you the Honour, Let that singly wear it.

Mean while, we must our selves twice happy rate
Since peace and you, together blest the State;
Our fears i'th Wane, our joyes are in the Increase
Whiles we have such a Keeper to our peace,
And (but that Faction did the Terme devise)
Wee'd adde too Keeper, of our Liberties.

Were all your own Rolles search't, scarce should we finde,
That noble Seat fill with so fit a minde.
So brave a Minde, as balaenesse ne'r allayes,
So great a Minde, as greatnesse cannot taile,
So just a Minde, as interest can't seduce,
So wise a Minde, as colours can't abuse
So large a Minde, as largest Trusts do crave.
So calme a Minde, as equity should have.

High Courtship; construed in the present tense
Lawes Oracle without perplexed sence.
A sober piety in a Virtuoso
And an Orlando without Furioso.
Whose judgement doth with legall measures side
Yet moderate, where men differ, not divide.
That temper now must bless us, we're undone
Twixt two extremes, all Liberty and none.
You have the happy mean, neither propense
To scalding Zeal, nor cold Indifference.

The Churches patronage, you do inherit,
Both by a Claim of Birth-right, and of merit
The Reverend prelate long since gone to rest
In after Annals shall be daily blest.

As Bishop first, and next as parent too
A Father both unto the Church and you.
Yea twice the Churches Father, whiles his care
Thereof descends on you, though not his Chayre.
Rome slander not our marryed Clergy, none
Of thy Popes Nephews matcht a Bishopp sonne:
Muster up all the Tribe, and weel outvye'em :
Although we have forgot how they came by'em,
Yea those who cryd down Prelates branch and root
May now repent each moyetic of their Vote
Sith howoe'er the root displeasd they see
A Bishopp branch may make a noble Tree.
And if such blossomes Aarons rod will bare
T'would reconcile the Classis to the Chaire.

Nor is the law less honor'd, whiles it sees
Its Rigours softned, by your deccrees:
For whiles no point thereof escapes your Eye
Its Guordan knots you cut not, but untye.
So doth the learned Churchman, in perplex
Scriptures, unravell, not tear up the Text :
Our laws the highest reason, 'tis confess,
Sith now tis lodged in your learned Breast.
Your Court a Court of conscience truly now,
You setting Judge in it, Conscience in you,
Advanced by you to their auncient fame
Chancery suites shall loose their Evill name,
Nor shall the Client drain'd by Bills and Motions,
With a new (Libera) charge his devotions.
Nor shall the title burth'nd with decrees,
Undoe the Heir, and spend his Fee in fees :
Or force him whiles he find's a suit in Taile,
To sell to his Lawyer, to make good his Sale.

But hold ! me thinks I hear with what content,
Your learned lips harangue the Parliament,
So that whil's you Care's the learned throng,
Never King spake, by a more welcome tongue:
Spare us good Sir, with moderation crave,
Or w're undone, t'will be but ask and have.

Yea spare your worthyes Sir, lest Sans debate,
They give assent, and votes precipitate.
Whiles stormed by your Rherorick, they dispense
With their own orders, and Enact the sence:
Enough my muse, pack up now and away,
To wait on's Lordship on next sealing day.
If askt thy busines, tell, but ere he know it,
Get him to seal a pardon for his poet.
Then beg a grant, that though his name be Latent,
He may have leave to make his Letters Patent.

Licensed according to Order.



CONGRATULATION

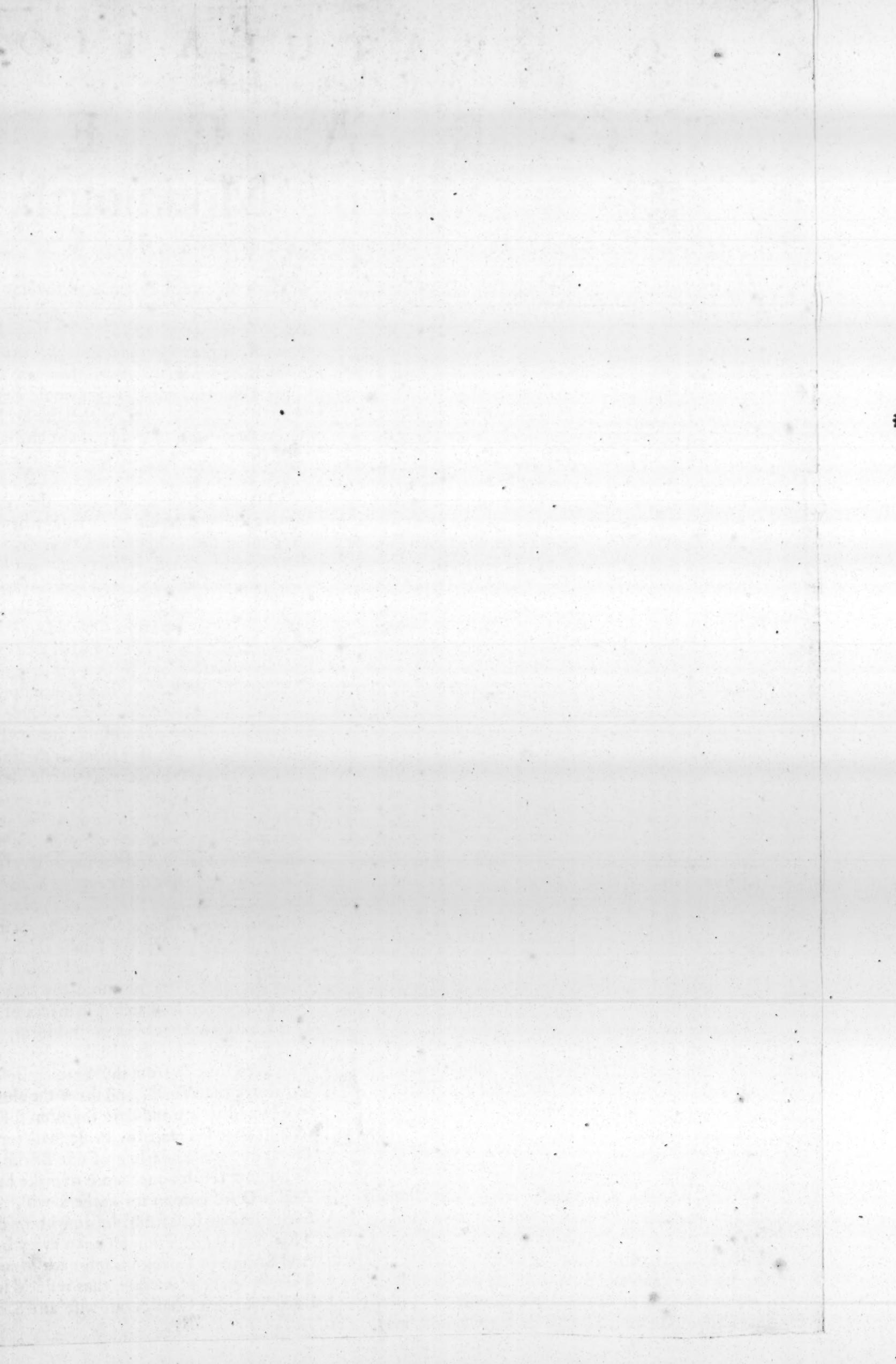
Upon the Return of his

K. Fitzroy afterwards Scott
Duke of MonmouthG R C E
James Duke of Monmouth,

On Thursday night the 27th of this instant November 1679.

Great Britain's Isle, Commandress of the Flood,
Who hast so long the boast of Europe stood.
Happy since Warlike Monmouth long Exile'd,
Is to his Royal Father reconcil'd :
Dreadful in Arm; that Glorious Prince once more,
Is Landed safe on thy Triumphant shore.
Whom Seas and Wind; we're joyful to restore :
On dauncing Waves the Watery Syrens Sung,
Whilst Aziar Trytons drove his Yatch along.
Striving to haste him, so long wish't for home,
His Countries shield and Scourg to Tyrant Rome :
A Prince whose Soul's of Virtues all compil'd,
In Camp like Thunder, and in Courts so mild.
That Nature stood amaz'd when he was given,
To see him made of Kindred Mould to Heaven ;
Which sheves him, Cæsar's offspring and the Son,
Of mighty Charles, whose Glories still run on.
And shine like Stars; since first his Reign began,
In spight of Hell or Vile Conspiring Man.
But when Obedient Monmouth left the Land ,
In order to his Fathers great Command.
The Throne was Clouded with unusual fear.
And all the Vu'gars hopes did disappear :
The Skies in Sable Mourn'd for his retreat,
Whom Arms and Glory rendred so compleat.
Fame's darling and the Noblest of his Age ;
That Treads the Compas of the Worlds vast Stage,
Whilst smiling Honours Sprin'led on his Brow,
And from his Soul does Tides of greatness Flow.
Heroick Virtues, his attendants are,
And C. fars Fortunes waight on him i War,
His high renown borne on the Wings of Fame.
Has made the Nations startel where it came:
Whilst that the God of Battel marked his Eye,
And where it aim'd sent fullflush'd Victory.
His dazzling luster awed his proudest Foes,
Whilst round about he Warlike Terrour throwes :
This is the great Soul Monmouth, he whose Sword ;
Such brave Atcheivements dares, and can afford :
Without once Pausing his Heroick Blood,
For his great Father, and his Countries good.
Rejoyce then happy land since suchbrave worth
If need requires will lead thy Armies forth,
Let Rocks be Split, and Waters break their bounds
Whilst Thundering Peals of joyful Echoes sound,
To see the Royal Father smilling on.
The safe Arival of his Warlike Son :
Now let those cares and fears who late did shroud
Our Sun-shine joy be vanish'd to a Cloud.
That Bells, and Fires, and Thundering Cannons may,

Declare the joyful Triumph of the day ;
Whilst envious Rome, her hissing Snakes laies by,
And grieves to see successless Treasons die.
And all her proud infernal thoughts expire :
Which she conceived when Monmouth did retire,
That Dragons rage who fain would England spoil.
And stretch'd on Racks, with flame her Martyrs broil.
Great Monmouth's Sword, if not his Name can Quell,
And drive those Monsters, lately loos'd from Hell :
(And like Pandora's Box, of Evils Hurl'd ;
To Plague the Civil Nations of the World,
Down to the dreadful Place from whence they came,
And make them Plunge into their Primal Flame ;
Fate now thy worst, Heroick Monmouth's come,
The hopes of England, and of Christendom :
May his Great Fathers anger never Rise !
Against a Son, that does Obedience Prize,
Verteous and good, beyond what wee express.
Noble by Nature, and by Art no less :
Where all these Virtues in a Prince doth Croud ;
Let envy Fly before him like a Cloud,
So bright in Honour, and in Armes so Great.
Heav'n Gaurds him still from all the storms of Fate :
And fresh blown wonders so transplendent prove ;
Whilst still he floats on Tides of strongest love,
May sacred Hollows now suround his Head. (spread.)
And loud Mouth'd Fame through boundless Nations
The joy of Albion, and the happy day.
Since Clouds remov'd oncee more her Star-like ray,
Sends out his Glister to the Frozen North :
And great Soul'd Mars, for its defence stands forth.
Who roaling through the Globe at length is come,
Laden with Trophies of more Honour home,
Now dreadful Rome, no more thy frowns can fright.
Nor all thy Horrors hatch'd in shades of Night ;
Our Gaurdian Angel in a mortal form,
Will drive thy Thunders back, and quel thy storm,
Tho' Wirl-winds from thy Yearning bosom rise.
To wrack the World, and shake the blushing Skies ;
We'll stand secure and dare thy utmost Frown :
Whilst Fate her self thy Pride shall tumble down,
Great Monmouth, darling of our British Isle :
Who now repairs once more to make her Smile ;
And in Obedience to his Fathers will,
Such pleasing Joys from bleeding hearts distil.
That Transports Triumph upon every brow :
And Streams of Love through each Meander flow :
Then for great Monmouth, thus restor'd lets sing.
Long live great Charles our wise and Sacred King.



A D I A L O G U E

& England - Parliament.

Between the Ghosts of the Two last Parliaments, at their late Interview.

—Fuius Troes.—

Nitimur in vetitum.—

Westminster Ghost's Advice.

From deepest Dungeons of Eternal Night,
The seats of Horror, Sorrow, Pains & Spight,
I have been sent to tell your tender Youth
A seasonable and Important Truth!
I feel, (but Oh too late,) that no Disease
Is like a Surfeit of Luxurious Ease,
And of all other, the most tempting things,
Are too much Wealth, and too Indulgent Kings.
None ever was superlatively ill,
But by Degrees, with Industry and Skill:
And some, whose Meaning hath at first been fair,
Grow Knaves by Use, and Rebels by Despair.
My time is past, and Yours will soon begin,
Keep the first Blossoms from the blast of Sin;
And by the Fate of my Tumultuous ways,
Preserve your self, and bring serener Days.
The busie subtle Serpents of the Law,
Did first my Mind from true Obedience draw;
While I did Limits to the King prescribe,
And took for Oracles that Canting Tribe,
I chang'd True Freedom for the Name of Free,
And grew Seditious for Variety;
All that oppos'd me were to be accus'd;
And, by the Law I Legally abus'd.

The Robe was summon'd, M——d in the head,
In Legal Murder none so deeply read:
I brought him to the Bar, where once he stood,
Stain'd with the (yet un-expiated) Blood
Of the Brave Strafford, when 3 Kingdoms rung
With his accumulative Hackney Tongue;
Prisoners, and Witnesses were waiting by;
These had been taught to Swear, and those to dy,
And to expect Their Arbitrary Fates,
Some for ill Faces, some for good Estates:
To fright the People, and Marm the Town,
B—— and O—— employ'd the Reverend Gown.
But while the Triple Mitre bore the blame,
The Kings 3 Crowns were their Rebellious aim:
I seem'd, (and did but seem) to fear the Guards,
And took for mine the B—— and the W——
Anti-monarchick Hereticks of State,
Immoral Atheists, Rich, and Reprobate:
But above all, I got a little Guide,
Who every Foard of Villany had try'd;
None knew so well the old Pernicious way
To Ruine Subjects, and make Kings obey;
And my small Jebu at a Furious Rate,
Was driving Eighty back to Forty Eight.
This the King knew, and was Resolv'd to bear,
But I mistook his Patience for his Fear:
All that this happy Island could afford,
Was Sacrific'd to my Voluptuous Board.
In his whole Paradike one only Tree
He had excepted by a strict Degree;
A Sacred Tree which Royal Fruit did bear,
Yet it in pieces I Conspir'd to tear;
Beware my Child! Divinity is there.
This so out-did all I had done before,
I could attempt, and He indure no more.
My Un-prepar'd and Un-repenting breath,
Was snatch'd away by the swift Hand of Death,
And I (with all my Sins about me) hurl'd,
To th' utter Darknes of the lower World;
A dreadful place which you too soon will see,
If You believe Seducers more than Me.

Oxford Ghost.

Hail great prophetick Spirit, who could see
Through the dark Glass of rip'nig time, what we
Too true have found, and now too late complain,
That thou Great Spirit shouldest foretel in vain:
Full well and faithfully didst thou advise,
Had we been modestly and timely wise:
Free may you range, saidst thou, through every Field,
And what else more luxurios Gardens yield
Is thine; what e're may please, what e're delight
The weakest Stomach, nicest Appetite.
Of all the plenty of so vast a Store
One thing forbidden is, one, and no more:
By late and sad experience of what's past
Probatum est, ipse dixit; Do not taste!
Swift Ruine's there, and sure Destruction,
How great a truth, had it in time been known.

Westm. Ghost.

Vain empty Nothing, that wert lately All,
How just, and how unpitied is thy Fall:
Well worthy of the horrors of this place,
That would no warning take by my Disgrace;
Glutted with plenty, surfeited with Peace,
Weary of Blessings, sick of too much Ease:
Mad restless Troublers of our Israel,
Who would not quiet be when things went well;
Of secret base Designs meer manag'd Tools,
Rash, unadvised, incorrigible F——
Brisk Hotspurs, inconsiderately bold,
By much too violent, and too hot to hold.
Zeal flew as if it had been to run a Race,
Duty and Reason cou'd not keep it pace:
Insensible, regardless of my Fate;
Dull Phrygian Sages, wise when 'tis too late;
You liv'd, and then you had an easie way
T'have provided 'gainst the Evil Day,
Who would not then be timely wise, forbear
Your vain unreasonable Sorrows here.

Frailty (for men are frail) may err one time,
But Malice only can repeat the Crime.
Unthinking Senate, led with empty words
Of Patriot Lawyers and Protesting Lords:
Abus'd by Popular and mistaken Friends;
Serv'd a dull Property for base hidden Ends.

Liberty, Property and Religion,

Sweet Names, and so is REFORMATION.

Rank sign of sickly and distemper'd Times,

When fairest Names disguise the foulest Crimes.

The cry of Liberty helpeth Ambition,

And strait-lac'd Conscience choaks Religion:

Of publick Int'rest you had no concern;

But damn'd a Proverb, N'er too late to learn.

By no experience taught, miscarriage tam'd,

Nor by sad instance of my Fate reclaim'd,

What prejudice and private ends ill us'd,
False Zeal and like Religion ill excus'd;
Who (stiff-neck'd) rather wou'd my Fate repea
Than by new measures be securely great,
No freedom of debate was left for you,

When all was mov'd and manag'd by a few.

Your leading M—— J—— and W——

As if all Wisdom were in them alone:

A House of Commons crumb'l'd into Threes;

Sheaves in effect, and in appearance Free,

What ail'd the Pilot, slept he at the head?

Or was your Judgment by your Will misled?

What evil Spirit's Influence did prevail?

That you who might at large securely Sail

In a full Sea, and from all Danger free,

Would run upon that Shelf that ruin'd me?

These sure and sad effects I well foresaw;

These real ills, which seeming good would draw

From these sad Consequences to diff'rence,

I was sent forth, and gladly I obey'd:

I told you then what now too true you find,

Where Zeal flies out, and Duty leaves behind:

'Tis Wisdoms shame, and Policies defect,

For still like Causes will have like Effect.

I sought by wondrous Truth the Point to gain,

Urg'd many reasons, but wond' all in vain:

None were of force against the Good Old Cause,

Counsel was thrown away, Fact that I will

Where men with Law and Prophets would ope

To think a Message from the dead, I wond

Spight of my fore-light and my dear counsill,

Cassandra I; you faithless P—— are ill,

Your boundless Paffion did his meatuship,

Well might you break your Neck with such a leap,

Men may at distance hover about Kings,

And by your influence move earthly things;

But when those bounds they would exceed, and fly

Too near the Sun, scorcht, they drop down, and dy

What an occasion lost you to improve

The Prince's Favour and the Peoples Love?

This when considering Pesterity

Shall think upon, they'll hate your Memory;

And as once ancient Rome, they in their turn,

Wish you had never dy'd, or ne'r been born.

Should your Successors tread your steps, they then

Though they were Gods, like us shall die like us

Oh! may the next (for sure a next will be)

Avoid the Rock that ruin'd you and me:

Deeply affected with a just concern

At our sad Fate, self-preservation learns,

And merit (by avoiding needless Fear)

By moderate Councils and prifice-wherry Councils

A Monarchs Bleffing and three Kingdoms



SMS occasioned by Reading the TRAVELS of Captain Lemuel Gulliver, Explanatory and Commendatory.

To Quibus Fiebit the Man-Mountain, An ODE.

By TITTE TITTE, Esq; Pro-Lawyer to his Majority of MELPUT.

Translated into English.

I
N amaze
Loit, I gaze !
Can our Eyes
Reach thy Size?
My my Lays
Swell with Praise !
Worsh' thee !
Worth me !
Muse inspir'd
All thy Praise !
Birds of old
Of him told,
When they fald
Atlas Head
Propt the Sun
See and be your
Eyes !
It.
See him stride
Vallies sides
Over Woods,
O'er Floods,
Wings of clouds,
Mountainous Heads
Giant and shake ;
Arm'd with

Left hand
Overturn
Man and Steed ;
Crown take heed !
Left and Right,
Speed your Flight !
Left an Hold,
Beneath his Foot be lost.
III.
Turn'd aside
From his Hide,
Safe from Wound
Darts rebound.
From his Nose
Clouds he blows ;
When he speaks,
Thunder breaks !
When he eats,
Famine threats ;
When he drinks,
Neptune shrinks !
Nigh the Star,
In Mid Air,
On thy Hand
Let me stand,
So shall I. (Sky)
Lofty Port, touch the

The LAMENTATION of Glumdalclis for the Loss of Gridrig.
A PASTORAL.

SOON as Glumdalclis mist her pleasing Care,
She wept, she blubber'd, and she tore her Hair,
No British Miss sincerer Grief has know,
Her Squirrel missing or her Sparrow flew
She furl'd her Samples, and hawl'd in her Thread,
And stuck her Needle into Gridrig's Bed ;
Then sprad her Hands, and with a Bounce let fall
Her Baby, like the Giant in Guild-hall.
In Peals of Thunder, now she roars, and now
She gently whimpers like a lowing Cow.
Yet lovely in her Sorrow still appears :
Her Locks dishevell'd, and her Flood of Tears
Seem like the lofty Barn of some rich Swain,
When from the Thatch drips fast a Shower of Rain.
In vain she search'd each Cranny of the House,
Each gaping Chink impervious to a Mouse.
Was it for this (she cry'd) with daily Care
Within thy reach I set the Vinegar ?
And fill'd the Cruet with the acid Tide,
While Pepper Water-Worms thy Bait suppl'd,
Where twin'd the Silver Eel around thy Hook,
And all the little Monsters of the Brook.
Sure in that Lake he dropt—My Grilly's drown'd,
She dragg'd the Cruet, but no Gridrig found.
Vain is thy Courage Grilly, vain thy Boast,
But little Creatures enterprise the most.
Trembling, I've seen thee dare the Kitten's Paw,
Nay, mix with Children, as they play at Taw ;
Nor fear the Marbles, as they bounding flew :
Marbles to them but rolling Rocks to you.
Why did I trust thee with that giddy Youth ?
Who from a Page can ever learn the Truth
Vers'd in Court Tricks, that Mone, loving Boy
To some Lord's Daughter sold the living Toy ;
Or rent him Limb from Limb in cruel Play,
As Children tear the Wings of Flies away.
From Place to Place o'er Broddinag I'll roam,
And never will return, or bring thee home.
But who hath Eyes to trace the passing Wind,
How then thy fairy Footsteps can I find ?
Dost thou bewildred wander all alone,
In the green Thicket of a Mossy Stone,
Or tumbled from the Toadstool's slipp'y Round,
Thou hast all main'd, lie gloveling on the Ground,
Imbosom'd in the lovely Rose,
the Peaches Down repose ;
thy Limbs are spread,
ver Head's

Hast thou for these now ventur'd from the Show ?
Thy Back a Bean shell, and a Straw thy Oar ?
Or in thy Box now bounding on the Main ?
Shall I never bear thy leif and Hou' again ?
And shall I set thee on my Hand no more,
To see thee leap the Lines and travarke o'er
My spacious Palm ; of Stature scarce a Span,
Mimick the Actions of a tall Man ?
No more behold thee turn my Watches Key,
As Seamen at a Capfern Anchors weigh ?
How wert thou wont to walk with beauties Trend
A Dish of Tea like Milk-Puff on thy Head ?
How chase the Mite that bore thy Cheek away,
And keep the rolling Maggot at a Bay ?
She spoke ; but broken Accents slopt her Voice,
Soft as the speaking Trumpets mellow Noise.
She sob'd a Storm, and wip'd her flowing Eyes,
Which seem'd like two broad Suns in milky Skies :
O ! squander not thy Grief, thos! Tears command
To weep upon our Cod in N-foud-Land :
The plenteous pickle shall preserve the Fish,
And Europe taste thy Sorrows in her Dish.

To Mr. Lemuel Gulliver,
The GRATEFUL ADDRESS of the unhappy HOUY-HHNMS, now in Slavery and Bondage in England
To thee, we Wretches of the Houyhnhnm Band,
Condemn'd to labour in a barbarous Land,
Return our Thanks. Accept our humble Lays,
And let each grateful Houyhnhnm neigh thy Praise.
O happy Yahoo, purg'd from human Crimes,
By thy sweet Sojourn in those virtuous Climes,
Where reign our Sires. There, to thy Country's

Shame,
Reason you found, and Virtue were the same.
Their Precepts raz'd the Prejudice of Youth,
And even a Taboo learn'd the Love of Truth.

Art thou the first who did the Coast explore ;
Did never Taboo tread that Ground before ?
Yes Thousands. But in Pity to their Kind,
Or sway'd by Envy, or through pride of Mind,
They hid their Knowledge of a nobler Race,
Which own'd, would all their Sires and Sons disgrace.

You, like the Samian, visit Lands unknown,
And by their wiser Morals mend your own.
Thus Orpheus travell'd to reform his Kind,
Came back, and tam'd the Brutes he left behind.

You went, you saw, you heard : With Virtue fought,

(taught
Then spread those Morals which the Houyhnhnms
Our Labours here must touch thy gen'rous Heart,
To see us strain before the Coach and Cart ;
Compell'd to run each knavish Jockey's Heat !
Subservient to New-markit's annual Cheat !
With what Reluctance do we Lawyers bear,
To fleece their Country Clients twice a Year ?
Or manag'd in your Schools, for Fops to ride,
How foam, how fret beneath a Load of Pride !
Yes we are slaves—but yet, by Reason's Force,
Have learnt to bear Misfortune, like a Horse.

O would the Stars, to ease my Bonds, ordain,
That gentle Gulliver might guide my Rein !
Safe would I bear him to his Journey's End,
For 'tis a Pleasure to support a Friend.
But if my Life be doom'd to serve the Bad,
O ! may'st thou never want an easy Pad !

HOUYHNE
Mary Gulliver to Capt. Lemuel Gulliver ;
An EPISLE.

The Captain some time after his Return, being retir'd to Mr. Sympon's in the Country, Mrs. Gulliver, apprehending by his late Behaviour some Estrangement of his Affections, writes him the following expounding, soothsing, and tenderly-complaining EPISLE.

WELCOME, thrice welcome to thy native Place !
What, touch me not ? What shun a
Wife's Embrace ?

Have I for this thy tedious Absence born, (turn ?
And wak'd and wish'd whole Nights for thy Re-
In five long Years I took no secon'd Spouse ;
What Redriff Wife so long hath kept her Vows ?
Your Eyes your Nest, Inconstancy betray ;
Your Nose you stop your Eyes you turn away.

Tis said, that thou shouldest cleave unto thy Wife,
Once thou didst cleave, and I could cleave for Life,
Hear and listen ! hark, how thy Children moan
at least to these, they are thy own :

Count them all ; secure to find
Number that you left behind.

She with their pretty Paws :
Snakes ? or have they Snakes ? or have they

(Claws ?

The Christian Seed, or mutual Flesh and Bone ;

Be kind at least to these, they are thy own,

Bidde like thee, might farthest India rove ;

He chang'd his Country, but retain'd his Love

There's Captain Pannal, absent half his Life,

Come back, and is the kinder to his Wife,

Yet Pannal's Wife is brown, compar'd to me,

And Midrels Bidde sure is fifty three.

Not touch me ! never Neighbour call'd me Slut !

Was Glum's Dame more sweet in Lilliput ?

I've no red Hair to breath an odious Ruine ;

At least thy Consort's cleaner than thy Groom,

Why then that dirty Stable boy thy Care ?

What mean those Visits to the Sorrel Mare ?

Say, by what Witchcraft, or what Damon led,

Preferr'd thou Litter to the Marriage Bed ?

Some say the Devil himself is in that Mare ;

If so, our Dean shall drive him forth by Prayer.

Some think you mad, some think you are pox'd,

The Bedlam and clean Straw would suit you best.

Vain means, alas, this Frenzy to appease !

That Saw, that Straw would heighten the Disease

My Bed, (the Scene of all our former Joys,

Witness two lovely Girls, two lovely Boys)

Aloins I pres' ; in Dreams I call m. Dear,

I stretch my Hand ; no Gulliver is there !

I wake, I rise, and shiv'ring with the Frost,

Search all the Hous ; my Gulliver is lost !

Forth in the Street I rush with frantic Cries ;

The Windows open ; all the Neighbours rig.

Where sleeps my Gulliver ? O tell me where !

The Neighbours answer, "With the Street Mare,

At early Morn, I to the Market hale,

Studiois in ev'ry thing to please thy Taste)

A curious Fowl and Sparag. i.e. I chose,

(For I remember'd you were fond of those)

Three Shillings cost the first, the last few a Groats ;

Sullen you turn'd from borth, and call'd far Oats.

Others being Goods and Treasures to their House,

Something to deck their pretty Babes and Spoules,

My only Token was a Cup like Horn,

That's made of nothing but a Lady's Corn.

'Tis not for that I grieve ; O, 'tis to see

The Groom and Sorrel Mare prefer'd to me !

These for some Moments when you deign to quit,

And (at due distance) sweet Discourse admit,

'Tis all my Pleasure thy past Toil to know,

For pleas'd Remembrance builds Delight on Woe.

At ev'ry Danger paints thy Consort's Breast,

And gaping Infants squawle to hear the rest.

How did I tremble, when by Thousands bound,

I saw thee stretch'd on Lilliputian Ground ;

When scaling Armies climb'd up ev'ry Part,

Each Step they trod, I felt upon my Heart.

But when thy Torrent quench'd the dreadful Blaze,

King, Queen and Nation staring with Amaze,

Full in my view how all my Husband came,

And what extinguish'd theirs, encreas'd m. Flame

Those Spectacles ordain'd, thine Eyes to fave,

Were once my Present ; Love that Armour gave.

How did I mourn at B'lgoam's Decree !

For when he sign'd thy Death he sentenc'd me.

When Folks might see thee all the Country round

For Six pence, I'd have giv'n a Thousand pound.

Lord ! when the Giant-babe that Head of thine

Got in his Mouth, my Heart was up in mine !

When in the Marrow bone I see thee ram'd,

Or on the House top by the Monkey cram'd,

The piteous Images renew my Pain,

And all thy Dangers I weep o'er again !

But on the Maiden's-Nipple when you rid,

Pray Heav'n, 'twas all a wanton Maiden did !

Glundalclis too ! — with thee I mourn her Case,

Heav'n guard the gentle Girl from all Disgrace !

O may the King that one Neglect forgive,

And pardon her the Fault by which I live !

Was there no other Way to set him free ?

My Life, alas, I fear prov'd Death to Thee ?

O teach me, dear, new words to speak my Flame

Teach me to woole thee by thy best-lov'd Name !

Whether the Stile of Gridrig pleafe the most,

So call'd on Bribdingnag's stupendous Coll.

When on the Monarch's ample Hand you sat,

And hollow'd in his Ear, Intrigues of State-

Or Quibus Fiebit more Endearment brings,

When like a Mountain you look'd down on Kings

If Ducal Nardac, Lilliputian Peer,

Or Glum's humbler Title footl thy Ear ;

Nay, would I fave my Organs to dispose,

To hymn harmonious Houyhnhnm thro' the Nose,

I'd call thee Houyhnhnm, that high sounding Name

Thy Children's Notes all should twang the same.

So might I find my loving Spouse at course

Endu'd with all the Virtues of a Horse.



A

FUNERAL POEM

ON THE

D E A T H

^{1602 f}
Of the RIGHT HONOURABLE
WILLIAM CONOLLY, Esq;

----Provincia cum Te
Rectorem accipiet, pone Iræ Fræna Modumq;
Respic quid moneant Leges, quid Curia mandet;
Præmia quanta Bonos maneant. Juv.



IS done!—and Fate has giv'n the Final Blow!—
Behold!—The solemn Lethargy of Woe!
Hark!—the dire Toll!—O! Pomp of gen'ral
Grief!—
A sinking Nation dares not hope Relief!
Awful the sad Procession moves along!
What Consternation strikes the silent Throng!
Their Eyes forget to weep; and wildly gaze!
Sorrow seems lost in terrible Amaze!

Now! Grave, thy Conquest boast!—Now! Death, thy Sting!
Triumphant o'er a CONOLLY and * KING!
Enough, alas! has this scourg'd Land been try'd;
While Vertue bled, when the Great PRELATE dy'd!
How long shall our afflicted COUNTRY groan?
How long its Crimes thus dreadfully attone?
One PATRIOT is the Labour of an Age!
And shall not One Heav'n's vengeful Wrath asswage?
How rarely is one Nation blest with Two?—

—O Death! at once shall Both become thy Due?
Lo! at your sacred Names, Allrev'rend Shades,
A freezing Terrour ev'ry Heart invades,
In the drear Caverns of the Mighty Dead,
Lo! IRELAND's Genius hides his drooping Head!

Thus, in her Guardian's Fall, desponding Rome,
With patient Sorrow, wept her fatal Doom:
Thus mourn'd, O LIBERTY, thy ruin'd Cause,
And Heroes dying with expiring Laws!—
For Who remain'd such Horrors to dispell,
When CATO perish'd, or when BRUTUS fell?

Great Spirit! born o'er SENATES to preside!
Who now shall Stem Oppression's barb'rous Tide?
Who 'gaiust the Torrent of Corruption stand;
Like THEE, no Alien to his Native Land?
Who shall bid Famine cease; and Plenty smile;
When Meagre Want dispeoples half Our ISLE
Who shall our Int'rests, or our Dangers know;
And providently ward the coming Blow?
What Substitute of THEE shall now prevail
To make fair Justice poize her equal Scale?
Like THEE, Superiour to the Snares of State;
With Pow'r, not giddy; nor, with Wealth, elate?
Who now shall tread thy gen'rous Paths to Fame,
And leave ussly'd an immortal Name!

Hail! Glorious Being!—thro' Life's various Scene
What Mortal e'er preserv'd so just a Mean?
Whether in SENATES You assum'd the Chair,
And bid the trembling Realm no more despair:
Whether, the Delegate of high Command,
You held the Reins of Pow'r, and rul'd the Land:
Whether, attended by the Merchant's Pray'r,
Th' important Board of Commerce claim'd your Care;
While fixt, you sat, mourning our Wealth decay'd,
To raise lost Credit, and advance our TRADE;
Resolv'd Luxurious Imports to restrain,
And by our Manufactures rate our Gain:
Whatever Province gave th' immediate Call,
With Skill you manag'd, and excell'd in All!
Inspir'd with more than Sympathy of Woe,
Midst broken Sighs these artless Numbers flow!
No venal Praise my PATRON's Hearse adorns!
The faithful Muse fictitious Sorrow scorns!
Expressive of my Soul this Debt she pays,
With throbbing Heart, and interrupted Lays!
While starting Nature shows th'unbidden Tear
And Strains unlabour'd paint a Grief sincere!
This humble Tribute, Honour'd Shade, receive!
The last—the last, a grateful Soul can give!
Officious! Vain!—While thy own Glories bloom,
For ever fresh, and consecrate thy Tomb!

How few, like HIM, shall sad HIBERNIA find,
With Heart sincere, and Dignity of Mind?
Where Publick, and Domestick Vertues blend;
“ HUMBLE and GREAT; a STATESMAN, and a FRIEND!
Self-rais'd with independent Worth, He shone;
Immortaliz'd by Merits, all his own!
“ TRUE to his KING; and to his COUNTRY JUST
Are TITLES, that outlive the Marble Bust!

Ye Mortal Gods, Imperial Great Ones, see!
No Human Grandeur from the Grave is free----
—But Thou, BRIGHT MIND, dart forth th' effulgent Ray,
Look from the Regions of Eternal Day!
Where USHER, KING, BURLEIGH, and STANHOPE shine;
Where PATRIOTS nearer view the Throne Divine!
Still execute thy Charge by Heav'n's Command!
Preside the Regent Angel of our Land!
Protect Us still!—'till in the Gen'ral Blaze,
Thy Name is lost on Earth, and Time decays!

The R E



March 9-2-1740

I.

WHO be dat de Box do sit on ?
Dat's de Driver o—G—B—
Whom all de Patriots do spit on,

Doodle, &c.

II.

And der's young *Billy* in the Landau,
Wid new C—m—s in his Paw,
Dat make de Mongrel M—s withdraw,

III.

Who is dat on Fore-horse riding ?
'Tis he de Coachman does confide in,
Of all de Hackneys to have de guiding,

Doodle, &c.

IV.

See how de Pl—men push on *Bobbee*,
To save der Place, and do her *Jobbee*
Begar dey care not who dey robbe,

Doodle, &c.

Who be dat wid five and fo
So grave, so wise, and eke fo
O dat's der Hero of de Nor

VI.

See he bends with low Sboom
All these I'll make —
Dat you will give dem all C

VII.

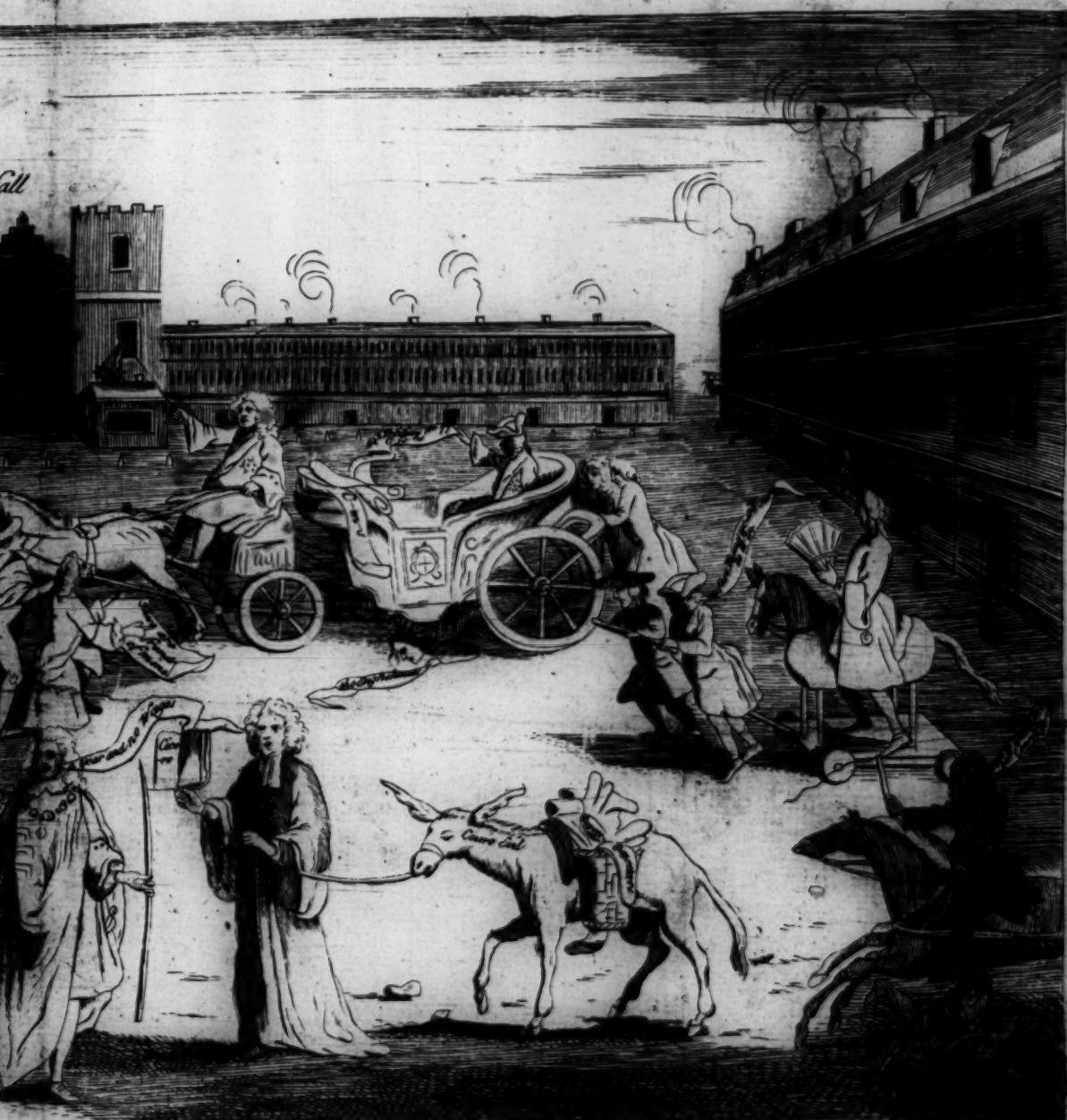
Dat painted Butterfly so prim
On wooden *Pegasus* so trim-a
Is something — nothing

VIII.

Here be Doctor *Miffle* —
Leading *Ralph* de C — P
Widde Trash dey

A S O N.

K 25
13



e and forty,
nd eke so dirty!
de Northby,

VI. Doodle, &c.

ow Submission,
but make Petition,
em all C—m—n,

VII. Doodle, &c.

y so prim-a,
so trim-a,
hing—'tis a Whim-a,

VIII. Doodle, &c.

Tony,
Poney,
Money,

Doodle, &c.

IX.

See de B—ps in der Lawn-a,
By de love of *Mammon* drawn-a,
On der Coachman how dey fawn-a!

X.

Dere be Groom and Stable-Sweeper,
Chamber-Loon, and de House-keeper,
Praying der Wages mayn't run deeper,

XI.

And dere is *John*, de long Dragoon Sir,
Hark, he swears and blusters Zonce Sir,
If dey clamour, knock 'em down Sir,

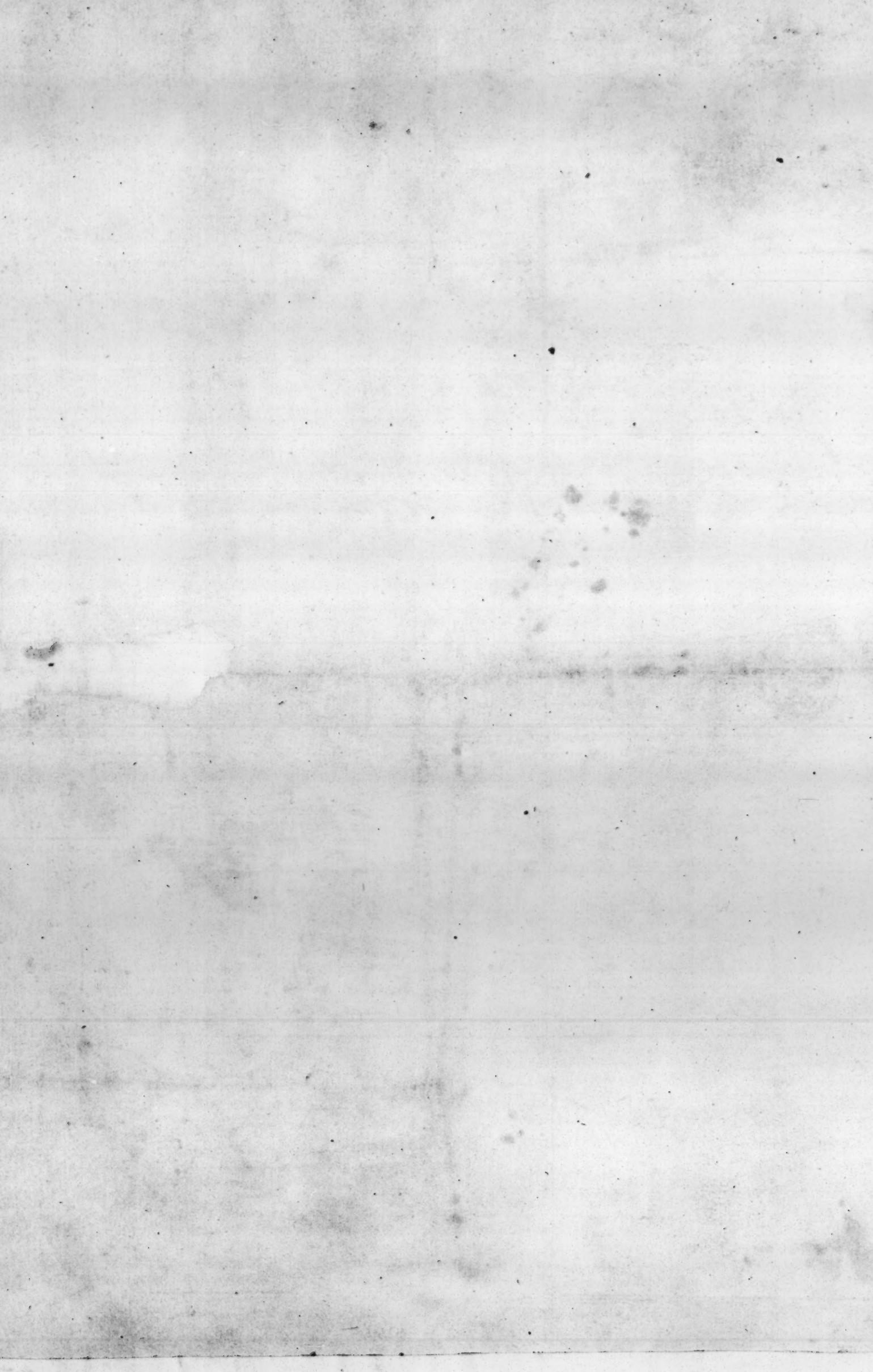
Doodle, &c.

Doodle, &c.

Doodle, &c.

Printed for T. COOPER, at the Globe in Patr-moster-Rou, 1741.

Publis'd according to Act of Parliament.



THE RECAN TATION Of a PENITENT PROTEUS; Or, The CHANGLING:

A S

It was Acted with good Applause in St. Maries in Cambridge, and St. Pauls in London, 1663.

To the Tune of Doctor Faustus.

A Tend good People, lay by scoffs and scorns,
Let Roundheads all this day pull in their horns,
But let Conformists and brave *Cavaliers*
Unto my doleful Tone pick up their Ears.
Take from my neck this Robe, a Rope's more fit,
And turn this *Surplice* to a *Penance-sheet*,
This Pulpit is too good to act my part,
More fit to preach at *Tyburn* in a Cart:
There I deserv'd t' have taken my degree,
And Doctor *Dux* should have presented me;
There with an hempen *Hood* I should be sped,
And his three-corner'd *Cap* should crown my head.
Here I am come to hold up guilty hand,
And of the *Beast* to give myself the *Brand*,
Here by confessing I have been i'th wrong,
I come to bore my self through my own *Tongue*.
In learning my poor Parents brought up me,
And sent me to the Universities,
There I soon found bowing the way to rise:
And th' only *Logick* was the *Falacies*.
In stead of *Aristotles Organon*,
Anthems and Organs I did study on;
If I could play on them, I soon did find,
I rightly had Preferment in the *Wind*.
I follow'd that hot scent without controul,
I bow'd my body, and I sung *Fa Sol*;
I cozen'd Doctor *Conzons*, and e're long
A Fellowship obtained for a *Song*.
Then by degrees I clim'd until I got,
Good Friends, good Cloaths, good Commons, and what not?
I got so long, until at length I got
A Wench wuh Child, and then I got a Blot.
Before the *Confistorie* I was try'd,
Where like a Villain I both swore and ly'd,
And from the *Whore* I made, I was made free,
By purging of my self *Incont'nen't LEE*.
But as I scorn'd to *Father* mine own *Brat*,
'Twas done to me as I had done with That.
The Doctors all, when Doctor I would be,
As a base Son, refus'd to *Father* me;
With much adoe, at length by art and cunning,
My Tears and Vows prevail'd with *Peter Gunning*,
Me to adopt; and for his love and care,
I will devote my self to *Peter's Chair*.
Cambridge I left with grief and great disgrace,
To seek my fortune in some other place;
And that I might the better save my stake,
I took an Order, and did Orders take.
Amongst Conformists I my self did list
A Son o'th Church as good as ever pist.
But though I bow'd and cring'd, and croft and all,
I only got a *Vicaridge* very small.
E're I was warm (and warm I ne're had been)
In such a starved hole as I was in)
A fire upon the Church and Kingdome came;
Which I strait help't to blow into a flame.

The Second Part.

MY Conscience first, like *Balaams Ass*, was shy,
Bogled, and winc't; which when I did espys,
I cudgel'd her, and spur'd her on each side,
Until the Jade her paces all could ride.
When first I mounted on her tender back,
She would not leave the Protestant *dull Rock*,
Till in her mouth the *Cov'nant Bit* I got,
And made her learn the *Presbyterian Trot*;
'Twas an hard *Trot*, and fretted her (alas)
The *Independent Amble* easier was,
I taught her that, and out of that to fall
To the *Tantriv* of *Prelatical*.

I rode her once to *Rumford* with a pack
Of Arguments forth *Cov'nant* on her back.
That Journey she perform'd at such a rate,
Th' Committee gave me a rich piece of *Plase*.
From *Haifield* to *St. Albans* I did ride,
The Army call'd for me to be their *Guide*;
There I so spur'd her, that I made her fling
Not only dirt, but *Blood* upon my *King*.
When *Cromwell* turn'd his Masters out by force,
I made the *Beast* draw like a *Brewers horse*;
Under the *Rump* I made her wear a *Crooper*,
And under *Lambeth* she became a *Trooper*.
When Noble *Monk* the KING did home conveyigh,
She (like *Darius Steed*) began to neigh.
I taught her since to *Organ Pipes* to prance,
As *Banks* his *Horse* could to a Fiddle dance.
Now with a *Snaffle* or a *Twined-Thread*
To any Government shee'l turn her head.
I have so broke her, she doth never start,
And that's the meaning of my broken heart.
I have found out a cunning way with ease
To make her *cast her Coat* when e're I please;
And if at *Rack* and *Manger* she may be,
Her *Colts tooth* she will keep most *Wanton-LEE*.
I'll change as often as the *Man i'th Moon*;
[His frequent *Changings* makes him rise so soon]
To eat *Church Plumb-broth* e're it all be gone,
I'll have the *Devils* *poon* but I'll have One,
For many years my *Tongue* did *lick the Rump*;
But when I saw a KING was turn'd up *Trump*,
I did resolv'd still in my hand to have
One winning *Card*, although 'twere but a *Knav*.

If the *Great Turk* to *England* come, I can
Make *Gospel* truckle to the *Alchorax*;
And if their *Turkish Sabbaths* should take place,
I have in readiness my *Friday face*.
If lockt in Iron Chest (as we are told)
A *Loadstone* their great *Mahomet* can hold:
The *Loadstones* of Preferment (I presage)
To *Mahomet* may draw this *Iron Age*.

The Congregation may best pleas'd my mind;
There were more *Shees*, and they most free and kind:
By Chamber practice I did better thrive
Than all my *Livings*, though I *Skimmed* five.
Mine Eyes are open now my Sins to see,
With Tears I cry, *Good People pardon me*;
My Reverend Fathers Pardon I do crave,
And hope my Mothers Blessing yet to have.
My *Cambridge* sins, my *Bugden* sins are vile,
My *Essex* sins, my sins in *Ely-Isle*,
My *Leicester* sins, my *Haifield* sins are many,
But my *St. Albans* sins more red than any.
To *CHARLES the First* I was a bloody Foe,
I wish I do not serve the *Second* so:
The only way to make me leave that trick,
Is to bestow on me a *Bishoprick*.
This is *St. Andrews Eve*, and for his sake
A *Bishoprick* in *Scotland* I could take;
And though a *Metropolitan* there be,
I'd be as *Shay*, and full as *Arch* as he.

Now may this *Sermon* never be forgot,
Let others cal't a *Sermon*, I a *Plot*,
A *Plot* that takes, if it believed be;
If not, I shall repent *Unsigned-LEE*.

I must define the *Crack-fur* of the Nation,
With rev'ranc to let fly this *Recantation*;
Our Names ty'd tail to tail, make a sweet change,
Mine only is *strange-LEE*, and his *Le-Stranger*.

Kiss my A-s'e is no Treafon

Or a New way of Selling

B A R G A I N S

In Antient Days as Poets tell
Were Bargains bought and sold;
When A is against the head Rebeld,
And Subjects Kings controll'd.

'Twas in hose Days an haughty Fel ovv,
Ambassador v as ient,
Who being in his Cup too mellow,
Forgot to act the Gent.

He being proud was in Office in Jheck,
And thought him self all Brain,
'Cause he in Puffing had a Gnack.
But not o' Sent a Grain.

This Fellow at a Prince' Court,
Appointed vvas to call,
Where tho Craft Ladies did resol,
He said he d ... the v all.

The Ladies modest blush for ihame,
At his immodish Spec h.
Who us'd such vwords I durst not name,
Then bid them Kiss his B..ch.

Such Bargains did he buy and Sell,
As ne'er did Man before,
Such as to you I plainly tell,
Did Speak him Son for W..re.

Or of a W...rc to be a Son,
Or by some Beggar Gott;
For vwho from genteel Race is spring,
Such Language knowveth not

But vwhy do I such Bargains Sell,
To this poor VVretch alone?
Since many more as you knowv vwell,
Deserve to pick that Bone

I mean such as do Spin the text,
Or play vvith Sacred VVrit,
And vwhile Mankind by them's perplext,
Of Religion hasn't one Bitt.

Such as the Bloody canting R...es,
VWho the Martyr did undo,
Or Hugonet, vvith Forbore Grace,
VWho Sells you Bargains nevv;

Or honest Hogen Mogen Free,
If you'll but weigh it Right,
Sell you the best, of all the three,
And that not vvorsh one Dvoit.

The smilling S. S. Barg ins good,
If you don't buy to dear,
But that has not yet been at Flood,
Since the last twentieth Year.

The Lawyers too do Bargains mSkd,
For Plaintiff and Defendant,
But most of them vwill Money take,
Then leave you to repent on't.

Nap, 'twas pretty Bargain sure,
When Ophans they were cheated,
When Widovvs they cou'd find no Curd,
By Chancellour defeated:

And 'twas a Bargain very plain,
Sold by the Canting Crew,
Who Magna Carta old disdain'd,
For Magna Farta new

That was a Bargain too I think,
Tho' pernaps bought too dear;
When we to Charles did give our Chink,
Who us wcu'd gladly tear

Or 'twas a Barg in very bright,
If I mistake it not,
When vve for others went to Fight,
Then gave up what we got.

'Twould be a Bargain very good,
If Gibraltar was ta'en,
Tho' not for us, 'tis understood,
But for proud baughty Spain.

And th se are Bargains fine and gay,
As I to you make known;
When one Man swoops the whole away,
From Subject and from Crown.

But so it is, we must be bobb'd,
If we deal vvith some Men;
For tho' by them we have been Robb'd,
We deal vvith them again.

The Grateful Non-Conformist;

O R,

A RETURN of THANKS

To Sir JOHN BABER Knight, and Doctor of Physick, who

K sent the AUTHOR Ten Crowns.

[By R. Wild.]

Ten Crowns at once ! and to one man ! and he
As despicable as bad Poets be !
Who scarce had wit, (if you requir'd the same)
To make an *Anagram* upon your name ;
Or to out-pun a Barber, or prepare
An *Epitaph* to serve a *Quinibrough May'r* :
A limping-Levite, (who scarce in his prime)
Could w^o an *Abigail*, or say *Grace in Rime* :
Ten Crowns to such a thing ! Friend 'tis a Dose
Able to raise dead *Ben*, or *Dav'nant's Nose* ;
Able to make a *Courtier* turn a *Friend*,
And more then all of them in *Victuals* spend.
This free Free-Parliament, whose Gifts do sound
Full *Five and twenty hundred thousand pound*,
You have out-done them, Sir ; yours was *your own*,
And some of *it* shall last when *Theirs* is gone.

Ten Crowns at once ! and now at such a time,
When love to such as I am is a *Crime*
Greater than his recorded in *Iane Shore*,
Who gave but one poor *loaf* to th' starv'd *Whore* :
What now to help a *Non-conformist* ! now,
When *Ministers* are *broke*, that will not bow :
When 'tis to be *unblest*, to be *ungirt* ;
To wear no *Sirplise*, does deserve no *Shirt* :
No *Broth*, no *Meat* ; no *Service*, no *Protection* ;
No *Croſſ*, no *Ceyn* ; no *Collect*, no *Collection* :
You are a *daring Knight*, thus to be kind :
If *Trusty Reger* get it in the *Wind*,
Hee'll *smell* a *Plot*, a *Presbyterian Plot*,
Especially for what you gave the (*Scot* :)
And if the *Spiritual Court* take fire from *Crack*,
They'll clap a *Paritor* upon your Back,
And make you shrug, as if you wore the Collar
Of a *Cashiered Red-Coat*, or *poor Scholar*.
What will you plead, Sir, if they put you to 't ?
Was it the *Doctor* or the *Knight* did do 't ?
Did you, as *Doctor*, flux some *Usurer*,
And with your *quick* make his dull *Silver* stir ?
Or did your *Zeal* you a *Knight-Templer* make,
To give the *Church* the *Booties* you should take ?
Or, was it your desire to beg *Applause*,
Or shew affection to the *G O O D O L D C A U S E* ?
Was't to feed *Fation*, or uphold the stickle
Between the *Old Church* and *New Conventicle* ?
No, none of these ; but I have hit the thing,
It was because *You knew I lov'd the King*.

Ten Crowns at once ! Sir you'll suspected be
For no good Protestant, you are so free :
So much at once ! Sure you ne're gave before ;
Or else, I doubt, mean to do so no more :
This is enough to make a man protest
Religio Medici to be the best.
The *Christians* for whose sakes we are *undone*,
Would have cry'd out, O 'tis too much for one
Either to give or Take ! what needs this wast ?
O how they love to have us keep a *Fast* !

Five private Meetings (whereat each four Men
In black Coats and white Caps (you'll call them then
A Team of Ministers) have tugg'd all day,
Deserving Provender, but scarce got *Hay* ;
Where I (my self have drawn my part some hours)
Have not afforded such returns as yours ;
I'd wish them watch, and keep me sober still ;
Not want of guilt in them, nor want of Will
In me, but want of Wine does make me *Tame*,
Or else I'd sacrificc them to the Flame
Of a high-blazing *Sayr* ; here's a Man
Who ne'er pretended at your Rates, yet can
More freely feed us, with *Coyne* and good *Dishes*
Than they, (yet that's their Alms) with sighs & wifhes.

O for a Rapture ! how shall I describe
The love of thousands to their *steading tribe* ?
Who so maintain'd them when they lost their *Places*,
They did not lose one *Pimple* from their *Faces* ;
But after all, full fraught with *Flesh* and *Flagon*,
Came forth like *Monks*, or *Priests* of *Bell and Dragon* :
One would have judg'd, by their high looks and smells,
They had *layn-in* in *Cellars* not in *Cells* ;
Where they grew big and batten'd : for no doubt
Some that went *Firkins* in, came *Hogheads* out.

But ours in two years time are Skin and Bones,
And look like *Grandams*, or old *Apple-Johns* :
One *Lazarus* amongst them was too much ;
But er't be long, we all shall look like such ;
And when that comes to pass the world shall see
Who are the *Ghostly Fathers*, They or we :
And then our *Bellies* without better fare
Will prove as *empty* as their *Noddles* are.
Though *We* be *silenc't*, our *Guts* won't be so ;
But make a *Conventicle* as they go :
And by their *Grumbling* shew greet *Discontent* :
And if you listen *Strange Reports* do *Vent*.
Peace, *Colon*, peace, and cease thy croaking din ;
Thou art condemn'd to be a *Chitterlin*.
Except thy *Latitudinarian Tripes*
Conform, and turn themselves to *Organ Pipes*.

Nigardly *Puritans* ! blush at the odds
Betwixt their *BONIE R's* and our *meagre DO D's* ;
You give your drink in *Thimbles*, they in *Bowls* ;
Your *Church* is poor *St. Faiths*, but theirs is *POWLS*.
And whilst you *Priests* and *Altars* do despise,
Your selves prove *Priests*, and we your *Sacrifice*.

But why do I permit my *Muse* to whine ?
I wish my *Brethren* all such *Cheeks* as mine ;
And those that wish them well, such *Hearts* as thine.

My noble *BABER* ! I have chosen you
For my *Physitian*, and my *Champion* too :
Give me sometimes but such a *Dose*, and I
Will ne'er wish other *Cordial* till I die :

And then proclaim you a most *Valiant Knight* ;
Shew but such *Metal*, though you never fight.

FINIS.

THE
K
Freeholder's DITTY

To the Tune of Moggy Lauder, an old Scotch Song.

HERE's to thee, Neighbour, e'er we part
I see thou'rt Something brewing :
Thou look'st forlorn and sick at Heart ;
I fit for thy Country's Ruin ?
Tis all in vain, whilst venal Souls
Great Britain's Fate determine,
From Poultry Rogues in Copyholds
To pamper'd Slaves in Ermine.

Though little's left us in the Pound,
Wee'll drowns our Cares in Wine, Sir,
Though servile Lawyers do abound
To lie and to ~~define~~, Sir,
A Song to Courtly Ears uncoath,
I do propose to sing, Sir ;
What Britain dares not speak the Truth ?
I will'd it reach'd the King, Sir.

When great Elizabeth sustain'd
Our British Crown and Glory,
To rule by Parties she disdain'd ;
She knew nor Whig or Tory ;
No foreign Nation drain'd her Purse,
Nor did She, false and fayfoully,
Confuse another's Safety first,
And leave her own defencelss.

Two Men for Ministers She nam'd
Who both had Men and Law read ;
Alike for Truth and Knowledge fam'd ;
By all Mankind applaud'd.
No Hungry Friends had they to feed
With public Funds and Plunder ;
They both meant well, and both agreed
In those Days 'twas no Wonder,

Each foreign State her Friendship pris'd,
While Freedom she supported ;
Each need for Aid, Each subserv'd ;
Great Britain then was courted.
Learn hence, ye Britons, 'er ye fall,
What Part becomes your Nation ;
What can ye hope, whil'st Dupes to all,
But Shame and Deflation ?

Quoth Philip, I'll you Queen affair
(A Prince all Europe dreaded),
Her Answer was, Great Sir, you'll fail,
I'm to my People wedded ;
Though I no standing Armies keep,
Because of your Bravado ;
I ne'er can think my Subjects Sheep,
Nor fear I your Armado.

His Troops were such as never fail'd,
His Ships were tall and great, Sir ;
Her Ministers knew when they fail'd
Nor sent her own too late, Sir ;
Each Briton, arm'd for her Defence,
Impatient took his Station ;
And prov'd that mutual Confidence,
Will ever guard this Nation.

A Line I mark to Edward's Worth,
And allo both the Harrys.
Who led their faithful Subjects forth :
Their Standard fix'd at Paris :
Their Subjects they w're treacherous thought,
Because there were Pretenders ;
Nor Greeks or Vandals ever brought,
As Britain's fit Defenders.

Now to our Times we'll turn our Eys,
Time's scarcely full of Ruin ;
What every Slave, who fawns and lies
Can thrive by our Undoing ;

See M——l——k fruits in martial Pow'r,
Who Ox——d Rights debated ;
See him, who found five less than four,
For Merit higher placed.

Lo ! servile P——n shall cant and sigh,
Like Beggar at your Door, Sir,
And then each Sum shall ~~wisapply~~,
Yet shameless ask for more, Sir.
'Tis hard, poor P——n to blame indeed,
Turn'd Treasurer from Dervis ;
You know, the Sun he could not read ;
How should he know the Service ?

But still with heavier Heart you'll see,
The Man who rules the Roast, Sir ;
Wh't Parts, what Principle has he,
But Name of Whig to boast, Sir ?
O Name, deify'd by foulest Dirt !
By base Profusion !
By ev'ry Sin that could subvert
The British Constitution !

Unfit to stem the Time's rough Tides,
All Way his Nettle Bobs, Sir,
He floats just as the Current drives,
Buoy'd up alone on Jobbs, Sir ;
Conjoin'd to ~~one~~ he fears and hates,
And fair wou'd not employ, Sir,
But must submit 'cause none so fit,
Our Freedom to destroy, Sir.

Of meane Birth, by viles tricks
Stole up to highest Station,
Of dark design, black Politicks,
See F——x ~~conquered~~ the Nation ;
Swore fee to Justice, Law and Sense,
He threatens all Debtors,
Like Catiline, his best defence
Is in his Gladiators.

Say mighty W——, God of wrath
Who at C——l——a fay'd us ;
And since like mightier Caesar hath
By Conqueror's right encl——d Us ?
Say by what rule it does appear,
And fuit thy Prussia System,
To keep three Colonies voting here,
When poor old Blakeney nail 'em.

To hold the Sword ar'n't not content,
Tis more than thy proportion ;
To have also the P——,
And all at thy devotion.
See France our Colonies still rants,
With slaughter and destruction,
While each Red Senator attends
At Welsh——'s sky P——-o—o.

Well may each Briton view Malib——,
With Confious Shame and Horror
And well may G——e's setting Sun
Go down in Tears of Sorrow ;
While Men, like these sit at the Helm,
On Plunder sole intent, Sir,
Of safety sure, while they secure
A perfid P——, Sir,

Yet better Times from G——, we'll hope
When those, their Country batter
Receive their just Reward, a R——,
And not a Place, or Garter.
When British Principles prevail
And grace a British King, Sir,
Then you and I will quaff our Ale,
And merry Songs will Sing, Sir.

Upon the late VICTORY obtained by
His Royal Highness the Duke of Yor
Against the D U T C H, upon June 3. 1665.

By the Author of *Iter Boreale.*

i.e. R. Wild

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GOUT ! I conjure thee by the powerful Names
Of CHARLES and JAMES, and their victorious
Fames,

On this great Day set all thy Prisoners free,
(Triumphs command a Goal-Delivery)
Set them all free, leave not a limping Toe
From my Lord Chancellors to mine below ;
Unless thou giv'st us leave this day to dance,
Thou'rt not th'old Loyal Gout, but com'st from France.
Tis done, my grief obeys the Sovereign Charms,
I feel a Bonfire in my joints, which warms
And thaws the frozen jelly ; I am grown
Twenty years younger ; Victory hath done
What puzz'd Physick : Give the Dutch a Rout,
Probatum est, 'twill cure an English Gout.

Come then, put nimble Socks upon my Feet,
They shall be Skippers to our Royal Fleet,
Which now returns in dances on our Seas,
A Conqueror above Hyperbole's.
A Sea which with Bucephalus doth scorn
Less than an Alexander should be born
On her proud Back ; but to a Loyal Rein
Yields foaming Mouth, and bends her curled Main :
And conscious that she is too strait a stage
For Charles to act on, swell'd with Loyal Rage,
Urgeth the Belgick and the Gallick shore
To yield more room, Her Master must have more,
Ingratefull Neighbours ! 'twas our kinder Isle,
With Her own Bloud, made Your Geneva Stile
Writ in small Print [Poor States and sore perple]
Swell to the [HIGH AND MIGHTY LORDS] in Text ;
And can ye be such Snakes to sting that Breast,
Which in Your Winter gave You Wounds and Rest ?
Poor Flemish Frogs, if Your Ambition thirst
To swell to English Greatnes, You will burst.
Could You believe Our Royal Head would fail
To Nod those down who fell before our Tail ?
Or could Your Amsterdam by her commands,
Make London carry Coals to warm her Hands ?
A bold Attempt ! Pray practise it no more,
We sav'd our Coals, yet gave you fire good store.
It is enough ; The righteous Heavens have now
Judg'd the Grand Quarrel betwixt us and you.
The Sentence is --- The Surface must be ours,
But for the bottom of the Sea, 'tis yours :
Thither your *Opdam* with some thousands, are
Gone down to take possession of your share,

Methinks I hear great Triton sound a Call,
And through th' affrighted Ocean summon all
His scaly Regiments, to come and take
Part of that Feast which Charles Their King doth make ;
Where they may glut Revenge, quit the old score,
And feed on those who fed on them before ;
Whom when they have digested, who can find
Whether they're fish, or flesh, or what's their Kind ?
Van-Cod, *Van-Ling*, *Van-Herring* will be cry'd
About their Streets, All Fish, so Dutchified,
Their States may find their Capers in their Dishes,
And meet their Admirals in Butter'd Fish.
Thus they'l inabody, and encrease their Crew ;
A cunning way to make each Dutch-man two.
And on themselves, they now must feed or fast ;
Their Herring Trade is brought unto its Last.

To the KING.

Great Sir, Belov'd of God and Man, admit
My Loyal zeal to run before my Wit.
This is my Pens miscarriage, not a Birth ;
Her haste hath made her bring blind Puppies forth.
My aims in this attempt, are to provoke,
And kindle flames more Noble, by my smoak ;
My wisp of Straw may set great Wood on Fire,
And my weak Breath Your Organs may inspire.
Amongst those Flags y' have taken from the Dutch,
Command your *Denbass* to hang up his Crutch :
He is a man both of his Hands and Feet,
And with great Numbers can Your Navy meet,
His quicker Eye Your Conquest can survey ;
His Hand, York's Temples Crown with flourishing Bay,
Waller (great Poet and true Prophet too)
Whose curious Pencil in Rich Colours drew
The Type of this grand Triumph for your view,
(The Fibers like their Herrings) 'bleeding new)
With the same Hand shall give the World the sights
Of what it must expect when England Fights.
That Son and Heir of *Pindars* Mule and Fame,
Your modest *Conley*, with Your Breath will flame,
And make those Belgick Beasts, who live, aspire
To fall Your Sacrifice in his pure Fire.
He shall proclaim Our *FAMES* great Neptune's Wonder,
And like a *Fove*, Fighting in Clouds and Thunder.

Licensed June 16. 1665.

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To the TUNE of Moggy Lauder, an old Scotch Song.

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 Yet shameless ask for more, Sir.
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 Turn'd Treasurer from Derois ;
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 The Man who rules the Roast, Sir ;
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 O Name, defil'd by foulest Dirt !
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 Of safety sure, while they secure
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Licensed June 16. 1665.

ROGER L'ESTRANGE

THE HOP-GARDEN

POEM.

BY MARTIE, WADWORTH.

WHEN the blest time of Harvest is all o'er,
And Ceres bears her Golden Sheaf no more,
The wealthy Farmer joyful locks his Barn,
And turns his eager eyes on his Hop Gar'n;
With cheerful heart and pleasure doth he view
His branching Hops that shine with silver hue;
He looks, and finds them fit to gather in,
And straightway fitteth up his racked Bin,
Which in the Garden for a year has lain,
Torn by the wind, and rotten by the rain;
When they're repair'd, the Master takes his round,
The neighbouring Women gladly hear the sound:
"Come, my good Dames (says he) to-morrow rise
"As soon as Sol is risen on the skies;
"My ripen'd Hops again require your aid:
"Come, and assist, and well you shall be paid."
Soon in the morn, as soon as the bright Sun,
Does peep his head above the Horizon,
And through yon oak a feeble glimpse doth yield,
While the bright dew does glitter in the field,
They all arise; each one begins to deck,
The tatter'd garment then doth go to rack,
Which for a year ha'n't been upon their back,
With stockings, gloves, old apron, and old hat,
Old petticoat and shoes, they don't care what;
When thus equip'd, with Tea they do regale;
When that is drank, they haste across the dale:
In one arm is convey'd the infant young,
On t'other arm the dinner basket's hung;
While the fond father carries the cradle on,
The joyful children lug the stool along;
The worn-out cripple gladly joins the train,
With stilt and staff he hops across the plain.
Soon they arrive at their long wish'd-for place,
Where clustering Hops do hang with silver grace;
Each take their place, old women loud do bawl,
Each one begins, for Poles they loud do call;
Their hasty hands the twisted bines do tear,
Till not one single Hop is hanging there;
Though thick and fast their nimble fingers go,
Yet to their tongues their striving hands outdo;
Confused noise, Children loud do cry,
Some rock the cradle, singing *Lol le Bye*,
The morning sharp, the children cry with cold,
Some women singing, others loud do scold;
With woven bines the lazy child they jerk,
And force the idle boy unto his work;
The cheerful maids in joyful chorus sing,
Their sharp-tun'd notes do make the garden ring;
Each girl by turns their loved man do praise,
When in loud laughter all their voices raise.
Each man talk'd o'er that liveth near the place,
Which kisses best, and which the handson'st face;
With smiling looks their merry tale pursue,
When each girl strives the others to outdo.
When jokesome men approach the maiden bin,
Then with each man each lass is tumbled in;
On the bright Hops the man a kiss he takes,
The maid arises and the bin forsakes;
Soon by one more her place it is possess'd,
Till all by turns they taste the merry jest.
At the next bin old crippled men do prate,
Reforming all the matters of the state:
Some blame the K--g that did the wars invent,
Some curse the Peers and all the Parliament;
Some blame the Officers by sea and land,
Some say they'll beat some say they never can;
Each casts his project to maintain the fight,
Till they by turns have set all matters right.
At t'other bin old married women prate,
But not of wars, or matters of the state;
The female Tongue seldom so far doth roam;
But talks of things that happen nearer home;
Of management, of washing, brewing, baking,
Of deaths and marriages, and Cuckold-making:
One thus begins; "Pray, Goody, do you hear
"That Betty's big? and faith 'tis true, I fear;
"But don't you mention it, good Dame, I pray,
"For I was ordered npt a word to say;
"Her Mistress told me yesterday 'twas true,
"Tis by sly Dick, but faith I'm sorry too.
"Dame, have you heard that neighbour Wimsett's dead?
"O lack, and Goody Simson's brought to bed!

"Is Wimsett dead? Alas! how short his life,
"Poor man! I'm very sorry for his wife;
"I hope that Goody Simson's very well;
"What has she got? Is it a boy or girl?
"Adzoos, I'll tell you what I heard to-day,
"I think 'tis true, 'tis what the people say;
"For Goody Tattle told me here just now,
"That Jobson's catch'd a-bed with Goody Sprow!
"And neighbour Sprow has turn'd her out of doors,
"And served her right—I hate such nasty W—s.
Thus turn by turn each one their larum sound,
Till they talk'd o'er the neighbourhood around.
Now all are whist, a sudden storm does rise,
The hastening clouds soon veil the glorious skies;
The rising wind roars fiercely all around,
And drives each feeble Hop-pole on the ground;
Each one in silence looketh back with fear,
While the approaching storm is coming near;
Soon as they hear it rattle on the bine,
All quickly search their cloaks and coats to find;
When furiously the rain doth on them beat,
All quickly leave their bins, and do retreat;
Squalling they hurry all across the plain,
All running fast the neighbouring hedge to gain;
The cripples they most merrily do trig,
And every one exerts his lamest leg,
When gladly they arrive at yonder shed,
Where branching oaks their boughs do overspread;
While crackling thunder bursteth from the sky,
The women quake, and children they do cry.
The tempest past, the Sun again does shine,
The joyful throng their soaked bins do join,
When each one does their nimble task pursue,
Till for the eve does fall the gather'd dew;
But first the Master brings his sparkling ale,
Wherewith each Hopper gladly does regale:
The Master fills the bushels to their tops,
And pays each one according to their hops;
Then each old woman gathers up her pack,
And lugs her weary child upon her back,
Tired and cross, can scarcely go or stand,
Crawling with broken hop-poles in their hand;
At each boy's back is carried the empty flask,
Each weary cripple hobbles from his task,
Leans on each stile to rest his aching head,
Last to his cot he comes, but almost dead.
The loving husband by his wife's desire,
Quick sets the smutty kettle on the fire;
The water boils, the cups and saucers clat,
The cheering tea again revives their chat;
They all repair to bed when tea is done,
Each one next morning rising with the sun.
Thus day by day they join their loved bin,
Until each fragrant hop is gather'd in:
The Master then well pleased with the sight,
Invites them all to sup with him at night.
The spit and oven quick are emptied,
Wherewith the bounteous table is o'erspread,
Where beef and mutton, goose and pasty pie,
And rich plum-puddings do in plenty lie;
Round the long-table each do take their seat,
With invitation all fall to and eat.
With crimson cheek the hurrying Cook does run,
And resteth not until the supper's done.
When supper's done, and cloth is took away,
The sparkling Stingo comes without delay,
With bumpers round the Masters health they sing,
The men in chorus make the kitchen ring;
Delighted with the ale and dainty food,
It puts each woman in a merry mood;
All sing a song, or else a story tell,
All talking loud, all striving to excel.
With ribbands they the poleman's hat do deck,
Which red and blue hang flowing on his back.
In chorus loud the bumper glass goes round,
Till the brown beer does all their senses drown.
It groweth late, unto their eots they steer,
Each man well filled with the smiling beer;
Some stagger home, some stumbling do fall,
Some stay all night, and cannot go at all;
The women they well pleas'd with Hopping Cheer,
All earnest wish the coming of next Year.



An ingenious Contention, by way of Letter Mr. Wanly, a son of the Church; & Dr. Wild, a Nonconformist.

K. Wanly (M) Curr.

Mr. Nathan Wanly to Dr. Wild, who was laid aside for Nonconformity.

So the bright Taper useless burns
To private and secluded urns.
So Pearls themselves to shells confine,
And Gems in the Seas bottom shine,
As thou my *VVILD* while thou dost lye
Huddled up in thy privacy,
And only now and then dost send
A Letter to thy private Friend;
Take once again thy Lyre, and so
Let thy selected Numbers flow,
As when thy solemn Muse did prove
To sing the Funeral of Love;
Or, as when with the Trump of fame
Thou didst sound forth great George's name,
In such a strain, as might it be,
Did speak thy self as great as he.
For while great Cowley seeks the shade,
And D'Inham's noble Wit's mislaid;
When Davvant's weary Quill lies by,
And yeilds no more of Lombardy;
While the sweet Virgin Muses be
By Wild led int' a Nunnerie;
While thus Apollo's Priests retire,
The Females do begin i' aspire,
Pretending they have found a flaw
In great Apollo's Salique Law;
These grasp at Lawrel, only due
To such as I have nam'd, and you.

Dr. Wild to the Ingenious
Mr. Wanly.

WHAT jolly Shepherds voice is this
Would tempt me from my private bliss
After his Pipe to dance, while Thunder
Threatens to rend that Oak in sunder,
Under whose boughs in fairer dayes
Was sung, and sang the praise
Of our great Pan, whose care did keep
The pleasant Shepherds and their Sheep?
Is this a time with wanton strains
To whistle forth the Nymphs and Swains
To sport and dance, while Wolf and Fox
Lie lurking to devour our Flocks,
And Romes Sheep-stealers ready stand
To give them their red letters brand?
Dost thou not know, my sanguine Son,
What th' Plague and Fire have lately done?
London hath sent up such a smoke,
As may the Angels voices choak,
And make tears big enough, to vent
Tears in a deluge, to lament
The raging fury of that Flame,
But more of those that made the same.
And when St. Paul has lost his Quire,
Twere Sacrilege to touch my Lyre.
None but a monster Nero may
Over-a burning City play.
Not would I sing, were I a Jew,
To please a Babylonish Crew.
Now since the time for sorrow cryes,
In this I freely temporize.
So the bright Stars draw in their light,
When Clouds club for an ugly night.
So all the Birds of Musick sleep
On stormy dayes, and silence keep.
So frost-nipt Roses droop and fall,
Perfuming their own funeral.
So you have seen a well-run'd Lye
Swelling it self with grief and ire,
In gloomy air, each heart-broke string
Its own last passing-bell doth ring.
So when Bellona's Trumpet sounds,
Our softer Muses Musick drownd.
Sir, by my many soes you know
My Poetry is but so so.
But why dost thou disdain or fear,
That Female brows should Laurel wear?
Hast thou forgot that Noble Tree
Itself was made out of a Rose?
The Muses and the Graces all
We of the Female Gender call,
And so if you have not more care,
You'll find they *Female* like us are.
Nor would I have you wonder why
Our *Female* Musick doth.

When *Claret* and *Canary* cease,
The Wits will quickly hold their peace.
Wistmers and *Poets* fall together,
If once the *Ivy-Garland* wither.

Sweet Wanly thought (as well he might)
He should have shin'd in *Phabus* light;
But Clouds appear'd, and he that made
Account of *Juno*, found a shade;
And though on *Davids* Harp he plaid,
The *evil Spirit* can't be laid:
Therefore the Groves and Shades he loves,
And his own Secretary proves.

Your next mans temples *Lawrel* scorns,
Since greater pride his brows adorns.
He to *Pernass* bears no good will,
Because it proves a *bared hill*.
The very thoughts whereof I dread
Will ne'e be got out of his head.
Gondeberi's silent, I suppose,
Because his *Muse* sings through the *note*,

One syllable of which poor he
Did lose by an *Apocope*.

Wild says, *Kind Wanly* you're to blame,
Amongst these Swans his *Goose* to name,
Yea though his lucky gagling *yawl*
Once helpt to save one *Capital*;
His love to *Love* then made him fear
His neck, not *brow*, a *Wreath* should wear.
Next he did on a *Loyal* string
His *Georgicks* and his *Carols* sing.
But now because he cannot toot
To *Organ* tunes, he's made a *mute*;

And though alive, condemn'd to death:
Therefore, dear *Sir*, in vain your breath,
Although perfum'd and hot does come,
To blow wind in a dead man's bumb;

Yet, as a grateful Legacy,
He leaves to thee his *Nunnery*,
Not doubting but if need require
Thou'll prove an able *louing Fryar*.

Mr. Wanly to Dr. Wild.

WHAT fullen wary Shepherds voice
is this,
That won't be tempted from his
private bliss,
But abor'd up in *Eglantine*, while Thunder
Threatens to rend & rive that Oak in sunder,
Under whose boughs himself in fairer dayes
Did fit secure with us, and sang the praise
Of that great Pan, whose watchful care did keep
At once the pleasant Shepherd & his Sheep?
Is this a time for Shepherds to retreat,
And seek out *Coveris* from the *scorching heat*?
Is this a time for an *inglorious* *slorb*?
To hug it self, not daring to peep forth
Into the open field, while th' *crafty* *Fox*
Lurks in the bushes to devour our Flocks,
And *Wolves* of *Romulus* are grown sabold,
To fright the silly Sheep ev'n in their Fold?
Dost thou not know what crops the *Plague* has made
And, *Sampson*-like, heaps upon heaps has laid?
That if Heavens wrathful Anger thus proceed,
There will no Flocks be left for thee to feed.
London has sent up such a darkning smoak,
And shall it too the Angels voices choak?
Shall it make Clouds so thick and dark, that we
Shall never more thy publick Censers see?
Tis Sacrilegic to rob the Church; and thence
Since you have stole your self, what's your offence?
When the white *Harvest* for more *Reapers* cryes,
How canst thou freely sit and temporize?
So Stars reflecte themselves for pitchy night,
When *Phabus* pouders all his locks with light.
So *feral* Birds delight to sit alone,
Till the dayes glories are packt up and gone.
So Roses fall in *June* when frosts are past,
And on dull earth lye blushing out their last.
So the Musician smothers his *Solf*,
When he's entreated or to sing or play.
So when the fierce *Bellona*'s Drums do beat,
Who has no mind to fight, seeks his retreat.

And so I've seen a long miswonted Lyre
Sigh its own Dirge with its own broken wire.
And seems to shiv'r at th' *dawnful* *Paul's* *grave*.
Say we not well, Agues will have their course?
Yes, yes, they must remember with remors
The *day* *Conqueror* was born, *Death* of *Liuguria*.

But why shouldst thou, kind soul, be in such fear,
That plump *Lycus* should grow lean this year?
Hast thou forgot how fatal the *Grape-stone*?
Did whilom prove to poor *Anacreon*?

Which of the *Muses*, or the *Graces* all,
Did ere for *Claret* or *Canary* call?

Is it not sung by the *Venitian* *Swain*?
How the brisk *Wine* gives *horns* to the poor man?

And if you have not greater care, no doubt
You'll find the *Claret* will revive your *Gout*,

And then we shall hear thy *Goose-gagling* *yawl*
Cry out for help to save thy *Pedestal*?

Then we shall see thee, standing on one foot,
Practise worse tunes than *Organs* ever woot.

This is a vain presage, thou say'st, the Dead
Have out-liv'd this, and have no *Gout* to dread.

But art thou dead indeed? Though dead thou art,
Heark how the *dead man's bum* does let a *far*.

When as my bashful Muse did to thee come,
'Twas not so kindly done to turn thy *bum*;

To vote her of the *Babylonish* *Crew*;

And set the *Furies* on her with *ha-loo*.

This 'tis to gad abroad, 'tis just upon her;
Had *Dina* kept at home, she'd sav'd her *Honor*.

But I'm thy *Son*, and must corrected be;
But why then dost thou turn thy *bum* to me?

Dost think thy *Son* so *sanguine* & *insano*,
To probe thee with a *Fistula* in *Ano*.

This I should leave to any of the *Crew*,
You may believe me though I were a *Few*.

And may my breath be still perfum'd, why not?
Since dead Corps smell when they begin to rot.

And he whose Muse such wondrous heights did
That it did seem to top the very *Sky*;

And though he may have reason to be proud,
Instead of *Juno* did embrace a *Cloud*;

May he resume King *Davids* *Harp* and play
The *Tarantul* of discontent away.

If *Denham* has so foully been betray'd,
And his *Inclosure* against his will survey'd:

May he recover all his Wits and more,
And wish such keen *Lambisks* bound the *whore*.

That all may dread it worse than lots of life,

To turn a *Post* *franck* for his *Wife*.

Poor *Davenant's Nose* it seems is grown so sore,

It scarcely will abide one smart Jest more.

Well may the *bridge* be down, when Time doth

To press it with his *Satyr* cloven-feet.

And thou with thy *Apocopes* art wont

To scatter balls of thy *Wild-fire* upon't.

But shall I not, kind *Wild*, remember thee,

Who hast bequeath'd me such a *Legacie*?

'Tis thine for life, we know thy *subtile* *head*;

Wills have no force till the *Tesator's* dead;

And that none can have ought by thy bequest

Till thou art better dead than in a *Jest*:

Nor would I that in tenderness to me

Thou shouldst suspect thine own sufficiencie;

Enjoy it freely, since thou hast it wed:

'Tis Incest to ascend the *Fathers* bed.

What though thou ownst me for thy *sanguine* *Child*,

Yet I have not so much my *Sire* of *Wild*;

And thus far is thy *Fryr* able to see

His *Cevent*'s better than thy *Nunnerie*.

He's loving too, 'tis true, he nothing gives,

As thou, at his decease, but while he lives

All these *good wishes*, such as he can spare,

And if thou hast them, will help mend thy fare.

May every Knight about us, that's inclind,

Be unto thee, as Sir *John Baber*, kind.

Ten Silver *Crowns* let each of them send thee,

And be so paid for all in *Verse* as he.

May the *poor Scholar* ne're want *Sundays Pudding*,

When he's not like to preach for't on the sudden.

May thy afflicted *Tos* ne're feel the *Gout*;

Or if it must, let the *Dutch* have a *Rau*;

That thou maist yet (at least) once more protest

That *Recipe* wants no *Probatum* off.

Maist thou next send me what is worth thy *Pen*;

May I have brains to answer it agen.

May all that are of such *good wishes* fullin,

Live till their *good Friends* bury them in *Wooden*.

Dr. Wild to Mr. Wanly.

Honesty done hallowes though the *Stuff*
You sent be small, and sometimes large enough.

Conscience doth not always goe to the *part*.

But now to pledge thee I am not enclin'd,
You Sons o'th *Church* are for large drangous I finde.
Prifhee leave off, for thou hast been so free
In sending such a *brimmer* unto me,
That Sunday last, long of that *frrolid boat*,
By Parish had but half a *glass* I doubt.
Besides the drink is *small*, you've chang'd your *guts*.
I wish you'd kept it in your *hoggs-head* still.
Yet, upon better thoughts, small drink is fit
To cool the stomach, though not help the wit;
And that might be *indeed*: for certainly
Those *salt bits* I had sent thee made thee *dry*,
Or sick, which made thee drink small drams, and
To cast them undigested up again.

Twelve lines return'd the very same, that I
Must call the *Pickup*, rather than *Reply*;
Or, by rebounding of my words, I dread
There is some *Echoe* in thine *empty head*;
Or rather thou my *Codril* art, and so
The young one learneth of the old to crow.
Nay, my brave Bird, thou darfst spit and peck,
I wish that *Shrews-tide* hazard not thy *neck*,
Now prifhee Chick beware, for though I find
That thou art right and of the fighting kind,
Yet thou art not my *March*, and soon wilt feel
My *Gout* lies in my *Tor*, not in my *Heel*.
Take this advice before you mean to fight,
Get your *Comb* cut, and leave your *treading* quite.
Thy Barber, or his *Wife*, if he should fail,
Has skill to *clip thy wings*, and *trim thy tail*;
And thereby hangs another *Tayl*, I find
Thy *subtile nose* hath got my *breach* i' th' *wind*.
If thou canst catch poor *arts* that *Prison* break,
A notable *Bumbleiff* thou wilt make.
Hark, hark, saif thou, be let a *far*? what thought?
It breaths forth no *Solution*, Sir, I trow;
Nor is there any *Statute* of our *Nation*
That sayes, in five miles of a *Corporation*
If *Many Outward-men* a *Farr* should vent,
That you should apprehend the *Incomes*.
If you so soon could find the *Poulder* *Far*,
What had you said, if a bad *bally* there be?
And would you have us silent too *now*?

But I dislaid my *burr* before thine *eye*
Unkindly thou saif, I say otherwise,
For there thou mightst have thy *resemblance* took,
Dead mens blind cheeks do very *Wanly* look.
And for the *crack* it gave, that did but mind them
To strive to leave a *good report* behind them.
As for the *gall* which in your *Ink* appear,
That in our *Sufferings* we are *Volunteers*;
I'll not say much, I have more wit than so,
'Tis *scoury* jesting with *edg-tools* I know:
But Sir, 'tis cruelty in you, to whip
Your *Brother's back* which you did help to strip.
Yet thus your *Grandfite* *Lusi* did before,
Who kill those, whom his *Cov'nant* had made *fores*.
And you know who they were that gave the blow,
And then cry'd, *Prophete who smote these so?*
We durst not keep our *livings* for our *lives*,
But they must needs go whom the *Devil* drives.
Yea, but we left our *Harvest*, left our *Sheep*,
And, would not work in one, nor th' other keep.

A NEW SONG.

GOOD people, alas! the bad news
we do hear,
Will prove fatal to good Dr. Dodd, I
do fear.

18*

Only think of his case and wink with
a nod,
For forgery's detected the good Doctor
Dodd.

Who'd think that the *Shepperd* should
be thus led astray,
Who against so often he loudly
would pray;
And tell us so gravely we all must
God,

But alas! what's beset our good D.
Dodd.
The lambs at the *Magdalen* good
would teach,
And turn up his eyes and against sin
would preach;
If he see you but smile why he'd give
you a nod,

The sanctified reverend good Dr. Dodd.
But money they say led the Dr. astray,
Four thousand two hundred good Lord
let us pray,
That he may repent while here upon
earth,

And remember his body must mingle
with dust.
When before my Lord-mayor his de-
he did make,
The tears flow'd so fast that he hardly
could speak;
Let mercy o'er-rule justice in that you'll
serve God,
So great were the prayers of the good
Doctor Dodd.

Robinson the broker here made his de-
fence,
Do me justice good doctor prove my
²⁸ innocence,
I do, I do, I do, then heaving a sob,
So penitent truly is good Doctor Dodd.
But for trial alas the good Dr. is sent,
For forg'ry a halter must be the event
For a time then we'll leavc him to fall
and to pray,
To suffer at Tyburn on the fatal day.

My 2. a 17
78

THE Asses Complaint against Balaam;

Or the Cry of the
COUNTRY
AGAINST
Ignorant and Scandalous Ministers.

To the Reverend Bishops.

YEE mitred Members of the House of Peers,
The Kings Churchwardens, and Gods Overseers,
Fathers in Christ; we your poor Children cry
Oh give us Bread of Life, or else we die.

For we are burd'ned with our old Sir Johns,
Who when we ask for Bread do give us stones;
And only cant a Homily or two,
Which Daws and Parrots may be taught to doe;
Drunkards Cannonicall, Unhallowed Bears,
That name God oftener in their oaths than Prayers.

Into what darknesse will our Church be burld
If such as these be call'd *The light of the world*?
These that have nought to prove themselves devout
Save only this, *That Cromwell turnd them out*.

Mistake us not, we do not mean those loyall
And learned soules, who in the fiery tryall
Sufferd for King and conscience sake, let such
Have double honour, we shall ne're think much;

But this our tender conscience disapproves,
That *Ravens* should return as well as *Doves*;
And croak in *Pulpits* once again to bring
A second Judgment on our Church and King.

Though *England* doth not fear another losse,
'Cause God hath burn'd his Rods at Charing croffe;
Yet *Clergy* sins may call him to the Doore
Ev'n him who whip'd and scourg'd them out before.

Oh therefore ye that read the sacred Laws
Eject their persons, and disown their cause:

God, and the King have both condemn'd this crew,
Then let them not be patroniz'd by you.

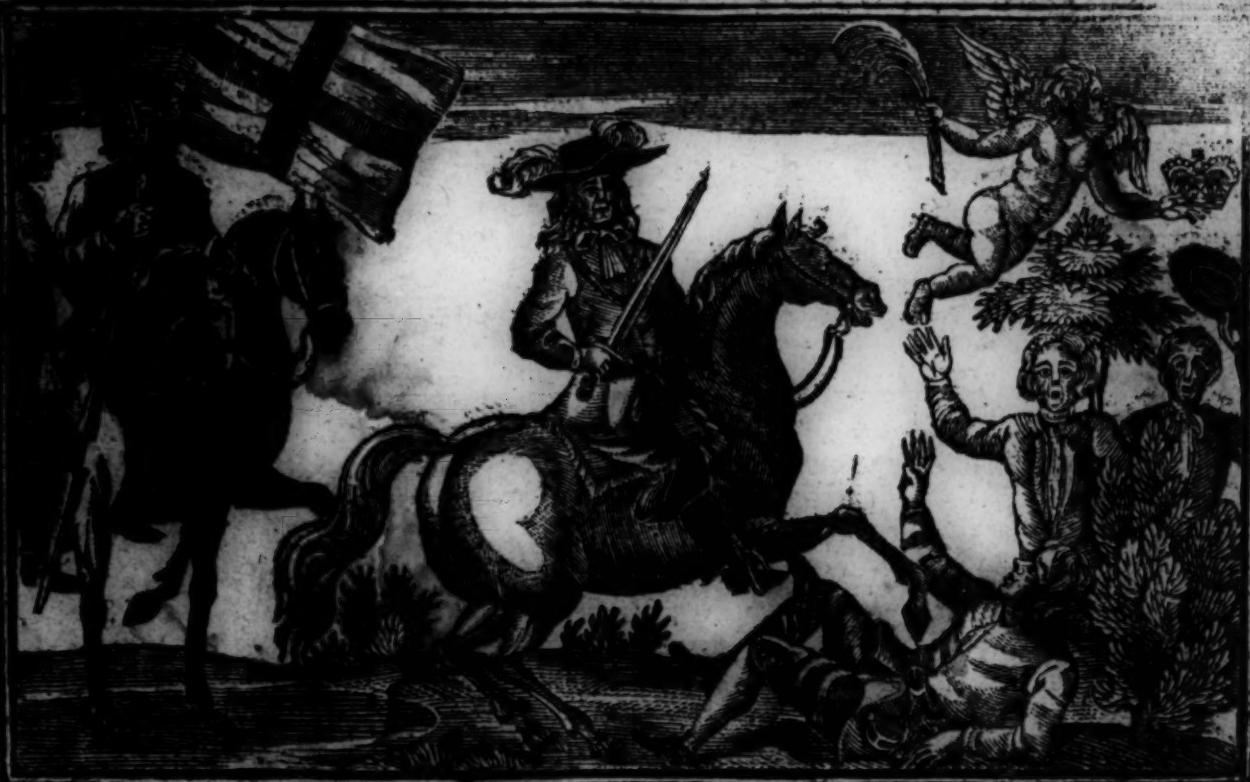
'Tis not their *Cassocks*, nor their *Surplices*
We quarrell at, there is no hurt in these;
We own their *Decency*, yet every *Foole*
Cannot be call'd a *Monk* that weares a *Cowle*;
Were grace, and learning wanting (by your le'ver)
We would not pin our faith on your *Lawn sleeves*;
'Tis *Aarons breastplate*, and those sacred words
Become a *Churchman* best, THAT THAT my Lords
Which pious *Baxter* makes his livery,
Would all our Curates were but such as he!

Pardon my Lords, we do not make this stir
To vindicate the *factious Presbyter*;
We hate his ways, and equally disown
The *zealous RebELL*, as the *idle Droan*;
And beg as oft to be deliver'd from
The *Kirk of Scotland*, as the *Sea of Rome*;
We pray for *Bishops* too, Oh may ye stand
To heale the sad distractions of the Land;
Then give us *Priests* loyall and painfull too,
To give to *Cesar*, and to us our due.

God save King *Charles* our Christian faiths Defender,
And bring Religion to its wonted Splendour.

L O N D O N : Lewis Griffin
Printed for the Author, 1661.

A SONG in Commemoration of KING Charles the Second,



YOU British Souls that ever flood
For the Church and Nations good
I hope you'll not forget the day
The happy Twenty ninth of May
When Dick did loose the Game,
And Glorious Charls came in,
His subjects drooping hearts to cheer,
Now a Health to General Monk
Who did Confound the Rump,
We will merry merry drink boys every Year.

I'll tell the Game that he did run,
When Charls the First they did dethrone,
The Churches they did tumble down,
The Cloak did over Rule the Gown,
On Lords Estates they siz'd,
And Plunder'd who they please,
And like the Turks kept us in Fear.
Now a health &c.

Our Bishops they did send away,
They was not suffer'd for to pray
For great Glorious Charls our King,
'Twas Treason for to speak of him,
This Prince of Royall Birth,
Wer of his Crown bereft
And forst to hide in the Oak for fear
Now a Health, &c.

Upon the City Gates was seen,
The Heads of many a Noble Man,
Whom they thought disfested then,
To Noll who did Provost Reign,
Thus Britzains Land did mourn,
Weighting their Kings Return
Each Loyal soul Pox'd with Fear,
Now a Health &c.

They burnt our books of Holy Prayer
The bells did from the steeples tear
The Man must dye that mov'd his Tongue,
So wish King Charles upon the Throne,
A Noble Lady Fair,
Convey'd the King we hear
Dignified like a little Page,

Safely O're to France,
He led the Whigs a Dance.
When nothing but his blood would them affrage

The bloud-hounds they did loose their scent,
When by the Oaken Tree they went,
This was by Heavens great Decree,
The King shoud thus Preserved be,
Twile Years was in Exile,
Till Fortune it did smile
The Heir was banished away,
Now a Health &c.

Monk Rouz'd up like a Lyon bold
Retolving not to be controuled
He'd loose his Life but he'd bring in,
Charls his Sovereign Lord and King,
And to the Nations Joy,
He brought the wandering Boy,
By the sound of a Trumpet and Loud Huzzas
So a Health to General Monk,
That did confound the Rump,
We'll drink on the Twenty ninth of May

Great Triumph thr'o the City Rung,
Belconies was with Tapistree Hung,
The Conduits did with Claret spring,
Each subje& thought himself a King,
They wore the Royal Oak,
A Grief unto the Cloak,
Who Forced was to fly away,
So a Health to General Monk,
That did put down the Rump,
We'll drink on the Twenty ninth of May

So God Preserve the Church and state,
And you that Thirst for Honors great,
Strive not Kings for to Dethrone,
State matters we will let alone,
But theres no harm this day,
The Twenty ninth of May,
To Commemorans our hearts to cheer,
To drink to General Monk,
That did confound the Rump,
Then many many be happy Yea

S T R E N A K

CLAUDIANUS de Sene VERONENSI

Felix, qui fratribus ævum transgit in arvis:
 Ipsa domus puerum quem videt, ipsa senem:
 Qui baculo nitens, in qua reptavit arena,
 Unius numerat sæcula longa casæ.
 Illum non vario traxit fortuna tumultu,
 Nec bibit ignotas mobilis hospes aquas.
 Non freta mercator timuit, non classica miles:
 Non rauci lites pertulit ille fori.
 Indocilis rerum, vicinæ nescius urbis,
 Adspectu fruitur liberiore poli.
 Frugibus alternis, non Consule, computat annum:
 Autumnum pomis, ver sibi flore notat.
 Idem condit ager Soles, idemque reducit,
 Metiturque suo rusticus orbe diem.
 Ingentem meminit parvo qui Germino quercum,
 Äquævumque videt consenuisse nemus.
 Proxima cui nigris Verona remotior Indis,
 Benacumque putat litora rubra lacum.
 Sed tamen indomita vires, firmisque laeertis
 Etas robustum tertia cernit avum.
 Erret, & extremos alter scrutetur Iberos.
 Plus habet hic vita, plus habet ille via.

Felicem populum, inter bona talia
 Qui vitam tacito transgit otio.
 Felicem populum ter quater, omnium
 Cui rerum pater est DEUS.

Kal. Januariis. 1708.

Englisht by A. S. V. D. M. D.

HAPPY is he who a long life hath led
In's Fathers Lands, therein both born and bred:
Walks with his staff there, where he creep'd when young;
Which to his Grandf're's Grandf're did ielong.
Him various turns of Fortune never chac'd
From home, nor caus'd him foreign liquors tast.
Never feard shipwracks, never heard of War:
Nor ever plagu'd with Law suits at the Bar.
Knows no intrigues, knows nought o'th' neigbouring town,
Sees and enjoys full freedom in his own.
He by his Cropts, not Consuls, counts the Years:
The Spring by'ts Flowers, the Autumn by its Pears.
His Field's his Dyal-plate, which, being plain,
Sees the Sun set, and next day rise again.
A Twig grow to a sturdy Oak he fees,
And a new planted Grove, to stately Trees.
Verona is, like th' Indies, far away;
And Lake-Benacus, as th' Arabian Bay.
Mean time his strength remains, which thus appears,
He in his Arms his Childrens children bears.
To traverse Spain let any other please,
He'll have more Way, this man more Life and Ease.

Happy are they who lead a life like this,
More happy they whose God J E H O V A is.

45
AudP

A D V I C E PAINTER, &c.

P A I N T E R, &c

PAINTER, once more thy Pencil resume.
Draw me a Night Piece — Draw me *Rome*.
Rome under ground, 'twill make a curious Piece!
Out do the boldest hands of *Ancient Greece*.
Let the pale Tapers, which afford it lights,
Burn blew, affrighted with approaching Sprites.
Draw me the shaking Triple Mitred Head,
And all the Conclave, looking like the Dead.
Draw fallen *Lucifer* in Brimstone Robes,
Infernal Posts arriving thick like *Jobes*:
Each telling after other rueful Tale,
How all the Pious Stratagems still fail.
Nor Pistol, Poison, Ponyard will prevail.
How in defence of See *Apostolique*,
Like all true Bigots *Roman Catholique*,
Most boldly living, their late Mattys ty'd,
And all without Confessing, bravely dy'd.
How daring *Coleman* led the Forlorn Hope,
Of all th' Unfortunate Brethren of the Rope,
Who murther Princes to exalt a Pope.
Of this new Order of *Cordeliers* how
He was the Founder and Confounder too.
How Cardinal *Ireland*, *Harcourt*, *Gaves* fell,
Of *Pickering*, *Grove*, and *Turner*, let them tell,
How all's undone, *Rome*, *Purgatory*, *Hell*!
So! Painter 'tis enough; now lets retire,
And leave the Pope in this new *Malvidere*.

Next, let me see a spacious Curtain Drawn,
Fine and transparent as the Cobweb Lawn.
It must with curious Art and Care be wrought,
That through it one may see a nimble thought.
The ground with Faction, Treason, Tamult lay,
All Varnish't o're with shining Preach and Pray.
Shade it with Finefes, Artifice, Intrigue,
Darken the foldings with the Solemn League.

Behind this Curtain let bold Actors stand,
 Buskin'd for Tragedy upon command ;
 Inspir'd with furious, not Poetique Rage,
 A second time to tread a bloody Stage.
 Draw there an Aged Pope upon all four,
 With riding Furniture Equipped ore,
 With Watlike Saddle, and with Curbing Bitt,
 Holsters and Howsing, Breastplate, all compleat,
 Then let a dapper Pres'ter Poh bestride
 The Scarlet Rampant Beast, and fiercely ride.
 Let him be clad in the new Silken Buff,
 And wear an old Round-head without a Ruff.
 Upon the top of his Triumphant Lance,
 The spoiled Whore of Babel's Smock advance,
 Before him let there march Lewd Reformation,
 Proclaiming Liberty and Tolleration.
 Paint dismal Ruin stalking in the Rear,
 Than Landskip Desolation far and near.
 Paint close Cabals, and Midnights secret Clubs,
 Paint the Disciples of the bawling Tubs,
 With Ears erected and with Mouths displaid,
 And all the Brethren o'th Religious Blade,
 Big with their hopes and expectations blown,
 That e'ret be long the day will be their own.
 Let several Labels from their mouths proceed,
 To note the different Tribes o'th Holy Seed :
 Here, Root and Branch, there, down with Babel down.
 Away with Bishops, this, that, with the Crown.
 Here draw one closely laughing in his sleeve,
 That he has made the zealous fools believe,
 What he has told them is as Gospel true,
 If't be not so, then he's a very Jew.
 Paint here Ambition making humble Court
 To Popular Ears, and shewing Scripture for't.
 There, Draw me Envy, and here, private Pique,
 Looking demure while deep Revenge they seek.
 Here one who lost his Crown and Bishops Lands,
 Clapping for joy his Sacrilegious hands.
 Draw busie Jealousie among the Croud,
 And whispering Fear, and Calumny still loud.
 Paint Armed Zeal in fighting Gospel Buff ;
 Paint what thou wilt, so't be confus'd enuff.
 Then Painter Draw one laughing out this Mott,
 Come do it boldly then, Plot upon Plot.
 Now Painter let us Trade in open day,
 And bare fac't Light : a barren Landskip lay,
 Like some cold Northern Clime ; there must not be
 Much Beauty in it, much Variety :
 Not many fruitful Vales, nor pleasant Springs,
 Nor murmu'ring Riv'lets, nor delightful things,
 But cragged Rocks, and the bald Mountains shew,
 No Pearewigs of Wood, but Bonnets blew



(63)

Of distant Sky, Paint Loughs, and Treacherous Bog,
 Stored with Revelation croaking Frogs.
 And now the Scene is fit, the Curtain draw, evin few bloudt wou
 Trumpets and Drums within, Sisay, Sisay, the noyse is now fit
 A Rev'rend Prelate must the Prologue be,
 Enough alone to make a Tragedy.
 Paint him all over wounds and purple gore,
 Greater than Cesars and in number more.
 Than let the mad brained Zealous Troops advance,
 Hasting to forfeit their Allegiance,
 In the defence of Covenant, Well a way to
 True Protestant Religion to betray.
 While thus with Violence, Murder, Perjury,
 They strive to raise their new Filth Monarchy,
 The Iron Scepter of Presbytery.
 Now Painter Summon all thy skilful Art,
 Thy choicest Colours, cleanest strokes impart.
 Draw me a blooming Hero, let him fly,
 more swift than Light'ning from a fallen Sky :
 Whose early Valour Rivals Cesars Fame,
 For he too came, and saw, and overcame.
 Paint Woods of Lawrels for his Conqu'ring brow,
 Hee'l reap them all as fast as they can grow.
 But gentle Painter, plant them in the shade,
 Lest as they quickly grew, they quickly fade.
 And now dear Painter, how shall we devise,
 To draw some thoughts ? Oh ! how would that surprize !
 But since those swift Ideas will not sit,
 Till thou canst finish 'em, e'en venture it,
 A careless dash does somtimes bravely hit.
 Draw then the discontented Factiones crew
 Of Disaffected Brethren; let us view
 Their Faces well, and we shall easily find,
 Their secret thoughts by th Index of the mind.
 Draw biting Lips, and fullen frowning Brow,
 And hands lift up betwixt a Curse and Vow,
 Paint this half drawing out his angry Sword,
 That weeping for the people of the Lord,
 Who for the Gospel were in Battle slain,
 Or by the Common En'my Captive tane.
 Let hasty blood mount in that manly Face,
 There let it sneak, and give pale Choler place.
 Here Paint one raving, raging, staving mad ;
 Thus disappointed after seeking Gad !
 Thus by ill Conduct, and base Cowardice,
 To spoil the Good Old Cause, and ope' the Eyes
 Of Wicked men, to see and Triumph too ;
 What hast thou done Lard ? Lard ! What must we do?
 Could not th' impatient Brethren stay till we
 Had fully hatcht a New Conspiracy,
 No King, or else of Clouts, till we had made,
 (That is a Glorious King) they might have said :

But

But thus with Shell on head, and callow wing,
Thus run away ! Lard ! This was such a thing !
Now should we strive to lend our helping hand
To work Salvation, th' wicked of the Land
Will callt Rebellion: and should they prevail,
We can expect no Mercy, if we fail.
In our attempt, no second Amnesty,
Can e're be hop'd, Ah ! No Indemnity !
Painter, close up thy Piece, expos't to view;
'Twill meet with various Censures: But 'tis true.
Till the next time we meet, Painter Adieu.

To the KING.

Hail Mighty *charles* ! Joy of our Lives and Eyes;
Born and preserv'd, restor'd in wondrous wise !
At last take pity of a Glorious State,
Shook by the Malice, and the restless Hate,
Of Undermining Foes, and Treacherous Friends,
By diff'ring methods driving the same ends.
Papist and Presbyterian both combine,
And Sampsons flaming Foxes Tails conjoyn
To Rob thee of thy Crown, and to destroy,
With thee our Lives, Religion, Liberty.
Rome and *Geneva*, both strive to pull down
The Envi'd Mitre and Imperial Crown.
The Royal Martyr *charles*, the Wise, the Just,
Commands you to forgive, but never trust.
Lose not your Friends in hopes your Foes to gain,
Eternal hates are reconcil'd in vain.
You are nolonger safe than they want power,
No Monarch after that can Reign an hour.
Cherish you Friends if Scepters you will sway,
And Rule your Subjects many a happy day.
Defend that Faith which does defend your Crown,
Which Christ first taught, which all true Christians own :
Who teaches any other, comes from Hell,
The Dev'l first did, then taught men to Rebel.
Read all the rest in the late Rebel *Scot*,
There is enough to shew a second Plot.
The Bdks are yet intire, 'tis not too late
To stop another Deluge o're the State.
Who his to morrow trusts for safety, may,
Before it comes be ruined by delay.
To speak bold truths Poets and Painters dare,
Believe them, Mighty Sir, Believe, Beware !
Nothing can save us from a dreadful Doom,
But what secures from Faction and from *Rome*.

10/2. a. 1
20

The Second Part to the same Tune;

O R,

An Answer to the Lady of Qualities POPISH BALLAD of the POPISH PLOT.

Like you my Song, or like it not,
I sing the Down-fall of the PLOT;
The PLOTTERS Characters I shew,
The Devil by his Paw you'll know.
God bless our KING, our CHURCH Preserve,
Whilst TRAITORS have what they deserve.

To the Tune of PACKINGTON'S POUND.

1.

Since Hell is broke loose, and the Press set a work,
By Jesuit, by Jew, by Christian, and Turk;
By Fools, and by Fops, by Rascals, and Knaves,
By Counterfeit Ladies, and by Scribbling Slaves:
Each Mowe, and each Sot,
Now talks of the Plot,
Some cry it is true, and some swear it is not :
New Fire-balls in Pamphlets and Ballads are hurl'd,
To cajole the People, and amuse the World.

2.

And among all the rest, there starts up for one,
A Priest under Petticoats, Jesuit Joan;
Who in a lewd Ballad, does sing a loud Lye,
And to overthrow the Plot by fooling would try :

And though very bold
The Plotters see told,

The trick is too stale, the design is too old ;
For no honest man in whom Reason doth dwell,
But scents the Popes breath, and the foul stink of Hell.

3.

The people deceiv'd by Jesuitical Glasses,
No longer now will be ridden like Asses ;
They won't be deceiv'd, by their old foolish Lyes,
But the Plot, and the Plotters, see with their own Eyes :
For it is too plain,
For all their false Train,

The Plot was first hatch'd in a Jesuitical Brain :
And you shall without Romish Spectacles see,
Who both the Contrivers, and Actors still be.

4.

A Politick States-man that doth all confound,
Who the Head of all true Religion does wound ;
Who was the first Rebel, that e're did rebell,
And who still advances all Traytors in Hell :
The Father of Evil,
And named Don Devil,

A very Fanatick, though he can seem Civil,
Of this wicked Plot first laid the close Train,
And the Cockatrice hatch'd in a Jesuits Brain.

5.

The Politick States-man in Council did sit,
With Legions, to find out some Instruments fit ;
And picking and choosing, he form'd a whole Rabble,
Who stink at St. Omers like Goats in a Stable :
Their Fortunes were low,
The Devil did know,
The bate of Preferment he therefore did shew :
He adopted these Tools, to give the Train fire,
For which some receiv'd a Rope for their hire.

6.

The next he prepar'd was a proud prating Knave,
Who longly'd the Court, to Great ones a Slave ;
He fed with great Hopes, kept up a great Table,
For Money from France, did make the Knave able :

He went and he ran,
Did many Trepan,

And for the Popes sake, a whole Nation did ban :
He lost his Reward if he gaped for Uburn,
For he with an Halter was Sainted at Tyburn.

7.

Like Rat in a Chamber another he found,
Who had from the Fathers got many a pound ;
This Pick-lock of Law, to be the Book drudge,
Was made with great hopes, at last to be Judge :

He loved Applause,
Perverted the Laws,

And filled with Zeal he grew stout for the Cause :
Left Drawing and Hanging should not make him Martyr,
He lash'd his own Back like a terrible Carter.

8.

The next vere five bloody and murtherous Fellows,
Who temped by Money, made haste to the Gallows ;
By whose cruel hands a brave Hero did fall,
Sufficiently prov'd, though deny'd by them all :

Give the Devil his due,
The Treasurer too,

He has Sins of his own, and needs none from you :
The Knights being slain, fled the Men of the Church,
And left the poor Lay-men to hang in the lurch.

9.

The next a grave Gown-man in terrible form,
Who with a strong breath, doth blow up this Storm ;
He thunders, he tears, he rants, and he roars,
To turn all Heretical Kings out of doors :

He makes a great rout,
And hunts all about,

To turn all Religion and Sanctity out ;
Both Bishop and Presbyter he'll turn to Grass,
To bring in his Idols, and set up the Mass.

10.

Thus both the Contrivers, and Actors you see,
They are not meer shadows, but really be ;
But 'twas their ill Fortune, and our good Lot,
Or rather Gods Mercy confounded their Plot :

Whate're Ladies sing,
They Murther'd one King,

And now to Confusion another would bring :
God bless our good King, and long may he Reign,
And Jesuits be Hanged if they Plot again.

F I N I S.

H. Arundell (14.)

21*

Lord Arundel of Warder.

Persecution no los.

WHAT can we lose for him, when all we have
Are but the Bounties which his favour
gave ;
And which when Sufferings force us to restore,
God only takes them but to give us more ;
And by a happy change doth kinder prove,
He takes our Fortune, but he gives his Love.
How vainly should that Begger chide his Fate,
That quits his Dunghil for a Chair of State ?
So fares it with Us, when God doth displace
The Gifts of Fortunes for the Gifts of Grace :
God did on sufferings set so high esteem,
He that was chose the lost World to Redeem,
And when his Love and Nature were at strife,
He valued more his Sufferings than his Life :
And shall Opinion have more power to move,
Then his Examples, Doctrine, or his Love ?
Love makes Afflictions easie ; to complain
Lessens our Merit, and augments our Pain.
Let's humbly then submit to his Design,
And give that freely that we most resign ;
So shall our Losses prove the best increase,
Of future Glory, and of present Peace ;
— Which grant for thy Passion.

God chastiseth those he loves.

IF then the earnest of thy Favours be
Afflictions, good God, let them light on me ;
I Glory more in such a kind distress,
Then in all Comforts, where thy Love is less ;
And by my Misery I will make it known
In spight of all the world how much I'm thy own ;
No fruitful showers shall by the thrifty plant
Be kindlier entertain'd, then scorn and want,
Or loss of Honour, Fortune, or Delight,
Shall be by me, that which once did fright,
And fill'd my troubled mind with care and grief,
Shall be my future Honour and Relief :
I never more will court a smiling Fate,
Since he's so happy that is desolate ;
Afflictions shall be easie, for they come
Like friendly showers to drive us sooner home ;
Then by thy love such charms are in them found
To cure the Heart which they intend to wound ;
Such strange Effects doth Grace in us produce,
As change as well their Nature, as their Use. 27 APR 67

Considerations before the Crucifix.

WHEN I behold thee on that fatal Tree
Sweet Jesus, suffering ! and it is for
When I consider in that purple cloud,
My Sins rub'd out, but with thy Life and Blood
When I reflect how dear my Soul hath cost
I'm mov'd to wish it rather had been lost :
For how can that life please, that doth destroy
The life of him of whom we life enjoy ?
And to wish thou hadst not suffer'd so,
Were to reproach thy Love and Wisdom too
And if we joy in what thy Death hath brought
We must allow the Pains by which 'twas wrought
So that our Joy and Grief united lie ;
Nature's life is, to have her Maker die.
It is thy Will dear Lord must be obey'd,
And in that Duty both those Debts are paid :
O let my Soul in a due measure find,
A Joy becoming a mourning mind ;
A true Joy in thy Will, even whilst it made
Sun shine in Nature, by thy God-head shade
A grief to see the Torments Sin did merit ;
A Man deserv'd God should himself inherit,
That so divided 'twixt thy Pain and Will,
I may Rejoyce, and Joy, and yet grieve still
Adoring the Triumph of thy great Love,
That weeping here, we may rejoyce above.

Upon the Pains of Hell.

O Restless Groans ! O sloathful Tears !
O vain Desires of fruitless Tears !
One timely Sigh had eas'd that Flame,
Which Millions now do seek in vain ;
Eternal Pennance now's thy Fate,
For having wept and sigh'd too late :
That short remorse that thou didst sticke,
Is chang'd into Eternity ;
Neglected Mercy hath no r'dom,
When Justice once hath fixt his Doom :
Prevent then timely by thy care,
That endless Pennance of Despair ;
And weep betimes, your Tears here may
Turn Night into Eternal Day ;
It's only they have power to move,
And turn Gods Blessing into Love ;
If by the virtue of his Grace,
Thou shewest them a proper place ;
Which grant we may for Christ's sake.

O F

Bow-Church and Steeple,

Burnt, An. 1666. Rebuilt, 1679.



A Second POEM

NOTHING!

Ook how the *Country-Hobbs* with wonder flock
To see the *City-crest*, turn'd *Weathercock*!
Which with each *whistling Gale*, veres to and fro ;
London has now got twelve *Strings* to her *Bow* !
The Wind's *South-East*, and straight the *Dragon russels*
His brazen wings, to court the *Breeze* from *Brussels* !
The Wind's at *North* ! and now his *Hissing fork*,
Whirls round, to meet a flattering gale from *York* !
Boxing the *Compass*, with each freshing Gale,
But still to *London* turns his threatening *Tayle*.
But stay ! what's there ; I spy a stranger thing ;
Our *Red-cross* brooded by the *Dragon's wing* ! {
The wing is warm ; but O ! beware the sting ! }
Poor *Englis-Cross*, expos'd to winds, and weathers,
Fore't to seek shelter in the *Dragon's feathers* !
Ne're had *old Rome* so rare a Piece to brag on,
A Temple built to *Great Bell*, and the *Dragon* :
Whilst yet undaunted *Protestants*, dare hope,
They that will worship *Bell*, shall wear the *Rope*.
O how our English *Chronicles* will shine !
Burnt, sixty six ; *Rebuilt*, in seventy nine.
When *Jacob Hall* on his *High Rope* shews tricks,
The *Dragon* flutters ; the *Lord Mayor's Horse*, kicks,
The *Cheapside-crowds*, and *Pageants* scarcely know
Which most t'admire, *Hall*, *Hobby-horse*, or *Bow* !

But what mad Frenzy set your Zeal on fire,
(*Grave Citizens* !) to Raise *Immortal Spire*
On *Sea-coal Basis* ? which will sooner yield
Matter to *Burn* a *Temple*, than to *Build* !
What the *Coals* build, the *Ashes* bury ! no men
Of wisdom, but would dread the threatening *Omen* !

But say (*Proud Dragon* !) now preferr'd so High,
What Marvels from that Prospect dost thou spy ?
Westward thou seest, and seeing hat'st the *Walls*
Of, sometimes *Rev'rend*, now *Regenerate*, *Pauls*,
Thy envious eyes, such glories cannot brook,
But as the *Devil* once o're *Lincoln*, look :
And envys *Poison*, will thy *Bowels* Tear
Sooner than *Daniel's Dose*, of *Pitch*, and *Hair* !

Then *Eastward*, to avoid that wounding sight,
Thy Glaring eyes upon the *Mum-glass*, light.

The *Monument*.

Adorn'd with *Monstrous forms* to clear the scope,
How much thou art *out-dragon'd* by the *Pope*.
Ah fools ! to dress a *Monument* of *war*
In *whistling Silks*, that should in *Sackloth*, go !
Nay *strangely wise*, our *Senators* appear
To build *That*, and a *Bedlam* in a year,
Court of Alderman.
That if the *Mum-glass* crack, they may inherit
An Hospital becoming their great merit !

To *Royal Westminster*, next turn thine eye ;
Perhaps a *Parliament* thou mayst espy,
Dragons of old gave *Oracles* at *Rome* ;
Then *Prophesie*, their *Day*, their *Date*, and *Doom* !

And if thy *Visual Ray* can reach the *Main* ;
Tell's when the *Duke*, new gone, returns again !
Facing about ; next view our *Guildhall* well,
Where *Reverend Fox-furrs* charm'd by potent spell
Of *Elephants*, (turn'd wrong side outward) dare
Applaud the Plays ; and yet *bis on the Player* :
Player ! whose wise *Zeal* for *City*, *Country*, *King*, {
Shall to all points of the wide *Compass* ring
Whilst *Bow* has *Bells*, or *Royal Thames* a *Spring* ! }
S^r. Tho. Player

Thy Roving Eye perhaps from *Hague* may send's
How the *New League*, has made old *Foes*, new *Friends* :
But let substantial witness, *Credence* give it,
Or Ne're believe me, if the *House* believe it !
If true, I fear too late ! *France* at one sup,
(Like *Pearls* dissolv'd in *Cloepatra's Cup*)
Trade, *Empire*, *Netherlands* has swallowed up !

But heark ! The *Dragon* speaks from *Brazen Mouth*,
Whose words, though *wind*, are spoken in *Good sound* !
To you of *Ratling fame*, and great esteem ;
The higher placed, the less you ought to seem !
To you of noble souls, and gallant minds,
Learn to outface (with me) *the Huffing winds* !
To tim'rous feeble spirits, that live beneath ;
Learn not of me to turn with every breath !
To those who like (*Camelions*) live on *Air* ;
Popular Praise is thin *Consumptive fare* !
To you who *Steeple* upon *Steeple* set,
Cut my Cocks-comb, if e're to *Heaven* you get :

F I N I S.

To his ROYAL HIGHNESS
The DUKE upon his Arrival

17 Janv. 11. A. of 1677. f. 120 v.

When you, Great Sire, began to appear,
All Loyal Hearts rejoiced more with Joy,
Hope, only in Scotch Rebels livid who knew,
Our Courage and our Conduct fled in you. I
Pirates and Rebels jointly did Command,
Turks prey'd on all by Sea, and ~~Sea~~ by Land,
The Turks! who ne're so insolent were known,
To approach our Brittish-Coasts, till you were gone,
Though what the Algerines first tempted forth,
Was that which mov'd their Brethren in the North,
Both saw we were forsaken by that Hand,
Which had with equal Glory once maintained,
Our Flag at Sea, our Scepter on the Land,
Brave Causes both, worthy the Sword alone
Of CHARLES his Brother, and the MARTIAL Son,
What Force is able with that Arm to fight,
Which pleads a Martyrs Vows, a Sovereign's Right,
Now had you left your Brothers Rule, the Land,
And past those Seas which once You did Command,
Beyond our English Bounds, those Bounds that were,
To our poor Isle, none to your Arms appear,
Where once your Sword was drawn, your Course you bend,
Your Sword must still beyond Our Rule extend,
Flanders at once does Peace and You receive,
While Foes our Peace disturb, and Traffick grieve,
Yet these alas! like some ill Omens were,
But Harbingers of our approaching Fear,
For He, in whom we all an Interest have,
A Brothers You, we those of Subjects have,
Whose mighty Soul could not be well contain'd,
Within his own Dominions on the Land,
Descends, the Ocean and his Ships review,
Which oft engage him in deep Thoughts of You,
On your Employment musing, and your Charge,
VVishes in vain, a Subject's soul so Large,
Fit for the Steerage of so vast a Fleet,
Or near him at the Helme on Land to sit,
VVho next the Throne might shine in silent Peace,
Or in loud VVars, - might Thunder on the Seas,
But finding none, He feels the loss, though late,
Of such a Limb new sever'd from the State,
The first Prince of the Blood now from him gone,
Unguarded on the Right-hand left the Throne,
For none in Deeds so Great, or Birth so High
His Place in Arms or Councils may supply:
None may of Right ascend, they may invade,
For Princes of the Blood are Born, not Made,
T'enjoy their Titles and possess their Lot,
None ever are Elected, but Begot,
VVanting his sole Support in all his Care,
His Stay in Peace, and his chief Strength in VVar.

On whom, the King still in the first place leans,
And next the Mind, on which we all depend,
Unsafe in Rule, inept in his Mind,
Toss like the Sea, which labours with the wind.
His Hopes at length, He to Despair resigns,
Decays in Vigour, and in Health declines.

Soon as the fatal News came reacht your Ear,
Urg'd with a Brothers Zeal, and Subjects Care,
You fly with such like Host as Angels move
On all the wings of Duty, and of Love,
Angels and You alike Employment have,
To succour Kings, and distres'd Nations here,
The Foreign Shore, which when you did arrive
Met you in Shew, your Vessel to receive,
Removing now, lest by its guilty Sway
It might be thought your Voyage to delay,
Does in Appearance awfully Recede,
And seems in Duty from your Vessel ready
VVWhich proud to bear him for her single Load,
VVho still whole Fleets and Armies lead abroad,
All Opposition does, like You, despise,
And labour'd by the Waves, still higher rise,
No danger can be great enough for Fear,
VWhere Cesar's Brother, and his Fortune are,
His high extraction, and his happy Fate,
The proud Sails swell, and Vessel elevate,
VWhile to the winds her Canvas wings are spread,
The lazy winds you chide, for want of speed,
And with impatience their Delays control,
For winds compar'd to wing'd Desires, are dull,
Your Thoughts alas! preventing them, before
Your Voyage had dispatcht and reacht the Shore.

Nor Landed on the Shore, do you proceed
VVith more Solemity, or with less speed,
VVith such Dispatch arriving at the Court
You ev'n Fame prevent, and outfly Report
As swift, yet nor less silent then, the Light,
Of which we hear no News, till 'tis in sight,
Me thinks I see the Royal Brothers meet,
Their Souls and Bodies in Embraces knit,
VWhile in the Union of their Arms is seen,
The closer Union of their Hearts within
How they embrac, and in th' embraces melt,
Cannot reported be, it must be felt,
VWhile Joys too mighty for their Tongues arise,
And flow out in th' expressions of their Eyes,
Such pow'rful Transports for which words we want
VVitch when we imitate, we best shall pass,
Can we who see this, stand unmov'd? Can we
VVho see th' embraces of the Brothers, he,
If their Example, or our Duty bind,
To them unfaithful, or our selves unkind?
Ah no! let us in Love our state employ,
And never weep henceforth, bat Tears of Joy.

A K

1622

B . A . L . L . A . D .

The Third Part, To the same Tune.

Written by a Lady of Quality.

*The Plot is vanish'd like to a basfull Sprite,
Which with false flashes, Fools could only fright.
The wise, (whose clearer Souls can penetrate,)
Find's shadows drawn before Intrigues of State.
God bless our King, the Church, and Nation too,
Whil'st perjur'd Villains haue what is their due.*

To the TUNE of Puckington's Pound.

1.

*T*He Presbyter ha's bin so active of late,
To twist himself into the Mysteries of State,
Giving birth to a Plot to amuse the dark world
Til into Confusion three Kingdom's are hurl'd ;

*It is so long since,
He Murther'd his Prince,*

That the unway Rabble he hopes to convince,
With Jingling words that bears little fence,
Deluding them with Religious pretence.

2.

Their scribbling Poet is such a dull Scot,
To blame the poor Devil for hatching the Plot ;
The Murther o'th' King, with many things more,
He falsely would put on the Jesuits score :

*When all that have Eyes,
Be they foolish, or wise,*

May see the fly Presbyter through his disguise ;
Their brethren in Scotland has made it well known,
By Murthering their Bishop, what sins are their own.

3.

The Poet, whose fences are somewhat deey'd,
Takes *Fawn* for a Jesuit in Masquerade ;
His Muie ran so fast, she ne're look'd behind her,
Or else to a Woman she would have prov'd kinder.

*His fury's so hot,
To Hunt out the Plot,*

That fain he would find it where it is nor,
Although I've expos'd it to all that are wise,
He has stifled his Reason, and blinded his Eyes.

4.

An old *Ignis fatuus*, who leads men astray,
And leaves them i'th Ditch, but still keep's his way,
In politique heads first framed this Plot,
From whence it descended to Presbyter Scot,

*Who quickly took Fire,
And soon did expire,*

Having grave factious fools their zeal to admire,
Who for the same cause would freely fly out,
But Plotting's more safer to bring it about.

5.

Here's one for Religion is ready to fight,
That believes not in Christ, yet swear's he's i'th right:
If our English Church (as he says,) be a Whore,
We're sure 'twas *Fack Presbyter* did her deflowr;

*He'd fain pull her down,
As well as the Crown,*

And prostitute her to every dull Clown;
To bring in Religion that's fit for the Rabbles,
Whilst Atheisme serve himself that's more able.

6.

A Pestilent Peer of a levelling Spirit,
Who only the Sins of his Sire doth inherit;
With an unsteady mind, and Chymerical brain,
Which his broken Fortune doth weakly sustain;

*He lodg'd i'st' City
Like Alderman brave,*

Being fed up with faction to which he's a slave;
He never durst fight, but once for his Whore,
Which his feeble courage attempted no mote.

7.

Another, with Preaching and Praying wore out,
Inspir'd by th'Covenant is grown very stout;
Th' old cause to revive it is his designe,
Though the fabrique of Monarchy lie undermine:

*He tortur'd bis Pate,
Both early and late;*

I'th'Tower, where this mischief he hope to create;
But to Countrey dwelling he now doth retire,
To Preach to Domestiques whilst they do admire.

8.

Another, with head both empty and light,
For the good Old cause is willing to Fight;
I'th'Choise of fit members for th'next Parliaments,
He spit out his zeal to the Rabbles content,

*Whilst his wife to great State
Chose a Duke for her夫君,*

For whose sake a Combustion he needs would cause
For since his indulgence allows her a Friend,
He'd make him as great as his wish can command.

9.

There's one, whose fierce courage is fail'd to decay
(At Geneva inspir'd,) he's much led away;
He would set up a Cypher instead of a King,
From Presbyter zeal such folly doth spring.

*He once did betray,
A whole Town in a day;*

And since did at Sea fly fairly away:
He had better spin out the rest of his Thread,
In making Pot-Guns, which disturb not his Head.

10.

Some others, of Fortunes both disperst and Low,
With big-swellung Titles do's make a great show;
A flexible Prince they would willingly have,
That to Presbyter Subjects should be a mean slave;

*They'd set him on's Throne
To tumble him down,*

They scorti to submit to Scepter and Crown;
And into confusion, o'monCommon-wealth turn,
A People that hastens to be undone.

11.

If such busy heads that would us confound,
Were all advanc'd high, or plac'd under-ground;
We'd honour our King, and live at our ease,
And make the dull Presbyter do what we please.

*Who has cheated our Eyes,
With borrow'd disguise,*

Till of all our Reason they'd taken Excise;
But let's from their slavery strive to be free,
And no People can'er be so happy as we.

FUNERAL TEARS

Upon the Death

O F

Captain William Bedloe.



Sad Fate! our valiant Captain *Bedloe*,
In Earths cold Bed lies with his head low:
Who to his last made out the PLOT,
And Swearing dy'd upon the Spot.
Sure Death was Popishly affected,
She had our Witness else protected:
Or downright Papist, or the Jade
A Papist is in Mascarade.

The Valiant *Bedloe*, Learned *Oates*,
From Popish Knives sav'd all our Throats :
By such a Sword, and such a Gown
Soon would the Beast have tumbled down.
They Conquer like the Hebrew King,
And Oaths at *Rome's Goliah* sling :
And never take God's Name in vain ;
As many Oaths, so many slain.
The stoutest of the Roman Band
Could not their thundering Volleys stand ;
But all those Millioners of Hell
By dint of Affidavit fell.

Great things our Heroe brought to light ;
Yet greater still kept out of sight :
And for his King, and Countries sake
Still new Discoveries could make :
In proper season to relieve,
He still kept something in his sleeve ;
He was become for *England's* good,
An endless Mine, a wastless flood ;
Still prodigal, yet never poor,
No spending could exhaust his Store.

But Death, alas! that Popish Fiend,
To all our hopes has put an end ;
Has stop'd the Course, and dry'd the Spring
Which new Plot-tidings still would bring.

This Witness (did the Fates so please)
Had sworn us into Happiness ;
Made the Court chaste, Religion pure
And wrought an Universal Cure ;
Sworn *Westminster* into good Order,
Reform'd Chief-Justice, and Recorder,
The Land from *Romish* Locusts purg'd,
And from *Whitehal* the Chits had scourg'd
Had judg'd the great Succession-Case,
And sworn the Crown to the right man.

England! The mighty loss bemoan,
Thy watchful Sentinel is gone.
Now may the Pilgrims land from Spain
And undiscover'd cross the Main.
Now may the Forty Thousand Men
In Popish Arms be rais'd agen ;
Black Bills may fly about our ears,
Who shall secure us from our Fears ?
Jesuits may fall to their old sport
Of Burning, Slaying Town and Court
And we never the wiser for't.
Then pity us ; Exert thy Power
To save us in this dangerous Hour.
Thou hast to Death Sworn many men,
Ah ! Swear thy self to Life agen.

L 3455
405

THE
CHARACTER
OF AN ENGLISH MAN.

1072.a
23

BY the first Principles, of Mother Earth
An English man is noble, by his Birth
Hath a fine body, and an Aspect Rare
Shines like the Stars in Northern Hemisphere,
He being of the purest matter made
As by the wise Phylosopher is said
Crowns him, in the Figure of his Manhood high,
As the Sun is the Candle of the Sky :
Nature and Reason make him Rich and great,
And plant him in their Golden Chair of State ;
So highly born, that from his Blood we hope
That he may rule, in Princedomes Horoscope :
He feareth God, and Honours high his King
Acting, and doing well in every thing ;
His Eticks are so high, and learning Rare,
Though he treads on the Earth, yet flies in Air,
And as Divinity doth Law excell,
So in him, doth true Perfection dwell ;
Religious Reason is his sole delight,
And loves to see both Church and State go right :

To all he's Allamode, Jantee, and Neat,
Brisk, Complaisant, Endearing, and Compleat ;
Having both Wisdom and good wit at will,
And can do all things, unless that of ill :
And for his Innocence and Conscience high,
He'l duell with the Devils in the Sky ?
Following the Dictates of his reall Nature,
Shewing that the reasonable Creature
Is not for to be forc'd, but gently led
By Governours, and by his dearest Head ;
He takes his Princes part against the Devil,
And will not have him come to any evil ;
And yet Resolve that he will be no slave,
Unless unto the Mighty, Good, and Brave ;
He payes all just Devoires, where truly due,
And where it is Fictitious and not true,
Grows careless of the Justice of his breast,
And so leaves all to take his pleasants rest :
Shewing 'gainst Reason and Religion,
Nothing in humane interests is done ;
Since 'tis a thing that mounts him to the Grove
Of Joy, and Peace, and Universal Love.
Where when the Feast is o're, and Banquet done,
Like th' Eagle he shall fly beyond the Sun :

Where he shall see such *Prospects* of delight,
As doth transcend all humane words and light ;
And there be rendered happy in loves *Arms*,
With all celestial and eternal Charms.
From whence we pass, and down to *Earth* again
To behold him in his curious Train ?
His *Angry* and *Voice*, proclaim the Angelick nature,
Making *him* the *Metropolis* of the Creature ;
And all his vertues do denote him high
To be the next a kin to the Divinity ?
Their Speech is mean like to the Birds of th' Field,
Therefore a pleasant Conversation yield :
Shewing the variety of the World,
As differing Lights from the same Sun are hurl'd ;
But in him the Indies of his love's laid out,
Which makes him turn the Giddy world about ?
'Mong Beasts, the Lyon, Birds, the Eagle high,
So among men the English signifie,
Among Flowers the Rose exceeds the other,
Of the Pink, Tulip; and the Gilliflower ;
Heaven shewing it self most unto its own,
Like a kind Parent to his belov'd Son ;
In short he's the Flower of the Creation,
Still acting as best becomes his *Station* ?
The Favourite both of Heaven and of Earth,
And blessed from his very Infant-birth,
He lives here for a while to take his pleasure,
And when he comes into the Starry Treasure
The Powers above do treat him as a friend,
In glorious Mansions where there is no end.

The Picture.

See and behold the English, and draw nigh
Unto their noble Prince in Majestie,
So great he is that *Greatnes* can't him raise
Cloath'd with Majestie and Celestiall Rayes ;
In every degree a happy Creature,
From the perfections of his mind and Feature ;
So mighty witty, and so rarely wise,
The joy of Hearts, and wonder of our eyes ?
At whom we still draw near to, and look on
Like *Marygolds*, when opening to the Sun ;
And as *Jove's* happy with his Joyes above,
So *England's* King is in his Subjects love ;
And when *Nature* failes that he must dye
He shall be Crown'd to all Eternity.

4 OC 58

I have perused these Verses, and find them composed
according to the Rules of Poetry, and therefore
think them fitting to be Printed.

Nath. Lee.

A Congratulatory POEM on the wonderful
Atchievements of Sir John Mandevil, &c.

1672 a 1
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Great, Good, & Just, whose Worth then praises higher,
Tho' none can comprehend, yet all admire ;
Whom Heav'n to our ungrateful City sent
Both for a Bulwark, and an Ornament.
Whilst stubborn Faction, and mad Crowds bow down
To sacred Altar, and to sacred Crown ;
Whilst all the horned Herd submit their Ears,
Frighted ev'n out of Jealousies and Fears ;
Whilst each kind Pious Slave does mumping go
To vote for THANKS to him that made them so.
Among the Crowd of Blessings don't refuse
The liberal Mite of my Repenting Muse,
Whose Lies by th' help of North, it may be, can
Create her Master Common-Council-Man,
Then make me Drunk, and I'll for Slavery bawl
As loud as any TORY of 'em all.
Tho' the Cow'd Populace in vain rebel,
And prate of Liberty, and (grumbling) tell
Of CHARTERS, RIGHTS, and FREEDOMS, which they draw
From some Moth-eaten Grant, or musty Law ;
You bravely stemm'd the Tide ; You dar'd engage
The weak Efforts of all their Feeble Rage ;
The Loyal Int'rest nobly you relieve,
By jumbling in a Chast and Generous Shrieve.
Nor this with little pains did you perform ;
First you sustain'd a dreadful Counter-storm,
And then was squeez'd till you with Loyal stench,
Out of exuberent Zeal defil'd the Bench.
For these high Actions may you live to wear
What Wreaths you can deserve, or Heav'n prepare,
To such a place may your bright Worth aspire,
That one, and only one can there be higher :
May you, when to the Grave your Corps is born,
Like Scanderbeg, be into Reliques torn :
Then, that your Memory may never fall,
Your Statue shall be plac'd within Guile-Hall ;
(As Persians line Tribunals with the Skin
Of that false Judge that last was plac'd therein.)
But since the Chamber Gold and Silver lacks,
Must only be compos'd of Dirt and Wax.
Then you, whilst one poor Cir a Curse can give,
In every Mouth eternally shall live,
Whilst thus they'll tell their starving Brats-----
Here lies the Wretch, who London to enslave,
Tory-like, liv'd a Fool, and dy'd a Knav.

Printed for Fr. Smith sen. 1683.

On his Royal Highness's Return

17 James II King of England



25*

THey who oppose your Right unto the Crown,
Would, had they pow'r, pull Monarchy quite down : }
'Tis not, so qualifi'd they would have one
Of this, or that Religion, on the Throne ; }
No, no, we know their minds, they would have none.
The men that lately kept from *Charles* his due,
Now promise fair to dis-inherit you ; }
They who explode your Right, to make us slaves,
Are not Presumptive, but Apparent Knaves : }
By our Dissentions they would smooth their way,
And from Contenders hope to snatch the Prey.
But such men seldom in the end can boast,
They threaten loud, but still their Cause is lost }
In such affairs, they'll find it to their cost.
Still the old Cheat, Religion is the cry,
And made the Ram to batter Monarchy ; }
'Cause they deserve, they fear the smarting Rod,
And most Religiously distrust their God.
Envy at Regal Sway, (Ah it is sad) }
And Zeal mis-guided made those Bill-men mad : }
These took rash measures, and did ill advise ; }
But without jealousie or wrong surmise,
The future will prove Loyal, Calm, and Wise. }
To us it cannot but assurance bring,
That a good Man can make as good a King. }
Factious design, and damn'd Plebeian rage,
Does to no mean degree distract the Age, }
VVhilst Grand Disturbers, private lie in wait,
And watch the tott'ring of our settled State. }
But can we be such Sheep, such careless Elves,
Not to beware the Wolves among our selves ? }
Those Beasts of Prey, that lurk in a disguise,
That wear our skins ; 'tis there our danger lies : }
Against their Brother-Wolves they raise the cry,
'Cause their Addresses are not half so sly. }
A Papist seems a Papist to our sight,
But our Fanatick, 'cause he would not fright, }
Daubs o'er the Devil like a Child of Light. }
But Ah ! great Sir, where you should still Command, }
You, like a Stranger, visit your own Land ; }
You for a moment Tantalize our sight, }
Then, like the absent Sun, you give us night : }
But 'tis the ready way, we must confess, }
To make us know and prize our happiness ; }
Whilst all do suffer, for the faulty few ; }
England must lose it self in losing you. }
But to Great Britain come — 6
May you in highest splendor live, and be
Happy and safe, Great Sir, in One of Three.
Sir, may your Right no otherwise prove vain,
Than by the length of our Great CHARLES his Reign.
We cannot, Sir, but prove a happy Nation ;
One bliss enjoy'd, another in expectation.
There but remains this great Truth in the close,
Your Virtue and Courage, Sir, the whole World knows,
And y' are born for Conquest o'er your Foes. }

A

CONGRATULATORY

Pindaric Poem,

or His Majesties Safe Deliverance from
this Hellish and True PLOT.

Humbly Dedicated to the Right Honourable the Lord
Dunblaine, by C. P. Gent. *R*

*Vicimus, ô magnis tandem exaudita piorum
Voca Deis, nunc alma salus, nunc sæcula curat
Jupiter. — Barcl. Arg.*

Tell me, ye Great Divinities;
Who dwell beyond the distant, and the arched Skies,
Since you their Reign with Peace, and Love,
Tell me why our Earthly Jove
Should so unhappy in his Subjects prove?
Can it be a Punishment
Which you from Heaven have sent
T' inflict on him that's Innocent?
No, no, it cannot be
It lessens your Divinity,
To send down Ills, upon the best of Men,
And give the best of Princes so severe a Reign.

A II. But

I I.

But hark ! methinks I hear
 In th' ambent Air,
 A sound, that grating strikes my Listning ear,
 Which says the King must die,
 Nay instantly,
 Oh horrid and unheard of Blaspemy !
 Look down, look down, thou mighty Thunderer,
 Who'ft still took care,
 To save, and to protect, thy great Ambassadour ;
 See where he lies
 Design'd the Peoples Sacrifice,
 Whose cruel minds so Disobedient prove,
 The Government they all detest, as much as Treason love,
 And if they had the Power, the Rebels woud
 Once more imbrew their hands in their own Sovereigns Blood.

I I I.

Quit, quit, ye great Controulers of the Skies,
 Your happy Pallaces,
 And suddenly detect their damn'd Conspiracies ;
 Let not this Nation, which ye once thought dear,
 Neglected lye, but hear her prayer,
 And now once more descend, and pitty her,
 Unite her every part,
 And to that Union add a Loyal heart,
 That the great *Mass* may joynly move,
 Abroad commanding Fear, at Home creating Love.
 Then ; then, we'll drain the Land from putrid Blood,
 And admit none, but what are Just and Good,
 Here Innocence alone shall Reign,
 And Loyalty and Peace admittance have again.

I V.

But now, and only now unhappy Isle ;
 On whom in former times the Gods would often Smile,

And

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And pour their Blessings down,
 Upon the obedient People, and the gentle Crown,
 Then; then; how Love and Peace,
 With Luxury and Ease
 Were joyn'd, as if they'd never part, or ever cease,
 But now Sedition does o'reflow
 This once blest Land, though sinking now,
 Sedition, with so black a dye,
 It aims at nothing less than Majesty.

V.

Thus the bold Sons of Earth
 Made their Attempts at Heaven, that gave 'em Birth.
 The Gods themselves they did defie,
 Aspiring to command even destiny.
 Mountains on Mountains still were upward thrown.
 Whose towring height did almost reach the Sun.
 Thus did they think to shake Jove's great and glorious Crown,
 Boldly they did their first Attempts perfue,
 For mounting, at the Gates of Heaven they flew,
 But to late found
 Their Bodies, with their Work, lade level with the Ground.
 This fate to the bold Rebels then was given,
 This Fate had Lucifer who fell from Heaven,
 Thus may all sink from Earth to Hell,
 Like the damn'd false Achitophel,
 Who dare against th' Almighty, or their Prince Rebel.

VI.

How often have the Fatal Sisters had
 Orders to cut the thread,
 On which did hang the Fate
 Of Charles the Just, the Good, the Great.
 How often in his Childhood did they run
 To force the high born Youth from's Throne;
 All this and more than this was done,
 For that great Crime of his, of being his Father's Son.
 Then Angels were from Heaven sent,
 Who did those threatening Ills prevent,

Who

Who still maintain him in his Royal Seat,
And guard his Person, and secure his State.

Oh may these heavenly Guards for ever be
Sufficient to protect him to Eternity.

V II.

But where's the *Atlas* of our sinking State,
Kelyn the Just, the Fortunate ?
Kelyn the First, that ever cou'd
Singly preserve the Land from Blood,
And at one time, serve Country, King, and God.
What ere he did still Conscience was his Theam,
All his Confession still from Conscience came.
Now, in the highest Sphere he sure may move,
Fam'd for Religion, Loyalty, and Love,
Let him Just Heaven, for sure from Heaven he came,
In Life be Happy, and when Dead, in Fame,
Let him, whilst here below, from us receive
All that a Land so much oblieg'd can give.

VIII.

Now, now; to Heaven let's offer up our Prayer,
And thank th' Almighty, our Deliverer;
Let's never cease
Our Sacrifice,
'Till with our Incense we have fill'd the Skies;
Through ev'ry Mouth let thanks be given,
To that great Power above, that rules both Earth and Heaven;
For by his Providence alone
Our King and Land's preserv'd, and Crown:
Oh! may Great *Charles* for ever be
Secur'd against their Treachery!
May he Live long, and happy Reign,
And Peace be once brought back again.
May Treason and the Traytor have an End,
And t' Hell, as to their proper Center, tend.
Thus may each Subject happy prove,
And *Charles* be happy in each Subjects love.

(1)

1872-a
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K

THE Country-mans Complaint, AND Advice to the KING.



WE only can admire those happy times
Of Innocence, unskill'd in Laws and Crimes ;
When Gods were known by Blessings, own'd by Prayer,
And 'twas no part of Worship for to swear :
Clearer than Fountains, and more free than those,
Impartial Truth they all to each disclose.
To hear and to believe were strictly joyn'd,
And Speech thus answer'd what it first design'd.
But Oh unhappy state of Humane kind !
Nought dreadful now our Awe, or Faith can bind.
Vows and Religions are but bare pretence,
Oaths are found out to shackle Innocence,
And Laws must serve a perjur'd Impudence.
Tumults address for Blood, Witness for Hire deceives,
And Judge is forc'd to Sentence what he ne're believes.
All Truth and Justice, blushingly withdraw,
Leaving us nothing but the Form of Law :
Whereby Rogues profligate and hardned in their Vice
Proscribe all Loyal men, as factions raise their price.
Poor Land ! whose Folly to swift Ruine tends,
Despis'd by Foes, unaided by its Friends.
In vain does Heaven her Fiery Comets light,
We stifle th' Evidence, and still grope in night :
Baffled by Fools, betray'd by perjur'd Knaves,
Rather than Subjects, we'll be branded Slaves :

And

And by a vain pursuit of airy Bliss,
 Forfeit substantial real Happiness ;
 Change Monarchy (from all oppression free) }
 Religion , and its Native Purity, }
 True Freedom, without lawless Liberty ; }
 For thousand Masters, worst of Tyranny, }
 For frantick Zeal, formal Hypocrisie, }
 For Licence to rude rabbles, Hell and Slavery. }
 And all this wrought by old known Cheats and Rooks,
 Gods ! to be twice Cajol'd by Cants and Looks !
 Sots, worse than Brutes, to run into that Net
 We see, and know for our destruction set !

To the KING.

A Rise, O thou once Mighty *Charles*, arise,
 Dispel those mists that cloud thy piercing Eyes ;
 Read o're thy Martyr'd Father's Tragick Story,
 Learn by his Murder, different ways to glory.
 How fatal 'tis, by him is understood,
 To yield to Subjects, when they thirst for Blood, }
 And cloak their black designs with Publick Good. }
 As thou art God-like by thy *Pity*, show
 That thou art God-like by thy *Justice* too :
 Lest we should count thy greatest Virtue, Vice,
 And call thy Mercy, fervile Cowardise.
 Of old, when daring Giants skal'd the Skie, }
 The King of Gods ne're laid his Thunder by, }
 To hear Addresses for their Property.
 But quell'd *His* Rebels by a stroke Divine,
 And left example how to deal with *Thine*.

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THE
A N S V E R
 OF
Coleman's Ghost,
 TO
H. N's. POETICK OFFERING.

RISE *Nevil*, Rise, and do not punish me,
 With the vain sight of your Idolatry.
 You may with equal Reason call upon
 The good Saint *Icarus* or *Phaeton*,
 Who do the Sacred Name deserve as far,
 As some who Blush in *Roman Kalendar* :
 With like Ambition I design'd to know
 No other Triumphs but of things below ;
 And rather labour'd how there might be given,
French Crowns, postponing all the Crowns of Heaven.
 Favour'd in this, because kind Heaven declines
 My high Intrigues, and baffles my Designs.
 None with more covetous Zeal pursu'd our Cause,
 Or fell a more due Sacrifice to Laws.

BnA

A

In

2 Coleman's Ghost, in Answer to H. N.

In that sad Day when strangled Life Expir'd,
And the just flames my bloody Limbs requir'd,
Whilst my hot Soul in hasty flight retires,
From Tyburns only Purgatory Fires.

Immortal shapes crowd on in Troops to view,
My Plotting Soul and stopt me as I flew,
Such Spirits who Incarnate ever mov'd
In their By-Paths, and never quiet lov'd.

The Cunning *Machiavel* drew near and fear'd,
Screek't at the sight of me and disappeard.

Shewing how weak all human Plotts are laid,
Where Hopes and Souls have always been betray'd.

Scylla and *Marius* wondring at our Crimes,
Pittied the near misfortune of our times,
Sigh'd at those streams of blood which were to run,
And curst our Tables of Proscription.

Fierce *Catiline* our Villany decry'd,
To whom the bold *Cethegus* soon reply'd,
How New *Rome* imitates and yet exceeds
In dire Conspiracies our puny deeds !

Great *Cæsar's* Ghost with Envy lookt on me,
That for *Romes* sake I aim'd at more than he,
To Conquer all the Isles of *Britanny*,
Yet blam'd the Cruelties which were to come,
From that Dictator which now Reigns at *Rome*.
Spiritual Dictator ! who more controuls
Than he, and claps his Fetters on our Souls ?
He told me Old *Romes* Walls had longer stood,
If *Romulus* had spar'd his Brothers blood.

And

Coleman's Ghost, in Answer to H:N. 3

And that *Romes* happiness grew alwaies worse,
When it resembled the fierce Wolf its Nurse.

Ah, my good Friend, how clearly do I find,
In this new State the faults of human kind.

Nothing procures so high a Place above,
As universal Charity and Love, }
Infus'd and manag'd by the Heavenly Dove. }
Heav'n is a quiet Kingdom which we call
Your injur'd Scriptures true Original.

There no false Comments on the Text appear,
Nor must *Trents* Spurious Council domineer.
Sometime with me, Dear *Nevil*, you must grant,
The Church Triumphant to be Protestant.

If against them on Earth *Romes* malice thrives,
'Tis not *Romes* Cause prevails, but their ill Lives.
So *Babylon* of old vext *Israel*,
And wicked Men raise Enemies from Hell.

As once on Earth I did your good attend,
So now for Love I am your Ghostly Friend :.
Let your Soul hate all bloody ways and things,
To subvert States and Laws, to murther Kings.
Or you are sure to equal my disgrace,
And without Mercy, you may name your place.

F I N I S.

Elegy on M^r. Gobeman by M^r. Nevill a Priest
found in his Pockett when he was
Apprehended at Westminster
December 1678.

To the Glorious Martyr Edward
Galeman Esq;

Hail Glorious Soul ! to whom y^e Crown is given ;
All hail Thou mighty Favourite of Heaven !
Triumphant Martyr, from y^e endless Throne
Where Thou must Reign w^t Christ, disturb'd by none,
Look down awhile and view upon his Kree
An undeserved Friend to Truth and Thee.
Pardon that boasted Title, since that Love
Which gave it here, must needs confirm't above
For twas a flaming Chanty, w^t ch sure
Since boundless here, must endless there endure.
But ah, alas! great Saint, I own with Shame
That ill, fitter, worse now, deserve the Name ;
Whilst here on Earth, my troubles keep me still,
From Friendship to woe, as now my senses will :
But what you pardon'd once on Fortune's Score,
Be pleas'd on Patience now to pity more ; not won ?
And for that good w^t ch you did here design
Without Reward or least desert of mine
Obtain reward from our Great Lord and Thicel.
Not that I hope to equal You in Place,
Tho' I could wish it with y^e like disgrace
I only hope to view that holy King
Where Crowned Saints do Hallelujahs sing.
Prepare mee some low Place in that bright Quire,
Where th^e I may not sing, I may admire.

10 Feb 69

2. I W^t J

A CHARACTER

of London-Village,

By [unclear] -Poet.

1872.A.
28

A Village ! Monstrous ! 'Tis a mighty Beast ;
Behemoth, or *Leviathan* at least,
 Or like some Wilderness, or vast Meander,
 Where to find Friends one long enough may wander.
 The Towing Chimneys like a Forrest Show,
 At whose low Branches do Balconies grow.
 When I came there at first, I Gazed round,
 And thought my self upon *Enchanted Ground* ;
 Or else that I (in Rapture being hurl'd)
 Was lately Dead, and this was *th'other World*.
 But was Surpris'd with Doubts, and could not tell
 Which of the two 'twas, whether *Heav'n* or *Hell* :
 The Noise and Shows my Eyes and Ears invade,
 By Coaches, Cryes, and Glitt'ring Gallants made;
 My Reason was Convinced in a Trice
 That it was neither, But *Fools Paradice* ;
 Ladies I saw, not Handsome one in ten ;
 Great store of Knights, and some few Gentlemen ;
 Fine Fellows Flanting up and down the Streets,
 Where *Fop* and *Flutter* Each the Other Greets ;
 Each Mimick Posture does an Ape present,
 While *Humble-Servant*, Ends the Complement.
 For *Garb* and *Colour* there's no certain Rule,
 Here is your *Red*, your *Blew*, your *Yellow-Fool*.
 Most of these Gallants seem to view Refin'd ;
 The *Outside* wond'rrous Gay, but *Poorly Lin'd*.
 I saw some of them in the Playhouse-Pit,
 Where they three hours in Conversation sit,
 Laugh and Talk Loud, but scarce a grain of Wit.
 The Ladies to Ensnare will something say,
 Tending to show the Brisk Gallants their way,
 But scorn as much to Prattle Sence as they.
 Here comes a *Hero* Cover'd close from Air,
 By Porters born in a Silk-Curtain'd-Chair.
 Whose Sire in honest Russet Trall'd a Plow,
 And with Stout Flayl Conquer'd the *Haughty M.*

A

Next

Next after him, is by six Horses drawn,
A piece of Lugwood, in a Coach alone,
Looking like Scanderbeg on Every one,
Who soon a whispering Baud softly invites,
To a new Suburb Miss, and there he Lights.
But at some little distance from the place,
Handsome she seems, all Cover'd o'er with Lace,
That nearer shews an old and ugly Face.
There goes a Brisk Young Lass in a Gay Dress,
Here an Old Crone in Youthful Gawdyness.
Strange Miracles of Nature here are plac'd!
Ill-Favour'd Wenchies, Cracks; some Fair, are chaste!
The Temp'rate, Sick: Great Drinkers live in Health!
Here Usurers have Wit, and Poets Wealth.
The Coffee House, the Rendezvous of Wits,
Is a Compound of Gentlemen and Cits;
And not all Wise, or else their Wits they Smother,
They sit as if Afraid of One Another
So Pickpocket (when Deeper Lister's by)
Budging aloof, Disowns the Mystery.
In comes a Cockt-up Bully, Looking big,
With Deep-fring'd Elbow-Gloves, and Ruff'd Wig;
He turns his Back to th' Chimney, with a Grace,
Singing and Staring in each Strangers Face;
Talks Mighty things, his late Intrigues, and then
Sups off his Dish, and out he struts Agen.
And as I Rambled through this Quondam-City,
I look'd on Founding Pauls with Tears of Pity;
But wiping off, with an Auspicious Smile,
Being like to Rise the Glory of this Isle,
Village, for now to you I tell my Tale;
You have Produc'd a Mountain from a Dale:
The Countrey thought the Fire had quite undone ye,
But now I find you have both Zeal and Money.
I crois'd the Thames much broader then the Brook,
Where I have Bath'd, and little Fishes took.
From Bear-Garden I Westminster might view,
And tho their Outside lookt of different hue,
Yet there in each is so much Noise and Pother,
I scarce knew how to Diff'rence one from th'other.
But at the Court indeed I saw great Things,
The Noblest Subjects, and the Best of KING'S:
These things I did observe, and many more,
But Tyr'd with the Relation, I'll give o'er.

(1)

THE

1872. a. 1
29

CHARACTER

Of Wit's Squint-Ey'd Maid

Pasquil-Makers.

WHAT Puppy Plays are entring now the Stage ?
 Is this the Golden, or the Iron age ?
 What Planet now predomines in the Sky ?
 Hath Sol's usher usurp'd Supremacy ?
 Are all the rest quite banished the Throne ?
 And she like *Alexander* reigns alone ;
 Must all be rul'd by her, and her blind Brat ?
 Doth Mars now Spin ; throw'n by his Sword, and Hat ?
 Hath Aristotle's Pen, and Maro's Quill,
Parnassus left, to write on *Venus-Hill* ;
 Are all the Muses gone, *Urania* dead ?
 Or are they all Sick of their Maidenhead ?
 Forgetting their love *Madrigals*, and feign,
Pasquils, and *Ballads* that are most obscene ?
Mercurius Publicus the News book ;
 The Protestant *Mercury* with a Squint look.
Heraclitus Ridens, Tilting each one,
 Defending th' intrest of Old *Babylon*,
 The Curat poor Soul now goes to the Streets,
 His *Bibliotheca* buyes in their loose sheets.
 Nothing of volumns in *Folio* are sold,
 The Stationers books moth eaten and old.

What charming spells their giddy heads bewitch ?
 Is it to make the Printer only rich ?
 Or to Encourage *Heteroclite Wrens*,
 To spit the Spurious products of their Pens ?
 Each Jeaster now who scarce his *Grammer* knows,
 Sets Pamphlets forth, and Satyres blows.
 Nay with his Scribbling nails Scratches the Times,
 And barks like *Bread-saw* that Hell's hound in rimes,
 This World is full of a prepost'rous chat,
 Our *English* writers all are Transmigrate.
 In Pamphlet penners, and diurnal Scribes,
 Wanton Comedians, and foul *Gypsy* Tribes ;

Not

Not like those brave Heroick sublime strains,
That wrote the *Cesars*, and their noble Reigns.
Nor like those learned Poets so divine,
That pen'd *Mackduff*, and famous *Cataline*.

You Pedling, Petty, Sawcy Scribblers leave
You crop-ear'd, circumcised, antique slave.
Forbear to fill the World with your clipped coyn,
Let *Cesar*, and his Interest alone.
Our Saviour for example patterns laid,
Tribute, and Homage unto him be paid.
You nibbling fools, can you not feed on grafts,
But bite the rose, and Thistle, like the *A's*?
You strive with whirling round *Vertigoes* full,
Reform the World to a *Geneva* Bull.

Can you not earn a Sixpence to behold
A precious Jewel of refined Gold.
But you must raise a bold adventring blood
To steal't with vengeance to your greedy head.
Like (CRUEL WORMS) not only kick the Crown,
But push the Prelates; pull the Myter down.

Is this the Rhet'rick of this Canker'd age,
The fluent phrases of this florid Stage?
Is this the Dialect of our newest times,
And language of your Poesy, and Rimes:
To cull a word from *Amadis de gaule*,
And borrow another from *Saint Paul*;
To Glean a Syllable both here and there,
Gather'd from Authors writings every where?
In sentences cements them till they meet
With bad connexion makes them up a sheet.
Composes them in a fair formal book,
But Theeves bewar, and now about yee look.
There comes a Search for stolen goods, and so
You must to *Newgate*, or to *Bridewel* goe,
Jack Ketch in end pleads for a snatch of those,
Puts *Hempen Spectacles* upon their Nose.

This is the method of the moddish times,
Renews old Songs, Revives old rotten Rimes.

4 OC 58

ELLEGY ON THE DEATH OF THE PLOT.

ALas! what thing can hope Death's Hand to 'scape,
 When Mother-Plot her self is brought to Gripe?
 The teeming Matron at the last is dead,
 But of a numerous Spawne first brought her Bed.
 The little Shamans, Abortives, without Legs,
 (She laid, and hatch'd, as fast as Hens do Eggs.)
 But they no sooner recip'd her from the Light,
 Than they kick'd up, and bid the World good night.
 The Bantlings died alwayes in their Cradle,
 And th' Eggs, tho' kept in Meal-Tubs, still prov'd addle.
 She liv'd to see her Issie go before her;
 And some made Tyburn-Saints who did adore her.
 But what is strange, and not to be forgot,
 The Plotters liv'd to see the Death of Plot.
 And O--- if now he will his Credit save,
 Must raise thee up like Lazarus from the Grave.
 Men, who their Sences have, do more than think
 Thee dead, when it is plain thou now do'st stink.
 Well fare thes Dead; for living thou mad'st work,
 For Heathen, Jew, for Christian, and for Turk,

For

For Honest Men, and Knayes, for Wise and Fool,
And eke for many a witless, scribbling Tool;

Who now sit mute, pick Teeth, and scratch the Head.
Now th' Idol-Mother-Plot of Plots is dead.

But loath these are to believe News so sad,
And swear they think that all the World are mad:
But blame them not for being so much vexed,
To lose the Uses of a gainful Text.

These swear she's in an *Epileptick Fit*,
And ~~Patienc~~ will bring her out of it.

Let them think on, and their dear selves deceive,
When I shall see her rise, I will believe,
And not before: In the mean time from me,
Accept, for her, this slender *Elegy*.

I do confess she does deserve the Rhimes
Of all the ready Writers of the Times:

But with wet Eyes they do in silence mourn,

As if they'd drown the Ashes in her Urn.

But here lies whom none alive could paint,

Old Mother Plot, the Devil and the Saint.

A Popish-Protestant, Hermaphrodite,

An hidden piece that none could bring to Light.

A Mother, and a Monster rare, who had

A numerous Issue, and without a Dad;

A very strange, and an unnatural Elf,

Who hatch'd, brought forth, and then eat up her self;

Who's dead, and stinks, yet whole, and will not rot,

Was, is not now, yet ne'r shall be forgot.

An uncouth Mystery of a Medley Fame,

A Plot, a Mother-Plot without a Name.

4 OCT 58

LONDON, Printed for E. P. in the Year, 1681.

A L E T T E R

K From *Artemiza* in the Town, to *Chloë* in the Country.

By a Person of H o n o u r.

C *Chloë*, in Verse, by your Command I write ;
Shortly you'll bid me ride astride, and fight.
These Talents better with our Sex agree,
Than lofty flights of dangerous Poetrie,
Amongst the men, — I mean the men of Wit,
At least that pass'd for such, before they writ.

How many bold Adventures for the Bays,
Proudly designing large return of praise ?
Who durst that stormy pathless World explore,
Were soon dash't back, and wrackt on the dull shores,
Broke of that little stock they had before.
How would a womans tottering Barque be tost,
Where stoutest Ships (the men of Wit) are lost ?
When I reflect on this, I straight grow wise,
And my own self thus gravely I advise :
Dear *Artemiza*, Poetry is a Snare,
Bedlam has many Mansions, — have a care.
Your Muse diverts you, makes the Reader sad ;
You fancie y're inspir'd, he thinks you mad.
But like an Arrant woman, as I am
No sooner well convinc'd, writing's a shame,
That Whore is scarce a more reproachful name
Than Poets,

Like Men that marry, or like Maids that woe,
'Cause 'tis the very worst thing they can do,
Pleas'd with the Contradiction and the Sin,
Methinks I stand on Thorns till I begin :
Y'expect to hear at least what Loves have past
In this lewd Town, since you and I met last.
But how, my dearest *Chloë*, shall I set
My Pen to write what I would fain forget ;
Or name that lost thing Love, without a tear,
Since so debauch'd by Ill-bred Customs here ?
" Love, the most generous Passion of the Minde,
" The softest Refuge Innocence can finde.
" The safe Director of unguided Youth,
" Fraught with kinde Wilhes, and secur'd by Truth.
" That Cordial drop Heaven in our Cup hath thrown,
" To make the naueous Draught of Life go down.
" In which one only Blessing God might raise,
" In Lands of Atheists, subsidies of praile :
" For none did e're so dull and stupid prove,
" But felt a God, and blest his power in Love.
This only Joy for which poor We were made,
Is grown, like Play, to be an errant Trade.
The Rooks creep in, and it has got of late ;
As many little Cheats and Tricks as that.
But what yet more a Womans heart would vex,
'Tis chiefly carri'd on by our own Sex.
Our silly Sex, who born like Monarchs free,
Turn Captives for a meaner Libertie,
And hate Restraint, though but from Infancie.
They call whatever is not common, nice,
And deaf to Natures Rules and Loves Advice,
Forsake the Pleasure, to pursue the Vice.
To an exact perfection they have wrought
The Action Love ; the Passion is forgot.



[2]

'Tis below Wit (they tell ye) to admire,
And ev'n without approving, they desire.
Their private Wish obeys the publick Voice ;
'Twixt good and bad, Whimsy decides, not Choice.
Fashions grow up for taft ; at Forms they strike ;
They know what they would have, not what they like.
B---- is a Beauty ; if some few agree
To call him so, the rest to that degree
Affected are, that with their Ears they see.
Where I was visiting the other night,
Comes a fine Lady with her humble Knight,
Who had prevail'd on her, through her own skill,
At his Request, though much against her will,
To come to *London*. ——————
As the Coach stopt, we heard her Voice more loud
Than a great-belly'd woman in a Croud,
Telling the Knight that her Affairs require
He for some hours obsequiously retire.
I think she was ashamed to have him seen ;
Hard fate of Husbands the Gallant had been,
(Though a diseas'd ill-favour'd fool) brought in.
Dispatch (says she) that busines you pretend,
Your Beastly Visit to your drunken friend.
A Bottle ever makes you look so fine,
Methinks I long to smell you stink of Wine.
Your Country-drinking breath's enough to kill
Sowre Ale, corrected with a Lemon-pill.
Prethee farewell, we'll meet again anon ;
The necessary Thing bows and is gone.
She flies up stairs, and all the haste does show,
That fifty antick postures will allow.
And thus bursts out, Dear Madam, am not I
The alter'd Creature breathing ? — Let me die,
I finde my self ridiculous grown,
Embarrassed with being out of Town.
Rude and untaught, like any *Indian Queen*,
My Country-nakedness is strangely seen.
How is Love govern'd, Love that rules the State !
And pray who are the men most worn of late ?
When I was marri'd, Fools were A-la-mode ;
The men of Wit were then held incommode.
Slow in Belief, and fickle in Desire
Who, ere they'll be perwaded, must enquire,
As if they came to spy, not to admire.
With searching Wisdom, fatal to their ease,
They still finde out why, what, may, should not please.
Nay, take themselves for injur'd, when we dare
Make 'em think better of us than we are.
And if we hide our frailties from their sights,
Call us deceitful Gilt, and Hypocrites.
They little gues who at our Arts are griev'd,
The perfect joy of being well deceiv'd.
Inquisitive, as jealous Cuckolds grow,
Rather than not be knowing, they will know
What, being known, creates their certain woe.
Woman should these (of all mankind) avoid ;
For Wonder by clear Knowledge is destroy'd.
Woman, who is an Errant Bird of Night,
(Bold in the Dusk before a Fools dull sight)
Should flie when Reason brings the glaring Light.
But the kinde easie Fool, apt to admire
Himself, trusts us ; his follies all conspire
To flatter his, and favour our desire.
Vain of his proper merit, he with ease,
Believes we love him best, who best can please.

[3] On him our gross dull common Flattery pâs ;
Ever most joyful, when most made an Ass.
Heavy to apprehend ; though all mankind
Perceives us false, the Fop concern'd is blinde ;
Who doating on himself —————
Thinks every one that sees him, of his minde.
These are true womens men ; — here forc'd to cease
Through want of breath, nor will she hold her peace.
She to the window runs, where she had spi'd
Her most esteem'd dear Friend the Monkie ty'd.
With forty Smiles, as many antick bows,
As if't had been the Lady of the House,
The dirty chattering Monster she embrac'd,
And made it this fine tender Speech at last :
“ Kifs me, thou curious Minature of Man ; ”
“ How odde thou art, how pretty, how Japan ! ”
“ Oh, I could live and die with thee ! — Then on,
For half an hour in Complement she run.
I took this time to think what Nature meant,
When this mixt thing into the world she sent ;
So very wise, yet so impertinent.
One who knew every thing, whom God thought fit
Should be an Ass through Choice, not want of Wit.
Whose Foppery, without the help of Sense,
Could ne'r have rose to such an Excellence.
Nature's as lame in making a true Fop,
As a Philosopher. ————— The very top
And dignity of Folly we attain,
By studious search, and labour of the Brain,
By observation, counsel, and deep thought.
God never made a Coxcomb worth a Groat ;
We owe that Name to Industry and Arts ;
An eminent Fool must be a Fool of Parts.
And such a one was she, who had turn'd ore
As many Books as Men ; lov'd much, read more :
Had a discerning Wit ; to her was known
Every ones fault or merit, but her own.
And the good Qualities that ever blest
A woman so distinguisht from the rest,
Except Discretion onely, she possest.
But now, Mon-cher, — dear Pugg (she cries) adieu ;
And the Discourse broke off, does thus renew :
You smile to see me (who the world, perchance,
Mistakes to have some Wit) so far advance
The Interest of Fools, that I appprove
Their Merit more than means of Wit in Love.
But in our Sex too many proofs there are
Of such who Wits undo, and Fools repair.
This in my time was so receiv'd a Rule,
Hardly a Wench in Town but had her Fool.
The meanest common Slut, who long was grown
The jest and scorn of every Pit-Buffoon,
Had yet left Charms enough to have subdu'd
Some Fop or other, fond to be thought lew'd.
“ A Woman's ne'r so wretched, but she can
“ Be still reveng'd on her undoer, Man.
How lost soe're, she'll find some Lover more,
A lewd abandon'd Fool, when she's a Whore.
That wretched thing Corinna, who had run
Through all the several ways of being undone ;
Cozen'd at first by Love, and living then,
By turning the too dear-bought tricks on men.
Gay were the hours, and wing'd with joy they flew,
When first the Town her early Beauties knew.
Courted, admir'd, and lov'd, with Presents fed ;
Youth in her looks, and Pleasure in her Bed :

Till Fate, or her ill Angel, thought it fit
To make her doat upon a man of Wit.
Who found 'twas dull to love above a day,
Made his ill-natur'd Jeſt, and went away.
Now ſcom'd by all, forſaken, and oppreſt,
She's a *Memento mori* to the reſt.
Poor Creature, who unheard-of, as a Flie,
In ſome dark hole muſt all the Winter lie.
Both want and dirt endure a whole half year,
That for one month ſhe——tawdry may appear.
In *Eaſter-term* ſhe gets her a new Gown,
When my young Master's Worſhip comes to Town,
From *Pedagogue* and Mother juſt ſet free,
The Heir and hopes of a great Familie,
Which with ſtrong Ale and Beef the Country rules,
And ever ſince the Conqueſt have been fools.
And now with careful prospect to maintain
This Character, leſt croſſing of the Aſſain
Should men the Booby-breed, his Friends provide
A Cousen of his own for his fair Bride.
And thus ſet out, ——————
With an Estate, no Wit, and a new Wife,
(The ſolid Comfort of a Coxcomb's life)
Dunghill and peale forſook, he comes to Town,
Turns Spark, learns to be lewd, and is undone.
Nothing ſutes more with Vice than want of Sense;
Fools are ſtill wicked at their own Expence.
This o'regrown School-boy, loſt *Corinna* wins,
And at firſt daſh to make an Aſſ begins;
Pretends to, like a man that has not known
The Vanities nor Vices of the Town.
Fresh in his Youth, and faithful in his Love,
Eager of Joys which he doth ſeldome prove.
Healthful and strong, he doth no pains endure,
But which the fair one he adores, can cure.
Grateful for Favours does the Sex eſteem,
And Libels none for being kinde to him.
Then of the Lewdneſſe of the times complains;
Rayls at the Wits, and Atheiſts: and maiftains
'Tis better than good Senſe, than Power and Wealth,
To have a long untainted Youth and Health.
The unbred Puppy, that had never ſeen
A Creature look ſo gay, or talk ſo fine,
Believes, then falls in Love, and then in Debt,
Mortgaſes all, even to the ancient Seat,
To buy his Miftriſs a new house for life,
To give her Plate and Jewels, robs his Wife.
And when to height of Fondneſſe he is grown,
'Tis time to poiſon him, then all's her own.
Thus meeting in her coimmon arms his Fate,
He leaves her Baſtard Heir to his Estate.
And as the Racc of ſuch an Owl deſerves,
His own dull lawfuſ Progeny he starves.
Nature (who never made a thing in vain,
But does each intereſt to ſome end ordain)
“Wifely contriv'd kinde-keeping Fools (no doubt)
“To patch up Vices men of Wit wear out.
Thus the run on two hours, ſome grains of Senſe,
Still mixt with follies of Impertinence.
But now 'tis time I ſhould ſome pity show
To *Chloë*, ſince I cannot chufe but know
Readers muſt reap the dulneſſe Writers ſow.
By the next Poſt ſuch Stories I ſhall tell,
As joyn'd to theſe, ſhall to a Volume ſwell,
(As true as Heaven) more infamous than Hell;
But you are tir'd, and ſo am I. ——— Farewel.

The Loyal Conquest Or, Destruction of Treason, A SONG

To the Tune of, Lay by your Pleading, the Law ly's a Bleeding.

NO W Loyal Tories
May Triumph in Glories,
The Fatal Plot is now betray'd,
The Rest were Shams and Stories.
Now against Treason,
We have Law and Reason;
And e'ry Bloody Whigg must go,
To Pot in Time and Season.
No Shamming, nor Flaming,
No Ramming, nor Damning,
No Ignoramus Jury's now,
For Whiggs, but only Hanging.

II.

Look a little farther,
Place things in order,
Those that seek to Kill their King,
Godfrey might Murther.
Now they're Detected,
By Heaven Neglected;
In black despair cut their Throats,
Thus Pluto's Work's effected.
No Shamming, nor Flaming, &c.

III.

Catch grows in Passion;
And fears this New Fashion;
Lest e'ry Traytor hang himself,
And spoyle his best Profession.
Tho' four in a Morning
Tyburn Adorning;
He Cryes out for a Score a time,
To get his Men their Learning:
No Shamming, nor Flaming, &c.

IV.

Now we have sounded
The bottom which confounded,
Our Plotting Parliament of late
Who had our King surrounded.
Hamden and others,
And Trencher were Brothets;

Who were to kill the King and Duke,
And hang us for the Murthers.
No Shamming, nor Flaming, &c.

V.

Surprising the Tower
And Court, in an Hour,
And enter at the Traytors Gate,
But was not in their Power.
O now Guards are Doubled,
E're long they will be Tripled,
The Harmony of Gun and Drum,
Makes Guilty Conscience Troubled.
No Shamming, nor Flaming, &c.

VI.

If Grey is Retaken,
The Root o'th' Plot is shaken;
Ruffel and the rest Condemn'd,
The Bleeding Cause to waken.
Monmouth in Town still
With Armstrong his Council;
The Lady G—may find him out,
Under some Smock or Gown Still.
No Shamming, nor Flaming, &c.

VII.

Give 'em no Quarter,
They Aim at Crown and Garter,
They're of that Bloody Regiment,
That made their King a Martyr.
Leave none to breed on,
They'd make us to bleed on;
They are the bloody'st Caniballs
That ever man did Read on.

No Shamming, nor Flaming,
No Ramming, nor Damning,
No Ignoramus Jury's now,
For Whiggs, but only Hanging.

X

205
33

THE
Boys Whipt Home:



RHYTHME
UPON THE
Apprentices Poem, &c.

VHAT against Nature! 'Prentice Poets
too?

The Laurel Ravish'd by such things as you!
See how she fades, and shrinks from *your command*:
Plant-animal! she flies your Artless hand.
Long since she hated Noise and sooty smells,
And in serene and quiet Champions dwells:
The heavenly *Muses* scorn to be confin'd
Within the Limits of a servile Mind:
Their thoughts are *boundless*, as the Ætherial Sky,
And born by wing'd Imagination, fly
Above the reach of those that trembling stand,
Beneath the Terror of a *Masters Hand*.

Poor Boys! Just from *A-B-C Whippings* come,
That scarce secure from *Atkins* fate, their Bum:
At a Cit's Table now preferr'd to wait,
With Looks demure, to change a *Greasie Plate*;
Where they've pick'd up some *Tory-Scraps of State*
From the Grave Softneis of their *Masters Pate*.
Huge Politicians grown of mickle might!
Champions Equip't to Fight, to Write, to Sh—

If

If Master gives 'um leave ; shut Cupboard too
A Mouse will do as much as they can do.

Poor Boys! A brace of Bucks was made their cheer
To shew their Courage, Hearted like a Deere,
Whose spreading Horns foretel the future Fates
Their Wives shall fix upon their graver Pates.

Unhappy Youths! misguided by your Zeal,
Come mind your Shops, and not the Common-
weal.

To his most steady hand, who stears the Throne
Best, by that Sacred Judgment of his own :
Around whose Temples rests a blisful Crown,
Self guarded by the Powers of his Frown,
'Gainst all but those infatiate Woolves of *Rome*
May English Mastiffs proove their hafty Doom.

But come Poor Boys, ye may in time be wise,
Despair not, there are better ways to Rise :
Follow your Trades, and you may chance to be,
Thought worthy of their Masters Pedigree :
His pretty modest Daughter hee'l bestow,
Which you're acquainted with before, or so :
To whom you've sung Ballad-obscenity
The very Zenith of your Poetry.)
When Shops shut down sitting on Jolted knee.]

Thus hopefully you'l rise, and time may place
An Aldermans upon your Beard-less Face :
Where grunting out scarce sence, tis understood
The Apothegme of the Brother-hood.

10 FE 58

F · I · N · I · S ·

London, Printed for Lu. Smith, 1681.

Majesty in Misery,

Crown Imposition to the



KING OF KINGS;

Written by His late Majesty King
Charles the First, in his Confince at Caris-
brook Castle, 1648.

St. Charles. A. 1648.

Great Monarch of the World, from whose armes springeth
The Potency and Power of Kings,
Record the Royal Woe, my Sufferings,
And teach my tongue, that ever did confine
Its faculties in truth's Seraphick line,
To track the treasons of thy foes and mine.
Nature and Law by thy Divine Decree,
The only work of righteous Loyalty,
With this dim Diadem invested me,
With it the sacred Scepter, purple Robe,
Thy holy Unction, and the Royal Globe,
Yet I am levell'd with the life of Job.
The fiercest furies that do daily tread,
Upon my grief, my gray disrowned head,
Are those that owe my bounty for their Bread:
They raise a War, and christen it the cause,
Whilst Sacrilegious persons have applause,
Plunder and Murther are the Kingdom's Laws,
Tyranny bears the Title of Taxation,
Revenge and Robbery are Reformation,
Oppression gains the name of Sequestration,
My Loyal Subjects who in this season
Attended me, (by the Law of God and Reason)
They dare impeach and punish for High-Treason.
Next at the Clergy do their furies strown,
Pious Episcopacy must go down,
They will destroy the Crozier and Crown.
Church-men are chain'd, and Schismaticks are free'd,
Mechanicks preach, and holy Fathers bleed,
The Crown is crucified with the Crood.

The

The Church of England does all raction tolter,
The Pulpit is usurpt by each Imposter,
Extempore excludes the Pater Noster.

The Presbyter and Independent's Seed,
Springs from broad blades to make Religion bleed,
Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

The corner Stones misplac'd by every Pavier,
With such a bloody Method and Behaviour,
Their Ancestors did crucifie our Saviour.

My Royal Consort from whose fruitful Womb,
So many Princes legally have come,
Is forc'd in Pilgrimage to seek a Tomb.

Great Britain's Heir is forced into France,
Whilst on his Father's Head his Foes advance,
Poor Child he weeps out his Inheritance.

With my own Prayer my Majesty they wound,
In the King's name the King himself's unchristen'd,
So doth the dust destroy the Diamond.

With Propositions daily they enchant,
My Peoples Ears, such as due Reason daunt,
And the Almighty will let me grant.

They promise to erect my Royal Stem,
To make me great, i' advancio my Diadem,
I will first fall down and worship them.

But for Refusal they devour my Thrones,
Distress my Children, and destroy my Bones,
I fear they'll force me to make Bread of Stones.

My Life they prize at such a slender rate,
That in my absence they draw Bills of Hate,
To prove the King a Traitor to the State.

Felons attain more Priviledge than I,
They are allow'd to answer ever they die;

'Tis death to me to ask the reason why,
But sacred Saviour with thy words I saye

Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
Such as thou knowst do not know what they do.

For since they from the Lord are so disjoyned,
As to contemne the Edict he appointed,

How can they prize the Power of his Appointed?

Augment my Patience, nullifie my Hate,
Preserve my Issue, and inspirie my Mate.

Yet though we perish, blest this Church and State.

27 AP 65 *Vot qd abut que bella regant.*

THE CHARACTER.



THe *Lords* and *Commons* having had their doom,
 The banish'd *Romans* since supply their room,
 And in full *Herds* they publiquely appear,
 Bearding both *Protestant* and *Presbyter* ;
 Yet do not so resent the foul *Affront*
 To take up *Armes* and make *Rebellion* on't :
 Nor do not sleep but by the *Drum* and *Fife*
 To keep thy *Throat* from bloody *Jesuit's* *Knife* ;
 Though Murther be in us a bloody *Fact*,
 In holy *Priest* it is an holy *Act*,
 If *Priest* and *Knife* be consecrated, then,
 By *Blood* and *Massacre* they Heaven win, }
 When we poor Souls are damn'd for the same *Sin*.
 Who would not be a sacred *Priest* to *Rome*,
 When they can save or give Eternal doom ?
 Make *Virtue* damn'd, and meritorious *Vice*,
 They snatch from *Hell* and send to *Paradise*.
 And more to compleat their further *Glory*,
 They call and take a touch in *Purgatorie*.
 Since that the Bug-Bear *Parliament* was fled,
 Bold was the man durst say, That *Godfrey's* dead,
 Or in *Rome's* Slaughter-house his Blood was shed,
 Or Priests contriv'd to have him murthered.
 Or who dares say, The *Temple* was on fire
 By the contrivance of some *Priest* or *Fryar* ?

To burn *Commissions* hid in *Langborn's Room*,
To blind the *Plot*, and clear the *Lords of Rome*?

O! People all so weak as not to see

Your selves betray'd by your own Foolerie!

Contending with your *King*, his Laws and Power,

In trenching on his *Prerogative* each hour;

Flying i'th Face of his *Supremacy*,

With sawcy *Libelling* and *Ribaundry*.

The seed o'th Serpent is abroad again,

To teach young *Colt* his black *Rebellion*,

Form'd and begot i'th old damn'd *Stallion*:

Whose pregnant *Issue*'s quick and nimble fence,

Exactly copies their *Syre's Impudence*:

Treading his *Steps* with a full strong source,

Flyes in the Face of *Majesty* in course:

The *young* out-throwes the *old* at least a Barr;

For they but only gainst the *King* made War:

But these young *Start-ups* in bold and thundring words,

Dare both the *King*, his *Bishops* and his *Lords*;

And would subvert at once, and at one hour

The *Royal-Office* and the *Supreme Power*;

Make King and Peers but Cyphers in the State,

And they the powerful Figures of Debate.

Traytor and *Presbyter* do seem two things;

But equal is the venom of their stings.

Against *Prerogative* they plead Priviledge,

That Fatal By-blow with a double edge.

The Infatuated *Jewes*, their fence being gon,

Made War among themselves, and still fought on,

Till they were conquered by *Vespasian*.

So You fall out, like fenceless stones and stocks,

Flying at each other even like Dogs and Cocks:

To satisfie *YOUR* Pride, *WEE* split on Rocks.

In short, Fanatique's Character is this,

THEY'RE Cursed Obstacles o'th Nations Bliss.

Loyalty Triumphant.

A POEM.

Numerous Loyal Addressees
TO HIS

MAJESTY.



Be truly *Loyal, Honest, Just, and Good,*
Four things the Others never understood;
Or if they ever did, have long forgot,
Since first Sedition in their Hearts took Root.
Their Leaders Soul, as well as Eyes, do squint;
And could we search his Heart, the Devil's in't:
He seems in shew, as *Loyal* as the best of Knights,
But a full Fury Lodges in his Breast:
Ambition, that Curst Fiend, that fain would tread,
Once more upon his Royal Masters Head;
Nor are his Followers behind in Zeal,
To advance the *Good Old Cause, and Constitution-Clear.*
Reading the *Votes of Parliament*, I found
The KING with Honest Men encompass round,
Who for the publick Good, did Wilye Vote,
That He for Tangier should not have a Great;
At His own Charge He must the War maintain,
Or Tangier might be Lost, for He in vain,
Affistance sought from them, unless He'd give
In Pawn, for it, His own Prerogative,
And against Natures, Laws; deale to Defend,
An only Brother, and a Faithful Friend:
He must Exclude him from the *English Crown;*
That when Great r — they once had Tumbled down,
They might set up an *Idol* of their own;
Whom if they cannot Mannage to their Wills,
And make Him Authorise unheard of ill; a
They'll without scruple hurl him head-long down,
And Tearing from his Brows the Totter'd Crown;
Each will be King, and set it on his own;
Amongst Five Hundred Men, some few there were,
That durst for *Loyalty and Truth* declare,
That durst the KING's Prerogative Maintain,
Gaint Mighty Mashivel, and all his Train;

But once discover'd, they like common Foes
Or Spies, upon the Actions of the House,
Are first made Kneel before the Bar, and then
Shut from th'Assembly of those King-like Men.
Our Loyallists such Principles despise,
Are still Contriving how their *King* may rise,
How they may make Him Powerful and Great,
And in full Splendour keep his Royal Seat;
Still Acting what their cheerful words express,
Whilst each of them performs a whole Address.
Oh! May they still persist in doing well,
Till there be no Tongue left their Deeds to tell;
That they who did in this their King Regard,
May in the other World meet their Reward.



The Clubb of Royalists.

Come Gangmede, and fill each Glass with Wine,
Let each *Muse* Drink her share, then fill up mine:
I with the *Nine* will Revell all this Night,
Till CHARLES his Health bring back the Morning Light.
But hold a little, Whether am I gone?
What need I Run so far as *Helicon*?
Whilst Riding on each Beam, the Sun doth bear
As *Loyal* Drinkers, as the *Muses* are:
For they I fear have caught th'infection too,
Since their own Sons bravely themselves undoe:
For one who formerly stood Candidate,
For Wit and Sense, with Men of Highest Rate:
Apostatizes from his former Acts,
And from his own *Cambyses* Fattie detracts.
No more in Verse his Mighty Talent shows,
But Libels *Princes* with Malitious Prose.
This Man in *Coruhil* if you chance to Meet;
Or near the Middle of *Threadneedle-Street*:
Know 'tis to pay his Homage to the *Sun*,
Or rather to the Hot-Brain'd *Phaethon*,
Whom *Ovid* blames; but he does more command,
Advising straight the Charriot to Ascend.
What? Though the World once more were set on Fire,
Shall his Young *Heroe* bawk his great Desire?
No, let the Head-strong Youth his Steeds drive on,
Tread on his Fathers Counsels, and his Throne.
I envy not those Happy Men that Ride
With him in's Guilded Coach, my Humble Pride
Desires no Courser, but a Hoggs-heads Back,
where Mounted with a Bowl of Sparkling Sack.
With *Villers*, *Capel*, *Cooper*, and the rest,
I'll Drink Confusion to each *Caballist*.
Damn their *Sun-Tavern Clubbs*; but hold, my Rage
Condemns the onely Honest Men of th' Age:
The truest *Patriots England*'ere did breed,
Who Viper like, on their own Mother feed;
Tear up her Bowels with a base pretence,
Of feigned Piety and Conscience:
Good Gentlemen, How careful are they grown,
To suppetts *Papists*, and subvert the Throne?
They for Religion strive, but Wise Men know,
From whence their greatest Discontents do flow.
Zeal for the Good Old Cause enflames their Breast,
But the chief Fuell's, private Interest.

5.0059

(15)

The Last Savings.

M O U S E

Lately starved inable CUP-BOARD.

As they were taken, in Short-Hand, by a certain RATE-MASTER, O
who liveth at the Key-hole of the CUP-BOARD DOOR, this is T

risge boor ! -- Good W - - - - -

WRATH what I mind or and is it come to This?
O short Continuation of Earthly Bliss !
Did I for this, forsake my Country-Eale,
My Liberty, my Bacon, Peas, and Peale ?

Call ye me This the Breding of the Town,
Which my young Master brag'd when his came down,
Fool that I was, blushing my Father from
(A Reverend Mouse he was, and his Beard gray.)

Young Hunt-crum, mark me well, you needs must rompe
And leave me and your Mother here at home,
Great is your Spur, how high foot you aim,
But have a care -- believe not lying Fairies,
Vast Bodies oft are mov'd by slender Sprites,
And great Men, and great Tables, are移着身
Affectionately selfe-shak't not. Grief that shives,
He than look'd alwayes sat not always dines,
For I have seen him On a last Gleek,

And at the same time he had his Belly break.

By sad Experience now I find me well.
Old Hunt-crum your affrighted Sister held
And must I stay and this place see? Relief no where,
No Cheese, though I give over thoughts of Beef?

Where is grave Madge, and brisk Grimalkin now?
Before whose feet our R - - - - - was wont to bow!

K. Fairfax (7.) 3rd Baron Fairfax AN

37

EPITAPH UPON THOMAS Late LORD FAIRFAX.



Written by a Person of HONOUR.

1.

Under this Stone doth lye
One Born for Victory.

FAIRFAX the Valiant, and the only he,
Who e're for that alone a Conquerour would be.
Both Sexes Virtues were in him combin'd,
He had the fierceness of the manliest mind,
And all the meekness too of Woman-kind.
He never knew what Envy was, or Hate;
His Soul was fill'd with Worth and Honesty,
And with another thing quite out of Date,
Call'd Modesty.

2.

He ne'er seem'd Impudent but in the Field, a place
Where Impudence it self dares seldom shew its Face.
Had any Stranger spy'd him in a Room
With some of those he had Overcome,
And had not heard their Talk, but only seen
Their Gestures and their Meen,
They would have sworn he had the Vanquish'd been.
For as they brag'd, and dreadful would appear,
Whilst they their own ill luck in War repeated,
His Modesty still made him blush to hear
How often he had them defeated.

Through

Through his whole Life the part he bore
Was wonderful and great,

And yet it so appear'd in nothing more,
Than in his Private last Retreat:

For 'tis a stranger thing to find

One Man of such a Glorious mind,

As can despise the Power he has got,

Than Millions of the Sons and Braves,

Those despicable Fools and Knaves,

Who such a pudder make,

Through dulness and mistake,

In seeking after Power, and get it not.

When all the Nation he had won,
And with expence of Blood had bought

Store great enough he thought
Of Fame and of Renown,

He then his Arms laid down,

With full as little Pride

As if he had been of the Enemy's side,
Or one of them could do that were undone.

He neither Wealth nor Places sought,

For others, not himself he fought;

He was content to know,

For he had found it so,

That when he pleas'd to Conquer, he was able,

And leave the Spoil and Plunder to the Rabble.

He might have been a King,

But yet he understood

How much it is a meaner thing

To be unjustly Great, than Honourably good.

5.
This from the World did Admiration draw,

And from his Friends both Love and awe:

Remembering what he did in Fight before.

His Foes lov'd him too,

As they were bound to do,

Because he was Resolv'd to fight no more.

So blest of all, he dy'd;

But far more blest were we,

If we were sure to live till we could see

A Man as great in War, as Just in Peace as he.

ENGLANDS

Mournful Elegy

FOR


The Dissolving the PARLIAMENT.

AR E all our Hopes thus on a sudden dash'd ?
 Our Trust confounded, and Rejoycings quash'd !
 One blast of Air, upon one dismal day
 Has blown our JOY, our Parliament away !
 When the Beast's King sends forth his dreadful Voice,
 They leave the Wood, affrighted at the noyse.
 How fair of late did all the Heavens smile ?
 What streams of Joy ran through this gladsom Isle !
 When now, behold, disturb'd and clouded Skies,
 And Tears of Sorrow trickling from our Eyes,
 Follow'd with Tempests of Heart-breaking sighs.
 ROME at our Troubles now begins to Laugh,
 And traitorous Lords do our Confusion Quaff :
 The Prince of Hell, by these sad Signs mistook,
 Thinks Heaven and Providence has us forsook,
 And, spite of all his cunning, shews his Joy.
 In hopes that, now, he ENGLAND shall destroy ;
 But we do know, that God has Mercy still,
 If humbly we submit unto his Will.
 ROME, may deceived be, and loose its Aim,
 And Hell, Confounded be, with Fear and Shame.
 The WOLF the threatned Child, did long to Tast,
 Expecting for the Morsel long did Fast,
 But Mockt and Hungry did return at last ;
 The Mother still did in her Child delight,
 And with the VVOLF to still 't, did it affright.
 Thus VVolfish JESUITES, waiting for their Prey,
 VVithout it, empty, shall be sent away.
 Our TEARS of Sorrow, shall to Gladness turn,
 And ENGLAND at the last, shall Cease to Mourn.
 A Mourner, at the present, she appears,
 And with a Sable Vail, she hides her TEARS.
 Great is her Grief, yet scarcely understood ;
 Her Eyes drop TEARS, her Heart a shower of BLOOD,
 For many Woes she now expects to see,
 And doth presage some Féarful Tragedie.
 Plotters yet live, which still our Head would wound,
 VVho seek us, and our Happiness to confound :
 VVho still are trying all the means they can,
 By subtil wayes th' unwary to Trepán :
 And whom they cannot reach, they curse and ban !

The

The Plots a Deep, whose Botto m is not found,
VVwhich many Fathoms has unto the Ground,
So intricate a Lab'rinth few ean finde,
Ey what is past, what yet remaines behinde.
England remembers, and with Grief's dismald,
At what, long since, prophetick *Uner* said,
That *Popery* for a while should hither come,
And our Religion should submit to ROME :
That once again she should her Altars see,
Her Priests, her Trinkets and Idolatry.
But that at last, the breath of Providence,
Should them disperse, and suddenly blow hence ;
That they should all be driven from our Shore,
And after that in *England* seen no more.
Through clouded Eyes *England* beholds the Star
That seems to threaten Famine Plague and VVar.
Armies in Fight seen in the azure Sky,
VVith many a strange and unheard Prodigy,
Add to her grief, which trembling she beholds,
VWhilst the Mysterious Riddle none unfolds.
VVith Arms a-cross, she sat, in Silence hush'd,
Till a salt Flood, from her drown'd Eyes new gush'd ;
For like a Ship, she at an Anchor lay,
Rolling on surging Seas within a Bay ;
Till on a sudden, by a Thunder-stroke,
She lost her Hold, Anchor and Cable broke,
And her great Hopes, her Anchor being quit,
Upon dispairing Rocks she seems to split.
But God who all things sees, and rules above,
VWho with his Justice always mixes Love,
Beholds poor *England* in her deep Distress,
And in the midst of Miseries her can bless.
The Hearts of Kings he holdeth in his Hand,
And he can them, as other men command ;
On God above now all our Hopes doth lye,
On Him she fixes her still constant Eye,
Resolv'd to suffer what on her he'll throw,
Good Counsel she doth on her Sons bestow,
Bids them be bold, but not with Rage to swell,
Petition, Pray, and all their Griets to tell,
To Heaven and their King, but not Rebel.

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K. Folio 90 (L)

39

FLORIANA.

PASTORAL,



Upon the Death of Her Grace

THE

Duchess of Southampton.

Da. Tell me, my Thyrsis, tell thy Damon why
mon. Do's my lov'd Swain in this sad posture lie?
What mean these streams still falling from thine eyes,
Fast as those sighs from thy swoyn bosom rise?
Has the fierce Wolf broke through the fenced Ground?
Have thy Lambs stray'd? or has Dorinda frown'd?
Thyrsis. The Wolf? Ah! let him come, for now he may;
Have my Lambs stray'd? let 'em for ever stray;
Dorinda frown'd? No, She is ever mild;
Nay, I rememb'r but just now She smil'd.
Alas! She smild; for to the Lovely Maid
None had the fatal Tidings yet convey'd.
Tell me then Shépherd, tell me canst thou find
As long as thou art triste; and She is kind;
A Grief so great, as may prevail above
Even Damon's Friendship, or Dorinda's Love?

Even

A

Damon.

Damon. Sure there is none. Thyrſ. But, Damon, there may be :
What if the charming Floriana die ?

Damon. Far be the Omēk ! Thyrſ. Alas ! But suppose it true,

Damon. Then should I grieve my Thyrſ, more than you.

She is — Thyrſ. She was ; but is no more,

Now, Damon, now, let thy swoln eyes run o're :

Here to this Turf by thy sad Thyrſ, grow,

And when my streams of Grief too shallow flow,

Let in thy Tides to raise the Torrent high,

Till both a Deluge make, and in it die.

Damon. Then that to this wiſht height the Floud might ſwell,

Friend, I will tell thee. Thyrſ. Friend, I thee will tell,

How young, how good, how beautiful She fell.

Oh ! She was all for which fond Mothers pray,

Blessing their Babes when firſt they ſee the Day.

Beauty and She were one ; for in her face

Sate Sweetneſs, temper'd with Maſtick Grace,

Such powerful Charms as might the proudest awe,

Yet ſuch attractive goodness as might draw

The Humbleſt, and to both give equal Law.

How was She wondred at by every Swain ?

The Pride, the Light, the Goddess of the Plain :

On all She ſhin'd, and Spreading glories caſt,

Diffusive of her ſelf, where e're She paſt,

There breath'd an Air ſweet as the winds that blow

From the bleſt Shoars where fragrant Spices grow :

Even me ſometimes She with a Smile would grace,

Like the Sun ſhining on the vileſt place,

Not did Dorinda barr me the Delight to have in W

Of feaſting on her eyes any longing Sight ;

But to a Being ſo ſublime, ſo pure, quoniam claudit How ſorely I have

Spar'd my devotion, of my Love ſecure.

Damon. Her Beauty ſuch : but Natur did design

That only as an anſwerable Shrine ſhould be ſet up

To the Divinity that's lodg'd within.

Her Soul ſhin'd through, and made her form ſo bright,

As Clouds are gilt by the Sun's piercing Light.

In her smooth forehead we might read expreſt

The even Calmness of her gentle Breast :

And in her ſparkling Eyes as clear was writ

The active vigour of her youthful Wit.

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Each Beauty of the Body or the Face ! Damon. O See ye none !
 Was but the Shadow of some inward Grace. That deck'd young Venus
 Gay, sprightly, cheerful, free and unconfin'd. Out from the Earth,
 As Innocence could make it, was her Mind ; And flowers like the
 Yet prudent, though not tedious nor severe, But flowers seem'd to
 Like those, who being dull, would grave appear. The Lilly
 Who out of guilt do Cheerfulness despise, But no kind season bring'd
 And being sullen, hope men think era wise. And Fairies
 How would the listening Shepherds view her strong, That were !
 To catch the words fell from her charming Tongue ! Distracted
 She all with her own Spirit and Soul inspir'd. Alas ! she
 Her they all lov'd, and her they all admir'd. And blig with import
 Even mighty Pan, whose powerful Hand sustains But beauty is your
 The Sovereign Crook that mildly awes the Plains, Appearance on both of
 Of's tend'rest Cares made her the chieftest part, O where's a long opinion
 And great Lovisa lodg'd her in her Heart. But still is long opinion

Thyrsis. Who would not now a solemn Mourning keep,
 When Pan himself and fair Lovisa weep ?
 When those blest Eyes by the kind gods desigh'd
 To cherish Nature, and delight Mankind,
 All drown'd in Tears, melt into gentler Showers
 Than April drops upon the Infant Flowers ;
 Such Tears as Venus for Adonis shed,
 When at her feet the Lovely Youth lay dead ;
 About her, all her little weeping Loves
 Ungirt her Cestos and unyoakt her Doves.

Damon. Come pious Nymphs, with fair Lovisa come,
 And visit gentle Floriana's Tomb, VIT
 And as you walk the Melancholy Round,
 Where no unhallowed feet profane the ground,
 With your chast hands fresh flowers and odours shed
 About her last obscure and silent Bed ;
 Still praying as you gently move your feet,
 Soft be her Pillow, and her Slumbers sweet.

Thyrsis. See where they come, a mournful lovely Train,
 As ever wept on fair Arcadia's Plain :
 Lovisa mournful far above the rest,
 In all the Charms of beauteous Sorrow drest :
 Just are her Tears, when She reflects how soon
 A Beauty, second only to her own,
 Flourish'd, lookt gay, was wither'd, and is gone !

Damon.

Damon. O She is gone ! gone like a new-born flower,
That deck'd some Virgin-Queens delicious Bower ;
Torn from the Stalk by some untimely blast,
And 'mongst the vilest weeds and rubbish cast :
But flowers return, and coming Spring disclose,
The Lilly white, and more fresh the Rose ;
But no kind Season back her Charms can bring,
And Floriana has no second Spring.

Thyrsis. O She is set ! set like the falling Sun ;
Darkness is round us, and glad Day is gone !
Alas ! the Sun that's set, again will rise,
And gild with richer Beams the Morning Skies :
But Beauty, though as bright as they it shines,
When its short glory to the West declines,
O there's no hope of the returning Light,
But all is long Oblivion, and eternal Night.

F I N I S.

LONDON, Printed for Samuel Cooke, 1681.

11225 10
K. Moore Ser. I. p. 40

Vive le ROY : Or LONDON's Joy.

A New Song on the Instalment of the present Lord Mayor of LONDON.
To the Tune of St. GEORGE for ENGLAND.

You London Lads rejoice, and cast away your Care,
Since with one Heart and Voice Sir John is chosen Mayor ;
The Famous Sir John Moore, Lord Mayor of London Town,
To your eternal Praise, shall stand a Subject of Renown,
Amongst your Famous Worthies who have been most esteem'd ;
For Sir John Sir John your Honour hath redeem'd.
Sir John He's for the Kings Right, which Rebels wou'd destroy.
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

When with a Hide-bound Mayor the Town was in distraction,
Sir John leapt in the Chair, and cur'd the Hall of Faction :
He to the People shew'd their Duty and Allegiance ;
How to the Sacred King and Laws they pay their due Obedience.
Sir George unto the People a Loyal Speech did give ;
But Sir John Sir John your Honour did retrieve.

Sir John is for Allegiance, which Rebels wou'd destroy.
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

When thou wast lost, Oh London, in Faction and Sedition ;
By Whigs and Zealots undon, while they were in Commission :
When Treason, like old Nol's Brigade, did gallop through the Town,
And Loyalty, a tired Jade, had cast her Rider down ;
The Famous Sir George Jeffreys your Charter did maintain ;
But Sir John Sir John restor'd thy Fame again.

Sir John is for the Monarchy, which Rebels wou'd destroy.
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

When th' Mayor, with Sheriffs mounted, sad Jealousies contriv'd,
And all the Town run after, as if the Devil driv'd,
Then Famous Sir John Moore thy Loyalty restor'd,
And Noble Sir George Jeffreys, who did thy Acts record ;
Sir George of all thy Heroes deserves the formost place ;
But Sir John Sir John hath got the Sword and Mace.

Sir John he is for Justice, which Rebels wou'd destroy.
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

Sir Pa — would have the Court submit unto the City ; S'r Pat: Ward
Whitehall stoop to the Change, and is not that a pity ?
Sh. Be — (save Allegiance) thinks nothing a Transgression : Bettell
Sir Tom rails at the Lawful Prince, Sir Bob at the Succession : S'r T. Player
While still the brave Sir George does their Fury interpose ; S'r Bob: Clayton
But Sir John Sir John maintains the Royal Cause.

Sir John He's for his Highness, whom Rebels wou'd destroy.
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

Sir Pa — for a Parliament, Sh. Be — a Petition
Instead of an Address, cram'd brimful of Sedition.
Sir Tom he is for Liberty, against Prerogative :
Sir Bob is for the Subjects Right, but will no Justice give :
And brave Sir George does all their Famous Deeds record ;
But Sir John Sir John your Loyalty restor'd.

Sir John He's for the Int'rest which Rebels wou'd destroy.
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

Sir Pa — he calls for Justice, and then the Wretch will sham us
Sh. Be — he packs a Jury well verft in Ignoramus :
Sir Tom wou'd hang the Tory, and let the Whig go free :
Sir Bob wou'd have a Commonwealth, and cry down Monarchy.
While still the brave Sir George does all their Deeds record ;
But Sir John Sir John your Loyalty restor'd.

Sir John He is for Justice, which Rebels wou'd destroy.
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

And may such Loyal Mayors as honest Sheriffs find :
Such Sheriffs find a Jury will to the King be kind ;
And may the King live long, to rule such People here ;
And may he such a Lord Mayor find, and Sheriffs every year ;
That Traytors may receive the Justice of the Laws,
While Sir John Sir John maintains the Royal Cause.

Sir John is for the King still, whom Rebels wou'd destroy.
Vive, Vive, Vive le Roy.

[i]

A
LETTER
TO

FERGUSON,

Or any other, the suppos'd Author of a late
Scandalous Libel, Entituled, *An Elogie upon
Sir Tho. Armstrong.*

From one that heartily wishes them what they deserve.

W HEN first the noted Libel did appear,
The Hearts of all your Friends were strook with fear;
Finding, like a true Block-head, you had chose
Some Belgick Muse to rally Armstrong's Foes.
For all your dear Acquaintants in this Isle,
Tho' they extoll'd the Treason, damn'd the style,
And joynlyt own'd that by Poetick Laws,
True Hanging you deserv'd, but no Applause;
Stories obscene may dully be exprest,
And with each wanton Humour pass for jest;
Misprisions too may crawl in humble strain,
And no Whigg curst for his insipid vein.
But haughty I reason, dangerous and sublime,
Should have a Genius lofty as the Crime.
For who upon that Theme poor Dogrill writes,
Rather does damp Rebellion, than excites.
Curse on thy softish Head, that was the cause
Of forming Monsters without Teeth or Claws:
Poyson they have enough, and shape to fright,
But the poor Devils can neither scratch nor bite.
Scorn'd and thrown by, like a blunt edgless Tool,
And shew thee much a Rogue, but more a Fool.
Ah! could Old Shaftesbury have leave to rise
From the dark noisom Charnel where he lyes,
What Rage thy Rhimes would in his Soul beget,
To see such Loads of Treason, and no Wit!
The German Heresie he had supprest,
And Anabaptist Cant by thee profest.

He

He would have Christen'd thee to hide that shame,
 And thou *Eternal Dunce* had been thy Name.
 Methinks I see the little Elder stand
 Wielding his Fatal Spigot in his hand,
 Which he had torn from out its tender place,
 Ready to throw the Faucet in thy face.
 If ere his Maxims were before thy Eyes,
 Thou then would'st find a Rebel should be wise,
 And with flye Logick glos his fallacies.
 But thy dull Brain makes all the Party droop ;
 Thy Soul was gorg'd with Treason's Poyson'd Cup,
 And here thy nasty Muse has spew'd it up.
 Burn then that Hand that held thy guilty Pen,
 And so recover thy lost Fame agen.
 Atone for writing Nonsense, burnat straight,
 And *Crammer*, whom thou talk'st of, imitate.
 Yet, in each Case, be this distinction taught,
 He burrit for what his Conscience found a fault
 But thou for having prov'd thy self a Sot.
 And when it comes, as sure 'twill be thy Fate,
 That the same Truncheon shall adorn a Gate ;
 There flourish, since thou think'st it flourishing,
 And stink in black defiance of the King.

'Mongst all the Sciences in Kingdoms known,
 To be a Villain, is the easiest one.
 From *English* Soil in swarms such Insects rise,
 Bred out of Excrement, like Drones and Flies.
 But tho' a Dunce may serve in common Arts,
 A Rebel still should be a Rogue of Parts.
 Fools Ominously shew our near Disgraces ;
 Thus *Dick* the Scepter lost, *M — tb* his Places.
 Sir *Martin* marrs the Politician's toy,
 And *Oats* and *Cummins* two wise Plots did spoil.

'Twere wondrous well, if Fate would order't so :
 That each man did his Sphere of Knowledge know,
 Then thou thy Talent cautiously would'st see,
 And School the Rabble, not write Elogie.
 Instruction there might raise thy Fame agen,
 A Canting Saint, tho' Devil at thy Pen.
 For when Hell's Synod would Rebellion Teach,
 The dullest Rogue is still most fit to Preach.
 Excuse me, that thy want of Brains I quote,
 Affronts seem Raillery with Friends remote ;
 Besides, I meerly do't to save thy Soul,
 Lest thou should'st damn it by some other Scrawl.
 Like one that squints, thou seest not thy own ill,
 But throw'st on others Atoms that can kill,
 Envenom'd like this Couplet of thy Quill ;
 To be concern'd the S T U A R T S to restore,
 Is a Reproach that hardly can be borne.
 Did ever Hell-hound write the like before ?
 Such Malice, with such Non-sense, for 'twas all
 Armstrong had left to save his certain fall.

[Libel.]

His

His turn-coat Zeal was his best Policy,
For he long since had else been mounted high,
And his Preferment curst of Pentioner and Spy.

Methinks I see thee Summon the Cabal,
And on that Distich ask their Counsels all :
G—y, N—p, Ire—n, to the Theme advance,
And *B—don*, that went ore in Complaisance.
Then *Goodenough* brings grizly *T—ser* in,
And his fair Spouse, that lately sick had bin,
And scap't great danger her last Lying-in.
The Mighty lines were scan'd and understood,
And all upon their Honours swore 'em good :
Methinks too at their words I see thee Iwell,
As Boys make Bubbles, or as Butchers Veal.
Thus rank Abuse, and Praife in Ridicule,
Ne're fail to please with your conceited Fool.

Shew me a Traiterous Plot has been atchiev'd,
Where Rogues were not at last by Rogues deceiv'd:
Like Lobsters strook, they Naturally draw
The rest, and on each other fix a Claw.
Therefore to give thee cause to think me just,
I'll shew thee why these are not fit for trust.
First, *G—y*, that now is weary of one *Wh—*
Will 'peach, because he's Scandalously poor:
Besides, she's ugly grown; and 'tis our Natures,
When Beauty's gone, to think 'em nauseous Creatures:
She too inrag'd, because another Dame
Lately come o're, Usurps her Place and Name,
Is wondrous thoughtful: And 'tis ten to one,
When such can think, some Mischief will be done.
Next, burly *B—don* he so wide does gape,
Secrets, as well as Flies, must needs escape:
Treason can ne're lye safe in one, whose Skin
Is made too little to contain it in :
For whilst he cleanly takes pains to stop
One end, another certainly is ope ;
And I should be in fear of the back-door,
As much as of the Wicket that's before.
Then never trust, nor think him secret proof,
Whom Nature would not trust with Skin enough.

Ire—n his parts for *Armstrong* lately play'd,
And spoke so well in *Dutch* to get him Aid ;
The Shag-hair'd Ruffian well deserv'd the Grace
To have been Shipp'd, and gain'd the second Place.
His Name conceal'd, he durst appear in this ;
For the Devil himself has not a worse than his :
But finding that he was observ'd, and known,
Quench'd his hot Zeal, and sneak'd into the Town.
Friends are forgot when Dangers are too near,
By such as tremble with a guilty fear.
Then since the least of Ills 'tis best to take,
Faith trust to thy own self for thy own sake :
'Tis better to be hang'd for what thou dost,
Than by their tricks to dangle, as thou muſt.

Self-preservation is our chiefest care,
And thou thy Treason best canst know and bear ;
Besides, thy Folly makes thee safe enough,
Nothing holds Poyson like an Asses hoot.

Your Quoting Scripture is as dull a thing,
As you should swear you'r Loyal to the King ;
Of equal worth and weight to all your Friends :
So once the Devil did it for his Ends ;
But was, I think, more subtil than you are,
And sure the better Writer too by far.
Instead of matching *Tom* with *Cato*, he
Had wrote, *Bold Bravo, Thou art fit for me :*
But thou hast wash'd him, and as spotless made,
As he had never Murder'd nor Betray'd.
Some Counsel now, and then I'll give thee o're,
Continue Rogue, but dare to write no more :
With Satyrs if thou would'ft thy Foes disgrace,
Shew 'em no more thy scribbling, but thy face :
There's profit in't, five hundred pounds lye dead
For want of thy Satirical damn'd Head :
But touch no more on *CHARLES* his Sacred Line,
For all th' Assembly of the Powers Divine,
In Miracles his God-like Virtues own,
Defending many Years his oft-attempted Crown.
Besides, broad Lyes the Party will undo,
Satyrs should all be sharp, but yet be true :
Nor need'ft thou thus thy self more Guilty make ;
But now, if after all, I should mistake,
And that the Libel was not thine, pray tell
The Author, this will serve his turn as well.

From *Poole's Tavern*, formerly
known by the Noted Name of
Sheepeards, this 13th of *August*,
1684.

F I N I S.

5 OC59

L O N D O N, Printed for *Joseph Hindmarsh*, Bookseller to His
R O Y A L H I G H N E S S, at the *Black Bull* in *Cornhill*, 1684.

THE
Mad-men's Hospital:

Or, A present Remedy to Cure
The Presbyterian Itch.
A POEM.

OH, Happy Soylt unhappily posseſſed,
Your Natives now, invade your sacred Peace ;
And that Religion we all profeſſed,
Must now by Extirpation forſceafe :
Our Laws are broken, Birthright's ta'en away ;
Banish'd or Murder'd, Innocents betray.

This Hell-bred change, hath Reformation brought,
By bold Interpretation of Text ;
What was believ'd, and our Forefathers taught,
By new Dark-Lanthorn-Lights is now perplext ;
New Government's set up, the Rabble see
A way to Rule the Church, and Monarchy.

3:
Oh, treble damn'd ! Rebels to God and King !
Who first put Arms into the Roundheads hands,
Taught them to know their Brutish strength ; who bring
A right of Levelling to all mens Lands ;
Like Hounds unhunted, left to their own Chase,
Seize all that croſs their way, Noble or Base.

4.01

They love the King, as School-Boys Masters love,
Let them do what they will ; how good a man,
Correct them, he's a Tyrant, none above
Them, they admit, then govern them that can :
Break up the School, a Commonwealth their cry's, else
Learning hath fool'd the World, and taught us Lies.

Thus

164
1881. May 21. 1803. Thus

(2)

5.

Thus in this wilful and presuming Age,
Where Reason's blinded with Opinion,
For current Truth, upheld by th' Peoples Rage,
They spurn at Truth, and true Religion:
Those Beast-like Rights, which greater Beasts persuade,
Are the false Opticks of their cheating Trade.

6.

Poor Countrymen ! the whole Worlds hate or scorn,
Led by a creeping *Will o'th Wisp*'s false Fire;
Like him to malice, and to mischiefs born,
Leads you to perish in a poyson'd Myre:
Pride made a Devil, what is't made thee so?
Malice; so coupled, both together go.

7.

But tell me yet, Mad-men have Intervals,
What end do you propose? suppose your Plot
Should take effect, that Palaces, and Halls,
The King, the Duke, Lords, Papists, and who not
Should in one ruine-fall; what will succeed?
Cutting of Throats, make one another bleed.

8.

For Jesus Christ will not descend to Reign,
You (in his Members) crucifie him here;
In time compleat, when he will come again,
'Twill be to your Confusion and Fear:
Order supports the World, nothing can stand
Without it; Beasts have Order and Command.

9.

Those very Sects, who now together joyn,
Will then divide, and each their Claim advance:
This is the Truth I hold; that Lordship's mine;
'Tis false, 'tis not, 'tis for the K. of France:
For when that one anothers Bloud we draw,
'Tis time a third should come, to give us Law.
Y'are on a Precipice, and one step more,
Y'are lost; Return, for Judgment's at your door.

Recipe.

10.

Take but one grain of Faith, from the Rock pure,
And fix it fast to the right Anchor-stock,
Mixt with the Oyl of Charity; 'twill cure,
Apply'd to the Heart side; *Probatum hoc:*
This never fail'd, lasts while the World endures,
Close kept; and all Mankind's diseases cures.



LONDON: Printed by N. T. 1681.

THE

Countrey's Advice

Fitzroy afterwards Scott (J.)

K

To the Late



Duke of Monmouth,

And Those in Rebellion with Him.

This may be Printed. R. L. S. June 30.

I.

YOU, who th' gazing World did once admire;
And You, who were extoll'd and prais'd by all ;
You, who each sighing Virgin did desire,
And You, who once we might Great Monmouth call ;
Wherfore do you against our Peace conspire,
And in a bloody War our Land intral?

Thus Lucifer aspiring to be Great,
Was thrown from Heav'n to his Infernal Seat.

II.

When to Great CHARLES's Arms you did return,
(Not of your fore-committed Crimes to tell,)
How did that Sacred Prince's Bosom burn,
In hopes you from your former Ills had fell !
But, oh ! too much Indulgence makes us mourn,
And sighs, instead of Joy, our Bosoms swell.

Thus Mercy freely given is abus'd,

And Pardon'd Rebels for Sham-Princes us'd.

III.

Weigh with your self the Fall of Absalom,
Let His Example teach You to be wise ;
(He justly had a Rebels Martyrdom,
And climb'd a Tree, 'cause he'd a mind to rise.)
Just Heav'n in Thunder will with Vengeance come,
And on your Head avenge your Treacheries.

Think on the guiltless Bloody you hourly spill,

Where Brother Brother, Father Son does kill.

IV.

In vain (alas !) Rebellious Arms you use,
In vain you mighty Preparations make,
And but in vain our Monarch you abuse,
And skulking round about poor Women take ;
In vain you your Rebellion would excuse,
By saying 'tis for pure Religions sake.

What your Religion is, I cannot tell,

But Protestants (I'm sure) can ne're Rebells.

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V.Thompson

V.

Though with your weak Instances you delude,
And bring in some who do it for bad Deeds,
A wretched, hopeless, gaping Multitude,
Whose desprate Souls know neither sense nor Care,
Yet all in vain your Treasons are purs'd,
Your Stratagems but weak and feeble are,
For the Almighty has his Angels spread,
To guard our Sacred Lawful Monarchs Head.

VI.

What shew of Right, what Law can you pretend,
To justify this bold, this bloody Deed?
What is't you'd have? wherefore do you contend,
That thus you make the shaking Countrey bleed?
Is this our Liberties? Are you our Friend?
Dear Liberties, and a fast Friend indeed.
Our Souls at Liberry you set; our Wives,
Our Goods, and Children, perish with our Lives.

VII.

When on Ambitions Wings you first were lost,
And the curst *Faction* did your mind invite,
They spar'd no Time, no Labour, nor no cost,
To puff you up with a supposed Right:
But, 'cause you shou'd not in your Pride be lost,
Your Royal Father cleav'd your misted sight,
Who (Wise as Just, and Powerful as Great,)
Declar'd you to be **ILLEGITIMATE**.

VIII.

And you deluded Souls that are engag'd
In Arms against your Just and Lawful Prince,
Consult the grounds on which this War as wag'd,
Call back your Reason, and allarm your Senses,
That this sad bloody Conflict be awrag'd,
In which you ne're can hope for recompence.
Ask God forgiveness, your wrongs do so reign great,
And lay your Arms at His Imperial Feet.

IX.

Good God! that ever People thus should be
Into such base, unnat'ral Wars betray'd,
Under the old sham-tale of **LIBERTY**,
Which at that very time they do invade,
When we before had all things just and free,
Nor any fear, or cause to be afraid.
Now **Treason, Murther, Rape, and Wharrat**,
Must the blest Title of **RELIGION** bear.

X.

But if you will not now be wise in time,
And choose Repentance e're it be late,
May you with speed be punish'd for your **Crime**,
And meet the scourge of your deserved Fate;
And for your Head, who would to **Empie Chub**
Upon the Ashes of a ruin'd State,
Since neither Pardon, nor a Princes Love,
Can the sweet Bait of Mighty Crowns remove,
Let him unpity'd in a Dungeon lie,
~~Ague~~ With Delpair and Envy he shall die.

6412* Wm. Pick 2

(2)

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Fitz-Harris his FARWELL TO THE WORLD, OR A TRAYTORS Just Reward.



Farwell great Villain, and unpittied Lie,
Instead of Tears drawn from a tender Eye;
Ten thousand Traytors like Fitz-Harris dye.

Unhuman Monster, to the World ingrate,
An Enemy to the King, the Church and State;
Hadst thou been starv'd, 't had been too kind a Fate.

His Crimes were horrid, infamous and base,
Deserves a total extinct of his Race;
Banish his Name unto some dismal place.

What's worse than injuring Sacred Majestie,
For which he suffered on the fatal Tree
May all men suffer, when Rob'd of Loyalty.

England may then be glad, with Triumph sing,
When all her Foes are vanish't with a sting;
The Golden Age from Halcion-days will spring.

Those Wolyes that Plot Protestant Lambs to Gull,
May Heaven obstruct the Engines of their Scull;
Give them of Tibrurn, good Lord, their Belly full.

Giddy-headed Youths have been seduc'd of late,
Beyond their Wits, talk of the Affairs of State;
Obedience learn to avoid Fitz-Harris Fate.

Those publick Libellers that with Zeal and heat,
With some unheard of Novelty dayly Treat;
If they write falsly, tie them from their Meat.

Tell th' Ambitious, their Fools and strive in vain,
To undermine a Crown, King Charles will Reign :
To be true and honest, is the safest Gain.

I hope to see Justice at Tyburn done,
If so, some hundred may have Cause to run ;
Give them what they deserve, their Thread is spun.

Bid proud petitioners, good Advice approve,
Make an Address and in one Body move ;
With all humility t' gain their Prince's Love.

I'd sooner lose a Limb, from th' Monument fly,
Endure the worst of Torments till I dye ;
Then willingly deserve my Kings displeasing Eye.

London, on thee all flourishing joys descend,
Heaven's bless the Government, and Governors to the end ;
Unanimous to agree, your Sovereign to defend.

The Man that burnt Diana's Temple down,
Did it on purpose a Villain to be Crown'd ;
Mongst Rogues (Damn'd Rogues) he got Renown.

How many thousands are there in the Nation,
Meer Knaves, but Saints, in private Congregation ;
Loves Monarchy, with mental Reservation.

The Gods rebuke the Error of the Age,
Let moderation Tumultuous men asswage ;
But hang all those against their King engage.

Let all dissenting Brothers Love the King,
To the Church Unite, 'tis a goodly thing ;
With Brethren to agree, and with Te Deum sing.

Heaven's bless his Majesty, with Plenty, Joy and Peace.
To all that love the King Heavens give increase ;
Confound his Foes to pray I ne're will cease.

Non est Lex justior illa
Quam Natura Artificis, Atque perire sua.
Richard Gibbes, Norwich.

K. North (for Sir S.)

The LOYAL SHERIFS of LONDON and Middlesex. Upon their Election.

44

To the Tune of, *New at last the Riddle is Exponnded.*



1.
Now at last the Matter is Dicided,
Which so long the Nation has devided;
Misguided
By Interest and blind Zeal,
Which so well in *Forty four* they Acted;
Now with greater heat,
They again act o're like Men Distracted,
To give to *Monarchy* a new defeat.

2.
Famous *North*, of Noble Birth and Breeding,
And in Loyal Principles Exceeding;
Is pleading
To stand his Countreys Friend,
To do Justice to the *King* and *Nation*,
Some so much oppose,
To renew the work of *REFORMATION*,
And carry on again the *Goad Old Causē*.

3.
Next Renowned *Box* as high Commended,
And of Loyal Parentage Descended;
Intended
To do the *City* Right,
With true Courage, and firm Resolution,
He the *Hall* Adorns;
But the Heads were all in great *Confusion*;
Such Dini there was and rattling with their Horns.

4.
Prick up Ears, and push for one another,
Let not *Box* (an old *Malignant*) Brother;
Nor 'to'ther
Our Properties Command,
He's a *Malignant*, *North* is nothing better,
They walk Hand in Hand,
He you know is the Lord Mayor's Creature:
And therefore 'tis not fit that they should stand.

5.
Where are now our *Liberties* and *Freedom*?
Where shall we find Friends when we shou'd need
To bleed 'em ('em?
And pull the *Tory*'s down,
To push for our Intr'elt, who can blame us?
Sheriffs rule the *Town*,
When we loose our Darling *IGNORAMUS*:
We loose the *Combat*, and the day's their own.

6.
Then let every Man stand by his Brother,
Poll o're ten times, *Poll* for one another;
What a Pother
You see the *Tory* & make,
Now or never, now to save our *Charter*,
Or your Hearts will ake,
If it goes for them expect no *Quarter*:
If Law and Justice rule, our heels must shake;

7.
Rout, a *Rout*, joyn *Prentice*, *Bore* and *Peasant*,
Let the *White-Hall* Party call it *Treason*,
'Tis Reason
We should our Necks Defend,
Routs and *Ryots*, *Tumults* and *Sedition*,
Poll 'em o're agen,
These do best agree with our Condition;
If *Monarchy* prevail, we're all lost men,

8.
The Lord Mayor is Loyal in his Station,
'Las what will become o'th' *Reformation*;
O'th' Nation
If the *Shrieves* be Loyal too?
Wrangle, *Brangle*, huff and keep a *Clatter*;
If we loose the Field,
Poll 'em o're again, it makes no matter:
For tho' we loose the Day, we scorn to Yield.

9.
Ten for *Box*, and Twenty for *Papillion*,
North a Thousand, and *Dubois* a Million:
What Villain
Our Int'rest dare oppose?
With those Noble *Patriots* thus they sided,
To uphold the *Causē*;
But the good Lord Mayor the case Decided:
And once again two *Loyal Worthies* Chose.

10.
Noble *North*, and Famous *Box* promoted,
By due Course and Legal Choice allotted;
They Voted
To be the *City Shrieves*,
And may they both to *Londons* Commendation,
Her antient Rights restore,
To do that Justice to the *King* and *Nation*,
Which former *Factions* have deny'd before.

LONDON, Printed for M. Thompson, 1682.



Londons Lamentation:

OR,

An Excellent New Song

On the Loss of

LONDON's CHARTER

To the Tune of, Packington's Pound.

I.

You Free-men, and Masters, and Prentices mourn,
For now You are left with your Charter forlorn:
Since London was London, I dare boldly say,
For your Ryots you never so dearly did pay;

In Westminster-Hall

Your Dagon did fall,

That caus'd You to Ryot and Mutiny all:
Oh London! Oh London! Thou'dst better had None,
Than thus with Thy Charter to vie with the Throne.

II.

Oh London! Oh London! how cou'dst Thou pretend
Against thy Defender Thy Crimes to defend?
Thy Freedom & Rights from kind Princes did spring,
And yet in contempt Thou withstandest thy King:
With bold brazen Face

They pleaded thy Case,

In hopes to the Charter the King wou'd give place:
Oh London! Thou'dst better no Charter at all,
Than thus for Rebellion thy Charter shou'd fall.

III.

Since Britains to London came over to dwell,
You had an old Charter, to buy and to sell;
And whilst in Allegiance each honest man lives,
Then you had a Charter for Lord May'r and Shrieves:
But when, with Your Pride,
You began to backslide,

And London of Factions did run with the Tide,
Then London, Oh Londoul 'tis time to withdraw,
Lest the flood of Your Factions the Land over-flow.

IV.

When Faction and Fury of Rebels prevail'd;
When Coblers were Kings, and Monarchs were jayld's;
When Masters in Tumults their Prentices led,
And the Tail did begin to make war with the Heads;

When Thomas and Kate
Did bring in their Plate,
Tuphold the Old Cause of the Rump of the Sham
Then tell me, Oh London! I prethe now tell,
Hadst thou e'r a Charter to Fight and Rebel?

V.

When zealous Sham-Sheriff's the City oppose,
In spight of the Charter, the King and the Law,
And make such a Ryot and Rout in the Town,
That never before such a Racket was known;

When Ryoters dare
Arrest the Lord May'r,
And force the King's Substitute out of the Chair
Oh London! whose Charter is now on the Lee,
Did Your Charter e'r warrant such actions as these.

VI.

Alas for the Brethren! what now must they do,
For choosing Whig-Sheriff's and Burgeses too?
The Charter with Patience is gone to the pot,
And the Doctor is lost in the depth of the Plot.

St. Stephens his Flay!
No more will prevail,
Nor Sir Robert's Dagger, the Charter to bail:
Oh London! Thou'dst better have suffer'd by Fire,
Thanthus thy old Charter shou'd stick in the Mire.

VII.

But since with your Folly, your Faction and Prid
You Sink with the Charter, who strove with the Tide
Let all the Lost Rivers return to the Main
From whence they descended; They'll spring o
Submit to the King [again]
In every thing,

Then of a New Charter New Sonnets we'll sing
As London the Phœnix of England ne'r dies,
So out of the Flames a new CHARTER will rise



A Modest REPLY

To a too Hasty and Malicious LIBEL,

ENTITLED,

An ELEGY on Mr. Stephen Colledge,

Vulgarly known by the Name of

Collegy / S



The Protestant Joyner,

'Tis wicked with insulting feet to tread
Upon the Monuments of the *Dead*:
'Tis base on those to let your *Satyr* fly,
Who do already *prostrate* lie.
If *All* were *False*, whom *Men* do so present,
Hearv'n hardly could be *Innocent*.
If *All* deserv't, that we've *Condemned* seen,
JESUS and *CHARLES* had *Guilty* been.
And if by his ill fate a *Lamb* does fall,
Must we that *Lamb* a *Tyger* call?
And when a *Rav'now Beast* our *Flocks* does rend,
Must we be forc'd to stile him *Friend*?
No more their Pedigree need now be sought,
Wolves from the Continent were brought.
When we had them *destroy'd*, or sent 'em thither,
They now again import 'em hither.
These *Cannibals* their sharp-fang'd Sires succeed,
Worrying *Religion* till she bleed.
By these a while the *Roman Beldame* stood,
Heart'ning and fleshing them in Blood;
Then sent them over, where 'tis all their Joy
The *Shepherds Darlings* to destroy:
Around our choicest Fields they boldly range,
And ev'ry day their *Vyands* change.

Higher then *Fawns* at first they dare not rise,
These to their Rage they sacrifice:
When flush'd with such *Success*, they proudly brag
To set upon the *Nobler Stag*:
Yet at a bay he stands, and braves 'em all,
And like himself intends to fall.
These he might scatter yet, and many a year
Comfort the now-dejected *Deer*;
Did not the baser *Hounds* degenerate,
And hasten on his mighty Fate;
Did not the *Forrester* his Bow prepare,
As if against a *Wolf* or *Bear*:
Were not the Arrow likely soon to part,
Which if *Heav'n* helps not, strikes his Heart:
Did not his Foes insinuate his Design
To be to browz on th' *Royal Vine*;
When all this strange Unparallell'd Offence,
Perhaps was drawing Serpents thence.
And Thou, *Undaunted Soul*, that now must fall
A *Legal Victim* to their Gall;
If that which ne'er within thy Bosom lay,
Thou unadvisedly did'st say;
Give Glory unto *Heav'n*, thy Faults Repent,
And thou may'st yet Die Innocent.
This carry to the Grave: *Though Live you can't,*
You yet may Die a Protestant.

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London, Printed for R. Janeway, in Queens-
Head-Alley in Pater-Noster-Row, 1681.

Colley's

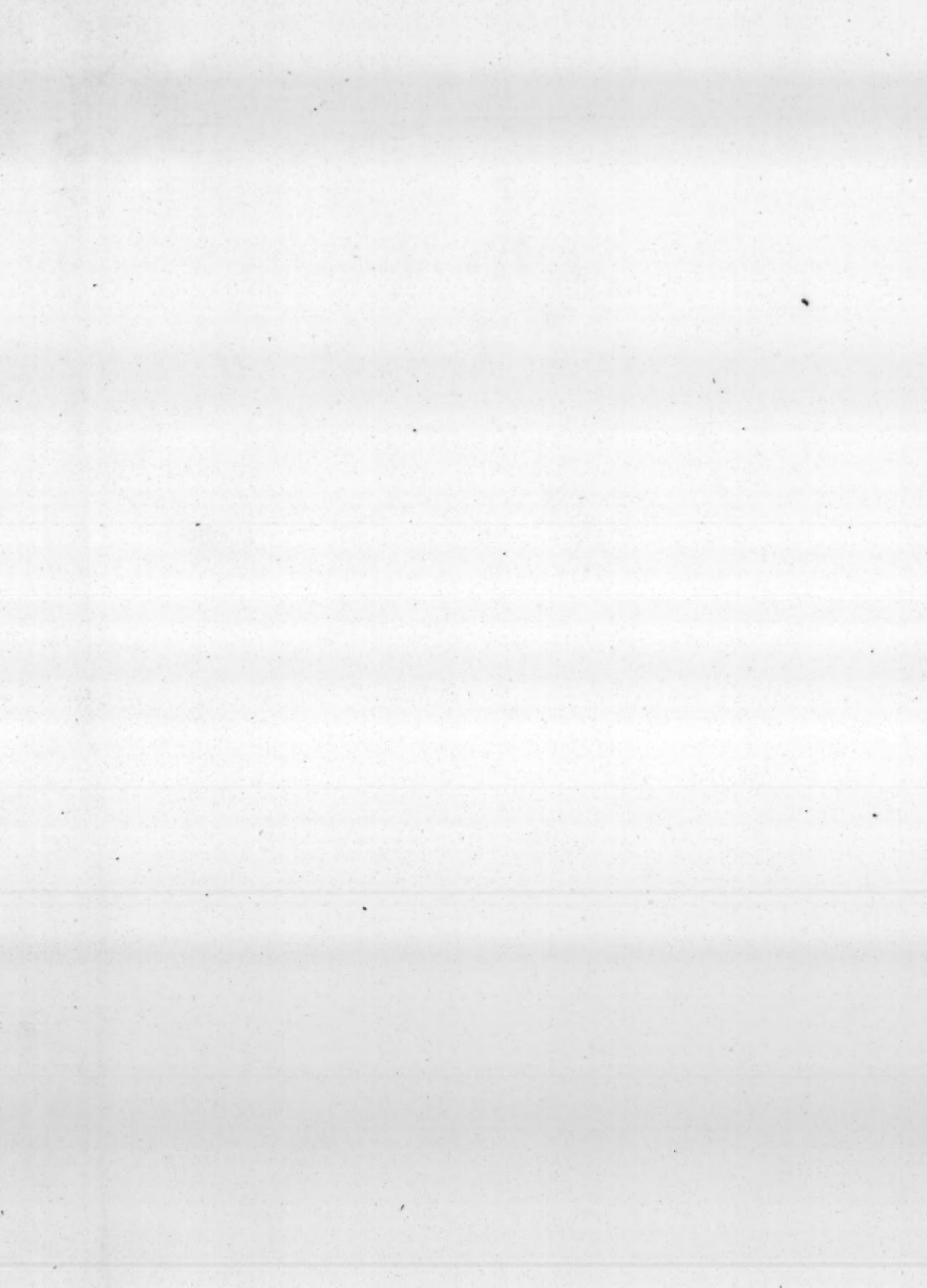
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Stephen Colledge's GHOST TO THE FANATICAL CABAL.

From the unfathom'd Bowels of those cells,
Where death and everlasting horror dwells,
I come with timely notice to prevent
A restless and eternal discontent,
Leaſt you (my once belov'd) too late repent.
What e're the great designing Grandees said,
My willing soul officiouly obey'd,
I was an active Puppet and was proud,
To squeak out *Treason* to the listning Croud,
Whilst S— behind the *Curtain* late, *Shall burn*
And taught my busie babbling tongue to prate,
But now my *Quondam Tutor* give that o're,
And trust your vain projecting head no more ;
Though with *deliberation* you assay,
Think how the *Silver slime* betrays the *Snail*.
Tell Dr. *Titus* and without offence
To his *imaginary Reverence*.
'Twere better that the truth had been expos'd
As naked as himself and as disclos'd :
It was imprudence in him and a freik
To stretch the *Plot* so far to make it break.
Poor Implement to some designing head,
And then by fairer promises betray'd.
Let M— curb ambition least it grow, *Mornmouth*
And only swell him high to hurl him low,
The Eagles lawfull brood can only gaze
Like unconcern'd Spectators at the Rayes,
Too weak his eyes, his countenance too down
To look against the Lustre of a Crown.
Now for the scribbling Tribe, my last advice
Is seasonable Caution to be nice,
Too boldly in their function they transgress,
Too fatally Licentious is the Press.
The giddy and believing Rout they please
With Mercuryes and Impartiallities,
Whilst into the unpleasant Dose is thrown
Protestancy to make the Cup go down ;
I fill'd a Bumper to the Rising Sun,
And drank Sedition till I was undone.

But now my conscious soul repines in vain,
Repentance only aggravates the pain,
The fatal Doom can never be retriev'd,
Murther may sooner hope to be repriv'd.
How durſt these parched Lips pronounce ſuch
Againſt the best & worthiſt of Kings ? (things)
I muſt that ſacralegious Arm condemn,
Dares ſpoile his temples of the *Diadem*,
That Ornament was Heavens ſole gift, & why.
Did we Supream Authority deny ?
With what ill *Genius* were we poſſeſt
To force his Royal Brother from his breast ?
No ſooner we Petition'd, but he'd give ;
Till we incroach'd upon Prerogative,
Then when he ſaw what Mysterieſ were meant,
He, tender of his honour, did reſent ;
And pull'd our Battel Architecture down,
Erected in defiance to his Crown. (Skies
But hold, approaching day peeps through the
And whispers to the guilty Ghosts to fly.
My date of time's expir'd, and I muſt go,
The Cock with his third *Summons* tells me ſo.
Now muſt I stalk and like a *Goblin* rove
Through wayleſs paths and melancholy Groves,
Down to the deep *Abyſſ* where discord reigns,
And Treasons puniſh with eternal pains.
There, no kind *Ignoramus* can reſore
My drooping Vitals and allay the ſore,
Inſtead of Acclamations and applause
Which my attempting rafhneſs uſ'd to cauſe.
Nought but the Yells of furieſ now I hear,
And crawling *Snakes* ſhall hourly hisſe despair.
This, this will be your Doom if you proceed,
Your Polliticks will fail you when you need,
Divine severity muſt be your fate
With a Relentleſs Never for the Date;

FINIS.



K Academies ... Cambridge. Univ. of C.

1872. a 1
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Quod plerique omnes faciunt adolescentuli,
Ut animum ad aliquod studium adjungant.—

TERENT.

Neque enim concludere versum
Dixeris esse satis: neque, si quis scribat, uti nos,
Sermoni propiora, putas hunc esse poetam.
Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.

HORAT.

NON ego bella cano, fulgentiaque arma ruentis
In decus aut mortem; dum latè fluctuat omnis
Aere residenti tellus, atque, horrida miscens
Prælia, per medios rabidus Mars evolat hostes;—
Ista modis magis apta tuis, divine poeta,
Grande decus Scotia; seu tu depingis anhelum
Marmionen, fuso fugientem sanguine ad umbras;
Seu labentis equo describis vulnera Galli.

Mome pater, facilesque Joci, Risusque, Salesque,
Si Culices cecinisse ferunt bellâ arte Maronem,
Margitenque suum divinæ mentis Homerum,
Aspirate mihi. Nam vertere seria ludo,
Stultitiamque brevem, gratâ novitate loquendi,
Consiliis miscere juvat. Dimittere, nobis
Est ubi conveniet, contractæ nubila fronti.

EUTAPELUS, ferulâ liber scuticâque magistri,
Hæsitat; et quid agat, non invenit: ensis et aurum
Arrident primò, dirique insignia belli,
Martiaque in toto fluitantia signa sereno;—
Attamen hæc obstant; cædes, et vulnera, morsque,
Atque cicatrices: Suave est fulgere colore
Purpureo, salvo è telis cum corpore; dum te
Ostendunt digito pulchrae monstrantque puellæ,
Et tacitè inclamat leni, de more, susurro,
“Quàm sese ore ferens! quàm forti pectore et armis!”—
Quid mora? bella cadunt. Non defensoribus istis
Tempus eget! — Dubio tandem incertoque futuri
Cedunt Arma Togæ. Dicto citius toga et ingens
Pileus afferunt: ridet, tractatque, petitque
Si quæ sint manicæ, si quæ sint vincla; tumensque
Volvitur in gyros, et se miratur euntem.

Protinus in sedes, ut sit novus incola, quas te,
Magne olim Newtöne, ferunt coluisse, superbis
Passibus ingreditur. Librorum cogit acervos,
Euclidenque suum. Digitis tua carmina versat,
Flacce, imitanda sibi, si sint imitanda; ducesque
Ante cibum versus, totidem cœnatus, in auras
Efundit. Quantos tunc se contorquet in orbes,
Numine Musarum afflatus! tum pectus anhelum,
Et rabie fera corda tument: caput atterit; unguis
Arrodit vivos; immensumque intonat ore,
Nil mortale sonans. Verbis quid opus? subitò ipsum
Sub pedibus mugire solum, tremere omnia circùm.—
Ne mihi tum dederit casu Fortuna maligno
Contiguas habuisse domus; seu fortè placebit
Digerere informando animum tua dogmata, Locki;
Seu magè Newtoni digitis oleoque tabellas
Contigerit trivisse! — Vocant prælector et hora
Quarta; tremens volat ille togâ crepitante, suique
Oblitus libri, salvâ fide mittitur: Atqui
Non sic effugiet: restant jam plura: vocatus
Ad prælectorem rursus festinat — “eundem,
An diversum?” inquis. Nimirùm alium. Poteritne
Idem ex ore suo flamمام expirare geluque
Iisdem temporibus? Respondes; “Quid vetat?” Inquam,

Sedulus intendas te, et perfice: Fallor, an alter
Sisyphus in montis volves fastigia saxum.

Hic catus est tragicas veneres, formasque loquendi
Græcis communes, exponere: vatis Horati
Carmina in ore suo felix habet, explicat, et si
Quis rogat, expromit. Porro vix extat in orbe
Auctor Romanus, quem jam Libilita sacravit,
Vel Græcus, quem non dudum perlexerit. O! si
Fas bibere ampullas et sesquipedalia verba,
Quæ tonat ore suo; dum tentat sedulus arte
Ludere particulis, et nugis addere pondus!
Fortunati omnes, quibus hæc monosyllaba cordi, et
Prælia verborum! Mutat quadrata rotundis,
Luxuriantia compescit, medicamina fidè
Affert corruptis. Si quis malè doctus habet &:
In Tragicis, culpat; in & mutatur; habet &
Porsonus; (quis enim Porsonum dicere falsum
Audeat?) Alde, tamen vocem tu corripis, et &
Incassum legis: haud refert, nec proficit hilum.

Non ita et ille: modis radio describere miris,
Arte suâ, gaudet bellum problema, figuris
Impletum mixtis: hic sœva triangula, quadrasque
Intererit multum vidisse: docet quoque totum
Parte suâ majus: Mirum est! “Æqualibus æqua
Addas, et fient æqualia tota:” — magis jam
Conclamant, Mirum! — Sed quando his ritè peractis,
Et majora parans, imos aperire recessus
Contendit vates; et “Vanescant licet,” inquit,
“Res ipsæ, tenuesque abeant, ceu fumus, in auras —
Restat adhuc Ratio*;” — patulis tum rictibus omnes
Fixi inhiant; totam tenet admiratio mentem.
Hic est, ad famam cursus qui dirigit; hic est,
Per quem scripta astant, series præclara, meorum
Nomina, quæ legere est, à tergo versiculorum.

His jam perfectis, laetus redit ille domum; ceu
Tandem liber equus; comites vocat, et rogat adsint
Aut ad equos, aut si placeant in flumine cymbæ.
Concurrunt; itur; sic pars consumpta diei
Magna fugit: redeunt; mensæ, cibus, esca, parantur;
Post epulas, vinum, fructus; post vina, sacerdos.
Denique defessus, et fractus membra labore
Perpetuo, libros poscit: flammante lucernâ,
Paullum agitur: mox vis non intellecta soporis
Langenti obrepit: myxâ torpente veterno, et
Demittente caput, cœnam campana sonorâ
Voce vocat: surgit, fruges consumere natus,
Excutiens somnos: cœnatur: pocula mulsi
Post cœnam sumit: non deficit alter Achates,
Fidusque et cordatus homo; sermone fruuntur
Inter se vario: rursus somnus venit; itur
Ad lectum dubiis quotam surgatur ad horam; —
CRASTINA LUX SIBI FIDAT, habet Sophus — aut ego fallor.

* Dictio, ni fallor, satis apud Mathematicos nota.



Libertas quam nemo bonus nisi cum anima relinquit.

SALLUST.

DICIMUS ereptam Oceano, quæ, Belgia, rauco
Æquore te misces, circumque frementibus undis ;
Participans ponto regnum, quo tempore primum
Terra, dolos fabricata, tuæ fraudavit arenæ
Neptunum genitorem, avulsamque addidit ipsi :
(Hinc causæ imperio, hinc arces, et mænia celsa
Exstructa, et læto ferventes murmure campi)
At Pater accensus, fluvio sublapsus operto,
Multum artes indignatus, spretumque Tridentem,
Continuo invadit Terram, molesque refringit,
Inque sinus sinuatur, et uda intersecat irâ
Pectora ubique Deæ, et regnum sibi vindicat undis.

Quid vetat, ut, fulta antiquâ virtute, vigeres,
Inter aquas solio insidens, fluctusque sonantes,
Gentibus imperitans, quam nunc, virtute remissa,
Belgia, victa gemis, savo prostrata sub hôte,
Libertatis amans, resonat testudine Musa.

Actum est (sic voluit non exorabile numen
Fatorum)—jacet Europeæ, jacet, ultima tellus,
Threiciisque jugis, multâ Mars cæde cruentus,
Spumantes frænavit equos, et comprimit iras :
Sic adeo rursus strepit omnis murmure portus ?
Vasta adeo inflatis albescunt æquora velis ?
Et sub utroque polo, quâque incubat atra perenni
Bruma nive, et sævit luctans Aquilonibus æstus,
Arduus et quâ Sol, summo de vertice cœli,
Hesperium Oceanum, et Gangem despectat et Indos,
Æthiopum aut fines, et fuscos ora colonos,
Sollicitant celeres vexilla fluentia ventos ?
Dii superi, hæc essent utinam : sed fata recusant.
Nam procul exilio illacrymans, Pax aurea, vultus
Divinos aversa tenes, nec gaudia, ut olim,
Grata affers, requiemque et apertis otia portis :
Dura quies victimis et sævis durior armis :
Servitio graviora geris, deformia monstra,
Pallentes curas, et captum voce Timorem,
Desidiisque animos frangentem, et fortia quondam
Corda virûm — pudet hanc patribus componere prolem.

Vos o ! Belgarum manes, superisque receptæ,
Ingentes Batavorum umbræ, et quos Frisia tellus
Jactat avos, durâ sub Libertate feroce,
Æthere seu liquido, splendoremque inter et ignes
Concilia, aut stellas felices inter habetis,
Despicite angores natorum, et (si qua relictæ est
Cura virûm cælo, et dolor immortalia tangit)
Usque beatorum in campis, vernantibus horis,
Comprimitæ assuetos risus, perque ora verenda
Stillabunt lacrymæ ambrosiæ, multumque gemitus
Degeneres animos, et robora fracta nepotum.
Vosque etiam proles, magnorum indigna parentum,
Ob raptum decus imperii, patriamque labantem,
Et vos ante omnes, proavorum si qua supersit.

Religio, justos nimium instaurate dolores,
Gens Batava ; hæc miseris saltem solatia restent.

Ferreus ille virûm, portum qui ingressus inanem,
Littoreque eversas naves, avulsaque rostra,
(Quæ quondam sensere hostes, et terga dederunt)
Fragmina remorum, ventosque optantia vela,
Ferreus, aspiciens qui urbes, disjecta ruinâ
Limatum, et in vicis templorum ingentia saxa,
Temperet à lacrymis. Nequeunt ferre omnia servi.
Quo feror ? o ! cives, premite alto corde dolorem,
Condite suspectos gemitus, fert visa periculum
Lacryma, nec vox ulla malorum e pectore rumpat :
Incubat, invigilans torvè, sceptrumque Tyrannus
Ferratum latè per victas concutit urbes :
Designat lacrymas, suspiria subscribuntur.
Servitium potuit quid majus ? At omnia Gallis
Instaurate, Dei, similique rependite fato.

Quin agite, o ! juvenes, sat enim, sat colla tulerunt
Servitia, invisumque jugum, pœnasque dedistis
Desidia : foveat justas injuria flamas,
Flagitioque audete ipsam præponere mortem :
Aut rapidis date vela Notis, et solvite naves,
Littore, dilecto quondam, et natalibus arvis :
Fidentes maris hospitio, nova, libera regna
Quærите cum Patribus Laribusque et cum magnis Diis.
Qualiter imperio fracto, amissaque salute,
Urbibus immantæ parentibus hœsi,
Corripiere rates, patrio cum Principe, proles
Clara ducum, pontoque omnes voluere supremam
Credere fortunam, Britonumque tegentibus armis.
Dii faveant coepis, dent jus, stabilitaque regna,
Libertasque inserta solo per littora in annos
Explicit ingentes ramos, stirps alta Braganzæ,
Hesperiæ et populos sublimi protegat umbræ.
Ergo eadem vobis, Belgarum arrecta juventus,
Constante proposita, atque eadem stet gloria regni.
Qualia Dardanius struxit monumenta recisæ
Finibus Ausoniis Trojæ, et nova Pergama fecit
Æneas : surgit rerum pulcherrima Roma,
Orbis terrarum domina ; et postquam ardua cessit
Vis rapta imperii, jam jam viget illa ruinis,
Doctrinæque regit leni moderamine gentes.
Ante sed extremo quam stantes littore, caris
Conjugibus puerisque, rates concenditæ altas,
Cura sit antiquos proavorum invisere lucos,
Antra arasque iterum, magno loca numine plena
Tum si fortè animis lateat scintilla, parentum
Si possit testata armis erumpere virtus ;
Corripite arma viri, faustoque impulsa furore,
Irruat ad pugnam rauco gens sæva tumultu.
Certa salus bello ; magnus dum Victor ad oras
Fulminat Hispanas bello, rumpitque catenas,
Et consanguineos solidâ quatit arce Tyranno.

**Baccalaurei quibus sua reservatur Senioritas
Comitis Posterioribus, Mar. 12, 1812.**

D^r. Lindsay, *Trin.*

D^r. Barfoot, *Clas.*

D^r. Stewart, *Trin.*

D^r. Dawson, *Trin.*

D^r. Wollaston, *Chris.*

D^r. Morris, C. C.

D^r. Mecalf, *Trin.*

D^r. Kendal, *Joh.*

II AP60

1872. a 1
49

ODE,
COMPOSED FOR THE OCCASION
RECITED BY ONE OF THE PUPILS OF THE GIRLS' SCHOOL,
AT THE
ANNIVERSARY DINNER,
IN AID OF THE FUNDS OF THE
WESTMINSTER JEWS' FREE SCHOOL,
MAY 11TH, 5619—1859.

I.

Ye gen'rous hearts! where kindly feelings dwell,
That beat with sympathy at others' woe!
How shall a feeble child presume to tell
What numbered blessings from your fountain flow.

II.

Without your aid, dark Ignorance might steep
Our tend'rest years in cheerlessness and gloom;
And all our after-life remain to weep,
Perchance to rue the crimes of such a doom.

III.

But in our utmost need your help is shown,
Our earliest spring with holiest thoughts imbued;
Like Angel whisperings are your precepts known,
To choose the useful and pursue the good.

IV.

Virtue's bright path, though arduous still to tread,
Life's varied toils e'en cheerfully to face;
Some guiding hand to stretch, or kindness shed,
On sisters, brothers, wavering in the race.

V.

To store the youthful mind with lessons pure,
And point as years advance to deeds of praise;
From Vice to rescue, and Temptations lure,
Or drooping hearts with joyous Hope to raise.

VI.

Such your rich harvest! such your fruitful prize!
This the glad light to all our households brought.
By works like these Mankind shall happier rise,
And own your task with blessedness is fraught.

VII.

Ah! then not weary of your labours grow,
Nor deem us e'er unmindful of your love;
Some fairest flowers that round Earth's garden blow,
May grace your chaplets in a World above!

T. B.

*K
Thomas Benth*

GOD SAVE THE PRINCE.

To the Tune of " God save the King."

I.

O GEORGE, great Prince of WHALES,
Thy swallow never fails,
Voracious Prince !
We, all your slaves, agree
To doat on Monarchy ;
Our song shall ever be
God save the Prince.

II.

Thy prudence is so great,
It must preserve the state,
And fix the Throne !
How much the poor rejoice,
To pay your Whores and Dice,
While hunger to suffice
For bread they groan.

III.

While we with bloody hands
'Gainst French Republicans
For Monarchs fight,
That working men may say,
For Kings they ought to pray,
Force them your debts to pay ;
Prince, you'll do right.

IV.

Two hundred pounds a day
To thee we give away
To keep thy court ;
But twice that sum so high
You've spent in luxury,
While a poor family
Few pence support.

V.

When you a frugal plan,
With household-less began,
And sold your stud ;
Was that a false pretence
To get a sum immense,
And shew that you had sense
To suck our blood ?

VI.

The Prince, our Champion see !
Soldiers of Liberty
Rest on your arms ;
He'll break the magic ring,
Dispel the charms of King,
For which we're bound to sing
God save the Prince !

The King's Service.

Tune " Come listen ye Crimbs and ye Spies."

~~50.~~

YOU boys who so doat on a King,
Attend and I'll sing you a song,
You must very well know 'tis a maxim,
Our Monarch can never do wrong,
But as it is known he did never,
For his people a praise-worthy thing,
Wont it open your eyes to discover,
That a Log is as good as a King ?

A Log is as good as a King,
A Log is as good as a King,
Wont it, &c.

See history crimson'd with blood !
Each Monarch she paints to our view,
As intent upon nothing but power,
Not excepting the hero of Kew;
For that royal knave to be happy,
And strengthen a power too great,
A million of poor honest fellows
Must die for a Corsican state.

Sure a Log is as good as a King.
A Log, &c.

A wonderful King we have got !
Two parts at one time he can act,
A Juggler he is of great power,
To prove it I'll give you a fact —
For of Hanover as the Elector,
With Frenchmen he votes for a peace ;
While as King of Great Britain engages
Hostilities never shall cease.

Sure, &c. &c.

A million a year we must pay,
That a man may his person adorn,
To be stuck on a throne as a scare-crow,
To frighten poor birds from the corn ;
But if he consumes it himself,
What good do his services bring ?
It enables us all to discover,
That a Log is as good as a King.

A Log, &c.

Nine million of pounds he has saved,
Which in Hanover's chest he has cramm'd
Now the poor are all dying with hunger,
For him they may go and be damn'd.
But I'd have the oppressor beware,
For reason's a terrible thing,
It may open their eyes to discover,
That a Log is as good as a King.

A Log is as good as a King,

A Log is as good as a King,

It may open their eyes to discover,
That a Log is as good as a King.



A
SERIOUS NOVEL;

OR,

QUITE NEW, OR UNIVERSAL

L I T A N Y.

GOOD Lord! deliver us from hearts of steel!
And may all Nations for each other feel!

Good Lord! in Heav'n above they do not fight;
Jehovah's Majesty is their delight,
Divinely visit Earth with tempers right!

Good Lord! the tender mind of Christ impart!

To French and English, whom a ditch but part.

Good Lord! on Royalists Thy Blessings shine,
Nor curse Republicans, since They are Thine!
For, both, Thou in Thy Image mad'st Divine.

Good Lord! Thy Will be done, we often say!

Good Lord! to Thee sincerely may we pray:

Good Lord! give Concord, Peace, and Harmony
To jarring Nations; who, invidiously,
Are Satan's pleasant Sport, infernally.

Good Lord! how sweetly did Thy Angels sing
Upon the Birth-Day of their Heav'nly King!

Good Lord! send them once more with songs of Peace,
And bid All Ill-will and Ambition cease.

Good Lord! may All the Nations take Thy yoke;
Thy yoke is easy, Thou Thyself hast spoke.

Good Lord! send help to all, where e'er they be,
Who groan in Famine, or in Slavery!

Good Lord! may All the World give its increase,
And may the rich not their poor Brethren fleece.
Make all degrees of Clergy meek in heart;
Rejoicing for Christ's sake their wealth to part.

And may a Union of Civility

With France and all the World come speedily!

Good Lord! may duty free, charming French Wine
Soon cure some Thousands in a deep decline,
Thus Health and Peace, and Trade and Wealth combine.

Good Lord! may People know Their Consequence,
That They support th' State, in ev'ry sense;
Nor swerve from Loyalty on No Pretence.

God grant the Soldiers always may live well;

And may their Neighbours of Thy Bounty tell!

Good Lord! may Kings and Bishops Patterns be
Of Self Denial, and Humility!

Good Lord! do Thou the Trappings of the State
Ecclesiastical, Regenerate.

God grant that Bribes All Boroughs would refuse
And learn the Value of the Oaths They use,
Religion and Philosophy diffuse.

For if a Country's Bought, it must be Sold,—

The Cash Refunded, and, with Int'rest told.

Good Lord! upon the next approaching Fast,

May these NEW PRAY'RS be added to the last!

Good Lord! Let All The People Say, Amen!

Then will be happy Times, and Not till Then.

And May These Pray'rs bring about A Peace!

Petitions from the Meanest, God can please:

Men should pray always; nor, should ever faint;

So said OUR SAVIOUR,—Greater than a Saint!

Pray'rs are availing, and, will Wonders Do;
Mountains remove; The Red Sea dry up Too;
To Wars, make France and England Bid Adieu!

The Sovereign of Heav'n, can kindly hear;

To the Oppressed, say, Be of Good Cheer!

And Grievances redress; Dry up each Tear.

When Famine, Wars and Plagues, come to the worst;

And Millions mingling Tears, with their last Crust;

Then, on a Sudden; WILL HIS GOODNESS BURST.

*The above is respectfully recommended to the Perusal of Gentlemen, Candidates for Parliament
in the INDEPENDENT INTEREST, on the ensuing Election.*

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[Price Two-Pence.]

GROGAN, PRINTER, KENT-STREET, BOROUGH.

SERIOUS NOVEL

SOUTHEAST ASIAN STUDIES

M A R K T I N G

CHAP. VI.

Sister CLERK, this is very dirty Work.

Yes, Sister KENTON, this is very dirty work—but we are well paid for doing it!



K ODE. To the Judges.

HAIL Veterans of the Law, sage upright men ;
So merciful, impartial, and so good ;
We ne'er shall look upon your like again—
Indeed it were a pity if we should.
Behold ! the humblest of the humble bows,
Imprest with reverence at each look so big ;
Each frown that awful dignifies your brows ;
Each nod that shakes the vast important wig.
But yet, my Lords, although you look so charming,
Some wicked sniggerers will have their jokes,
And say, that strip you of your wigs and ermine,
You very much resemble other folks.
Impossible ! no wight of mortal race
Can boast such intrepidity of face.
No ! no !

Your faces never felt the crimson glow.
For blushing argues guilt—ah ! then how pure,
How very innocent the man must be,
Whose visage wrapt in sevenfold brafs secure,
Never posseſſ'd the blushing faculty.
Your penetration too, my Lords, is deep ;
Into each mouse-hole of the law you creep,
With microscopic eye,
You for interpretations search and pry.
Yet do the swinish untaught vulgar think
Sometimes at things before your nose you wink ;
Explain away the law-maker's intent,
And find out meanings that were never meant.
His Lordship on the bench the laws declare
Is council for the pris'ner at the bar :
A very blessed function ! most inviting,
To folks, like you, in equity delight in ;
To drop down pity like the dew of heaven,
And pity crimes too great to be forgiven.
No doubt you sigh as though your hearts would break,
When vile seditious libellers you sentence,
(The tear of pity rolling down each cheek),
You only wish them punish'd with repentance.
On GORDON were your tender mercies shewn,
Condemn'd in gaol to languish year by year,
Like yours, the tender mercies of the crown,
Till the jail-fever snatch'd him from your care.
TOM LLOYD too, vile incorrigible wight,
Who against legal trafic dar'd to prate,
Got a snug three years spell—as well he might—
And pillor'd only once—too mild a fate.
RIDGWAY and SYMONDS too—a precious pair—
Midwives to half the libels in the town—
Keep them, my Lords ! keep ! keep them where they are,
Or far and wide Sedition will be sown.
Twere politic indeed

To lock up all the folks that write or read.
HOLY was a very thoughtleſſ youth 'tis plain,
Nor knew the glories of a George's reign ;
But, sure, your merciful, your just rebuke,
Will shew him all depends on time and season,
That what was duty once may now be treason ;
And crimes in him are no crimes in a Duke.
Gadzooks, friend WINTERBOTHAM, thou'rt a fool,
A most unreverend fool, although a Parson,
That could'nt not of thy bible make a tool,
To carry, silly priest, the regal farce on.
Could'nt thou find in sacred prose or song,
The right divine of Kings to govern wrong ?
Man of short memory ! has thou forgot
The Meal-tub, Rye-house, and Gunpowder Plot ;
Cannot thy purblind ken discern most clear,
Warriors in crowds

Encamped in the low'ring clouds,
And plots of God knows who, hatch'd God knows where.
Blow then the priestly trumpet, loudly preach
Truths, such as prophets us'd of old to teach.

The law divine,
By which men are directed to resign
Their reasons, consciences, and such like things,
To the safe custody of priests and kings.
Had HODGSON minded purges, vomits, clysters,
Nor clapt on Monarchy his caustic blisters—
Hog-butcher'ring was a trade he might have known
For plebeians alone ;
And had this loyal maxim on his tongue,
That though *the man* may plunder, cheat or kill,
Sell human carcasses, do what he will,
The King is sacred, and can do no wrong.
Such your high deeds ! ye mighty law bell-weatheres,
Leading behind your fable bleating flock,
Who (save a very few) knit legal tethers,
To bind the swinish herd—taut as a rock.
Go on, great men, preserve our constitution,
Against all tamperers with revolution ;
And such there are 'tis plain ;
For Pitt says so, who never speaks in vain.
Our Constitution ! glory of the earth !
A mystery above all myst'ries rare,
What nook, what epoch gave the wonder birth ?
Where is it hid ? my good Lords, tell us where ?
What not one word ! and are your Lordships mute ?—
Indeed 'twere rude
To ask an answer to the multitude,
That aggregate of swine-hood, that vile grunting brute.

UNHAPPY I, doom'd to a foreign land,
Far from the care of your kind, soft'ring hand,
For days and days on hoary ocean tost,
Yet shall my pen new dipt in loyal flame
In distant regions celebrate your fame,
And write your names on every gallows post.

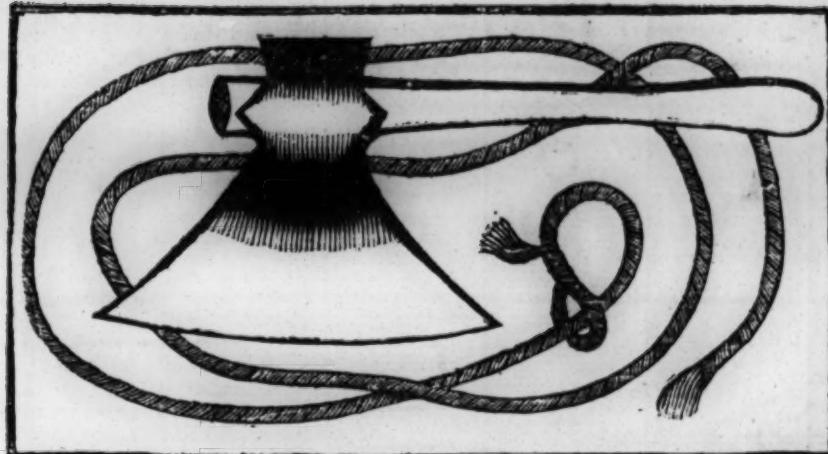
*Similes for your Lordships consideration—
Effusions of my loyal veneration.*

MY Lords, you must have seen, I'm sure you must,
A pair of bagpipes, mark'd the drones
Humming forth dull continual monotones,
As the prefs-bag discharg'd its constant gulf,
Two equal drones, and one just twice as long,
(The king of pipes) pour out the hum ;
But chanter tunes along the nasal song,—
What matter though the other three were dumb !
The chanter is the Minster, 'tis clear,
But who can brag,
That he the bellows blows and fills the bag ;
Or whom the drones depict, does not appear,
But this is certain,
Great things are done by folks behind the curtain,
Sometimes, my Lords, I know you go to church,
Though not for miracles to pray,
Of loaves and fishes *every day*,
But left God leave some monarch in the lurch.
There you have heard solemn and slow,
An orchestra comp'rest, the deep-ton'd organ blow.
Wond'rous machine ! whose varied sound
Now floats in curls of air, now shakes the ground,
Nice its construction, for harmonic rows
Of vocal pipes, its tuneful frame compose.
Of equal dignity each in its place
The shrilleſt treble, or the deepest bass,
United all in one majestic whole,
The swelling tide of harmony they roll.
Feeble apart, yet powerful they join,
To swell the chorus of a strain divine.
Pouring th' united note, full, clear, and strong—
A commonwealib of harmony and song.

negative print off AGO

TAX and AXE.

53



HOW happy a thing,
Is having a king,
That tenderly feels all our woes !
How well we are fed !
How well we are led !
Ah ! prettily led by the Nose.

The king I am sure,
Is all that is pure,
But then, sure the devil is in't !
Here's PITT at the helm,
A sinking the Realm,
And sinking all us, and the mint.

Tho' this is the case,
With a good brazen face,
Hard holding the helm are the Ninnies,
The National debt,
They'll swell greater yet,
Tho' 'tis Three Hundred Million of Guineas.

You'll say, My good Blade,
When will it be paid ?
Ah ! that comes in wonderful clever ;
It cannot be yet.
No, never by PITT,
Tho' he and the king live for ever.

Yet bluff Mr. Million,
Thinks Pitt his Postillion
Is driving on wonderful well ;
But how it can be,
Is a mystery to me,
I think he is driving to hell.

'Till made to be done,
Headstrong they go on,
Our men and our money to harras,
For Dundas and Pitt,
Have shook hands for to fit,
All glee, o'er a bottle at Paris.

If jovial they go,
Time quickly will show,
At present 'tis very much pond on,
Nor do I believe,
I'd sooner receive,
That Paris will meet them at London.

'Till it come to pass
That Pitt and Dundas,
Sit at Paris in jocular glee ;
May good porter and wine,
Be the wafh for us swine,
In our fly under Liberty's Tree.

But say what we will,
Pitt taxes up still,
Our tea and our wine and our drams,
They have taxed our light,
By day and by night,
And our Lawyers—poor innocent lambs.

From the sole that we tread,
To the hat on the head,
We are spangled over with duties ;
O that all the swine
Could but see how they shine,
They'd huzza the king for their beauties.

Soon as we cry Ba,
There's a Tax for to pay,
This seems like tyrannical laws ;
To be laid in the grave
A Tax they must have,
But then we get free from their claws.

I boldly declare,
Whosoever they are,
That pretend for to govern a Realm ;
If they suffer the State,
To be drowned in debt,
They ought to be kick'd from the helm.

O that a good Nob,
Had hold of the Job,
Cheap plenty would have a free scope ;
Each National bite
He'd soon set to right,
With a little good senfe and a rope.

With matters be hush,
See, Pitt does not blush,
And the king is in very good chear ;
And let it be said,
The king has a head,
That deserves all his Million a year.

Let Taxing go on,
And laugh at the fun,
Be heedless by whom you are led ;
They'll make up a Score,
They cannot make more,
Then Monarchy must go to bed.

O Rulers of state !
Your wisdom is great,
'Tis plain by Invention of tax,
But Old Johnny Bull
Looks fulky and dull,
And has dream'd on a halter and Axe.

This taxation work,
It bites like a Shark,
Enough for to make us to frown ;
We now must not wear,
White dust in our hair,
Till a Ye low-Boy we have paid down.

Tho' my hair it is grey,
Not a Guinea I'll pay
To Pitt, is my fixed Intention,
For no such state rakes
To make ducks and drakes,
And skim away at the Convention.

By Jove I'll be free,
When so I can be,
No Pack-As I'll be to a knave,
The butterfly beau,
With his powder may show,
That he's got but the soul of a slave.

Well powder your crown,
You're then a buffoon,
Buffoons first the practice begun ;
Well over your clothes,
The powder dispose,
And then you're a figure of fun.

This Tax will define,
And tell who are swine,
By the powdered hair or the wigs ;
If powder'd you are,
I vow and declare,
You are nothing but Pitt's Guinea Pig.

Pitt's touching your polls,
He'll soon tax your souls,
And if you bend to his desire ;
He'll fix the Broad-Arr.—
On your brow like a star,
And then you are Cesar's entire.

Come now ye sweet Fair,
Don't powder your hair,
As a lover and friend I advise ;
We'll love your plain tuft,
Without being puf'd'
But only look sweet with your eyes.

I spurn Pitt away,
But to Solomon say,
Your war and your taxing reverse ;
No praises to you,
From the Mules are due,
Nor have you the favor of Mars.

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54

THE GRUNTER'S ODE, OR AN HEROIC POEM, BY A SWINE,



The SWINE's Poetical and Political Address, 1 To the King; 2 To Ministry, 3 To Generals, 4 To Bishops, 5 To Judges, and 6 To Johnny Bull.
Dedicated to Mr. BURKE, Godfather of the Swinish Multitude.

YE sacred Muses on your lofty seat,
 Whose kind influence all the wise intreat;
 For plac'd beneath the shadow of your wing,
 The Poets easy and harmonious sing;
 O that you might your sacred Spirit breathe,
 On me your Suppliant, humbly plac'd beneath;
 O, spurn me not away, because the Bard,
 You plainly see, is of the Swinish herd;
 But condescend, this once, ye Muses nine,
 O, condescend, this once, to aid a swine.

GREATLY alarm'd with wond'rous Majesty,
 I Trembling take a peep out of my fly:
 The king, I know, enthron'd in sacred height,
 All that he thinks, and speaks, and does is right:
 The scraping courtiers gaze upon the king,
 Their smilings tell him that he's just the thing;
 His learned Councils, Bishops too divine,
 Can find no fault; then, how can I a Swine?
 Princes suppose we Swine they just exceed,
 As the tall Cedar does the rambling weed;
 They only deign to look on us below,
 To get our pence to make a pompous show.
 But he that hoarding gold makes all his rule,
 To say the best, he's but a greedy fool,
 Tho' in the splendid palaces he dwells,
 His mind is routing in the swinish cells;
 The greedy Hog's a Shark upon the prize,
 A begging swindler in a State disguise;
 This picture's pencil'd from the life, and now,
 I take my leave, I make my swinish bow.

NOW unto those that circle George about
 With greater boldness I shall lift my snout;
 Assist ye Muses with poetic fire,
 That I may sing the Ministerial Quire;
 High in the State, a bagging up the gold,
 To Beelzebub they must the Candle hold;
 Diffuse their Gifts, and Bribes through all their sphere,
 That they may not be stop'd in their career;
 Who sit in council for the nation's good,
 But spend her treasure and pour out her blood;
 Plac'd at the helm the Bark so vile they steer,
 We swine want wash, for even grains are dear!
 O blushing shame, and think what you deserve,
 Beneath your rule, the poor repine and starve.
 Now Granville, Portland, Windham, Dundas and Pitt,
 Slink from your places, for you are not fit,
 From state descend, resign, with speed resign,
 Confess your shame, and dwell with common swine;
 Tho' fortune blind has set you up on high,
 You merit nothing but the swinish fly;
 Say what you've done, the great performance tell,
 That a few Swine could not have done as well.

THE inspiring Muses now direct my mind,
 To view the Heroes of the powers combin'd;
 Such a devoted group of men there are,
 To serve the king when he shall go to war;
 Justice of war does not to these belong,
 Their work is slaughter, be it right, or wrong;
 These are the swine without a conscious awe,
 The king's their god, and his mandate's their law!

Alarming news came flying o'er the main,
 That France had broken her despotic chain;
 Kings were insulted in the dethron'd Sire,
 And soon command to set them all on fire;
 Brunswick, and Cobourg, Clairfait, and his Grace,
 March out like Heroes for to find the place,
 Puff'd up with pride, each Hero looks as great,
 As tho' himself an army could defeat,
 Forward and backward, round about they stray,
 But not one Hero yet can find the way,
 Their plans, intrigues, and enterprises fail,
 At last retreat, like Dogs that's burnt the tail;
 Brunswick and Cobourg, and his Grace again,
 Return in safety, but where are the men?
 The flowerly Armies that the Countries yield,
 Lie strangely slaughter'd in the martial field;
 Are these the works? and are these direful things,
 The wanton pleasures of ambitious kings?
 Thus martial Sirs, as far as I can see,
 You are no more than such a swine as me;
 Your march to Paris, and to save the Dutch,
 Could not a Hog in Armour done as much?
 To you great Heroes now I end my strain,
 I'll sing your glories in some new campaign.

YE generous Muses still your aid prolong,
 Nor e'er withdraw till I shall end my song;
 Let your influence give your swine a grace,
 For now a Score of Bishops I must face,
 O lend your aid, or how shall I a Swine,
 Appear before these Prelates all Divine?
 Right Reverend Fathers tell us why you vote
 For war, that makes men cut each others throat!
 Surely you ought to pray, and vote for peace,
 That human slaughter might for ever cease.
 Come Holy Fathers tell us why you hope
 The War to prosper; Are you for the Pope?
 Would you establish all his Bishoprics,
 His hellish Priests, and all their juggling tricks,
 Their superstition, Idols, and Ambition,
 Their Popish spite, and cruel Inquisition?
 Yes, if for war you lift your bribed hand,
 You fight in favor of this dangerous band.
 With seeming gravity you this advance,
 That nought but Anarchy can be in France,
 A little time will damn all you declare,
 Shew Justice, Liberty, and Order there,
 France will be eat'd, France will be governed hence,
 Full ten times better, at least ten times the pence;
 'Tis this that strikes the Princeely Courts with fear,
 'Tis this will shew the vile expenditure here,
 But Popery you'd have at France and Rome,
 And something else you know not what at home,
 'Tis this you want, tis this you order call,
 'Tis this shall prove you nothing are at all,
 But Form, and Name, without a gleam divine,
 The tools of state, a Herd of greedy S—
 Right Reverend Fathers now with you I end,
 Strew no more pearls, least that you turn and rend.

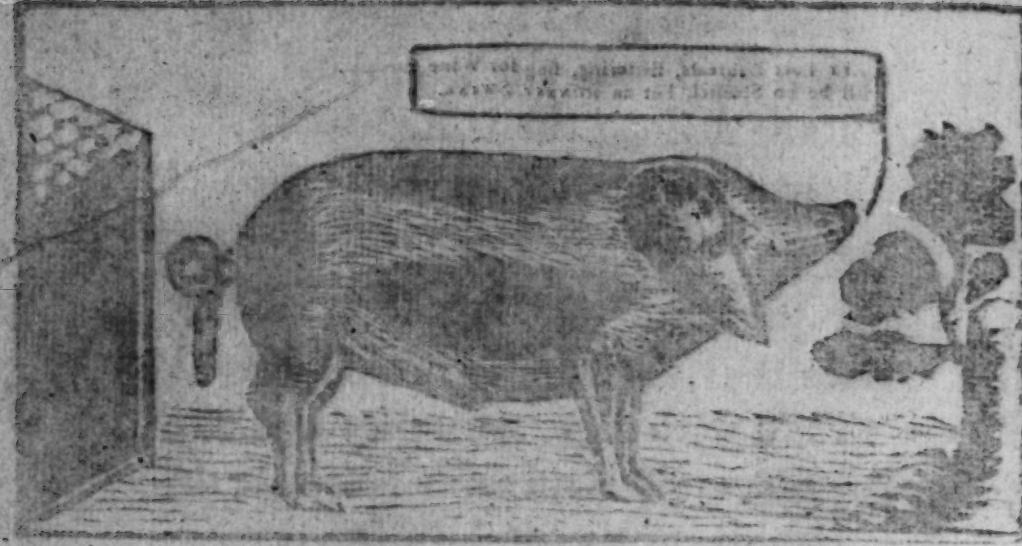
O, will the Muses deign to condescend
 Their rustic Supplicator to attend,

Into the Courts of Justice and of Law,
 Where all should be Solemnity and Awe,
 By modest truth the busines should be sway'd,
 Nor difference between king, and pauper made;
 Here Grace should shine, but is it so? Alas!
 A vile corruption runs thro' every class,
 Laughing, Quibbling, Catching, and Joking's there,
 And strangers often baited like a bear,
 Behold the Sage upon the Bench sedate,
 He's a politic creature of the State.
 When in the council, or in the house he sits,
 He ponders, and he sums up all his wits,
 To praise, and carry with a grace the thing,
 That shall be most obliging to the king:
 Upon the Bench oft criminated reason,
 Is very nicely made to be High Treason,
 The verdict given by Jury's common sense,
 Oft breaks the Law, and gives the Judge offence,
 'Tis wond'rous strange, How can these dogmas be?
 A Judge can say what no one else can see;
 A Lawyer routing in his quibbling trash,
 Is but a Swine a grunting in his wash,
 That antique wig put on to give a grace,
 Makes some resemblance of my swinish face.
 Casting my eye I think I spy a brother,
 And high in yonder Court I spy another,
 O happy swine! how happy is thy lot!
 That hath such near, such high relations got;
 'Tis true in politicks we differ wide,
 They are for war, I on the other side;
 Hear good advice, tho' after Pitt you go,
 Take ye Lawyers of the Pit below.

WHO's this that comes that looks so strangely dull?
 O, now I see, it's honest Johnny Bull,
 How goes it honest John? my Boy, what cheer?
 How fits the Budget on your back this year?
 I vow by righteous Pitt, and good Dundas,
 If not a Swine John, you're a loaded ass;
 Surely you're over head and ears in debt,
 And by appearance deeper you will get,
 How do you think such monstrous sums to pay?
 Sure mop and pail must wash it all away:
 Nor in your paper-house can there be found,
 Specie to pay three shillings in the pound!
 The king is wondrous rich, the nation poor;
 It seems to me the Million ought to lower.
 If thus you suffer matters to go on,
 I soon shall re-baptize you Easy John;
 Rouse from your Stupor, exercise your brains;
 Or soon the times will not afford you grains.

THE Heads of State resolve a new campaign,
 To try once more the splendor of their brain;
 And may the mighty Judge, that never swerves,
 Pour down the merit that the War deserves,
 And quickly bring unto the block, or Gallows,
 All that make war from an ambitious malice.
 My mind I've eat'd, and honestly express'd,
 So now I'll turn me to my fly and reft,
 Where I shall thank the Muses for my sonnet,
 For, without them a Swine could not have done it.

THE
GRUNTLER ODE
BY ANTHONY
HEATH
AND
CHARLES
SWINBURN



Should be done as early as possible, since it can affect the outcome.

1. In the first place, to avoid the risk of
loss, you must have a good insurance
policy. This is a wise investment, and it
will give you peace of mind. It will also
help you to get the best possible price
for your car. You should consider
getting a policy from a reputable
insurance company. You can also
get a quote online or by calling
the company directly. Once you
have a quote, you can compare
it with other companies to see if
they offer better coverage at a
lower price. You should also
check the terms and conditions
of the policy to make sure it
covers all the risks you are
concerned about. Finally, you
should keep your car in good
condition to prevent damage.
2. Another way to protect your
car is to keep it in a secure
place. If you live in an area
where there is a high risk of
theft, you should consider
locking your car in a garage
or a secure parking lot. You
can also consider getting
a security system for your
car, which can help to deter
thieves. You should also
keep your car in a well-lit
area, and avoid parking
in dark, isolated areas.

LOYAL BRITON'S SONG.

TUNE.—“Cease rude Boreas.”

~~H602~~
1872 a 1
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BRITONS! fam'd in antient story,
 For your warlike deeds of old,
 Now maintain your country's glory,
 Like your great forefathers bold :
 When for Battle *they* assembled,
 Rang'd along the tented field,
 At their presence *Frenchmen* trembled,
 Forc'd to bend their necks and yield.

2.

Dare they threaten to invade us,
 Fir'd with rage, with fury arm'd ?
 All the world shall ne'er persuade us,
 British hearts can be alarm'd.
 From our fathers we inherit,
 Love to Country, King, and Laws ;
 Show we then a martial spirit ;
 In the just and righteous cause.

3.

Should the foe, with malice burning,
 Venture near our native shore,
 All their wild endeavours spurning,
 Let the British cannons roar.
 If their proud flotillas, sweeping
 O'er the seas, insult our coast ;
 They shall find us far from sleeping,
 Each attentive at his post.

4.

When the English balls can reach them,
 Flying o'er the ruffled waves ;
 They, in language strong, shall teach them.
 “ *Britons never will be slaves.* ”
 Our presumptuous foes defying,
 Let us draw the conq'ring sword ;
 To our loyal standards flying,
 “ *Rule Britannia,* ” is the word.

J. B.

27th July, 1803.

[ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.]

[PRICE TWO PENCE.]

THE LOYAL BRITON'S SONG.

BY JAMES GUTHRIE, AUTHOR OF "THE BRITON."

BRITONS! form'd in antique style,
For whom warlike deeds are old,
On maine your country's glories,
Like your sweet foliage's blosom :
When for Britain's well deserved
Rende'red song, the rever'd field
At their presence, when we're
Proud to pour their necks and heads

9

Does such insatiate toil deserve us,
This night's work with such marks?
All the world shall never be wanting
British hosts can be stirring,
From our jupiters we implore,
From to Cœlestis dome, and laws;
Show me thro' a mortal briar;
In the fire and lightning chase.

8

Spoil thy foe, with Justice punishing,
Our hearts with native spoile,
All thy high endeavours subduing,
Fit the British banners tost,
The iron broad bottom according
O'er the seas, wash out our coast;
Lay each land in thy stormyطبقه
Hood attire to his boat.

A

We're the Englishmen bold on every shore,
Hiring out the battle-fields ;
They in bounding range, still (so they tell)
"A man must have well as wise,"
Our breams (none too gaylying
The air with the sound, ring among
To our loyal诞生的 living
Banks, the banks of Britain,

A FEW-LINES ON THE LATE
HAPPY and MIRACULOUS ESCAPE

Of His most Sacred and Excellent Majesty

KING GEORGE the 3d,

At DRURY-LANE THEATRE, the 15th of MAY, 1800.

GOD save great GEORGE Our KING, and Him protect ;
Convince his Foes that He is thine elect.
God save our Noble KING, and Him defend ;
With choicest Blessings unto his Life's end.
When Cobblers dare presume to mend the State,
Then, truly, Loyal Hearts must palpitate.
The Work of Ages, Now to want an Awl,
Or Stir-rup Soldiers to make Monarchs fall.
Concussions, then, exploded far and near ;
But, yet, Explosions which the World *would* hear ! }
All Crowned Heads would paralyze with fear ! }
Who Origins of Governments can trace ?
Did not sage Time such documents deface ?
Presumption in Mechanics to dictate ;
What Science ever form'd, or built a State ?
By Mathematics, Governments to square !
Novel, or new ; Such Subjects to compare.
Like OLIVE TREES all Governments should spring ;
The Soil produce Republics, or, a King.
'Tis immaterial which ; but I PREFER
KING GEORGE ! to any Norman Conqueror.
My Compliments to him respectfully,
LONG MAY HE LIVE ! Free from Adversity ; }
Reign in the Hearts of His Large Family.
I swear 'gainst Kings I'll never lift my hand ;
In This, or That, or Any other Land.
Beneath my Notice, for to Rise thereby,
To Consulship, or Other Stations high.
What Good would follow from the Sov'reign's death ?
What Cobbler could restore Imperial Breath ?
Nay, rather, what distracted Curse and Woe,
The Consequence of such a hideous blow !
Assassins in the dark ! Then, Safe are none ;
And All in Hellish Fears,—yes, ev'ry one.
Ghastly to fall in Battle ! But, Worse still,
Where Monarchs die without a previous Ill !
Ah ! When the King's to sudden death expos'd
By Soldiers on whose Zeal, He long repos'd ;
What shall we say then !—Here the Mind must pause !
And, Thunder-struck ! Enquire, what, What's the Cause !
His gracious Sceptre to All Ranks held out ;
Then Treason comes from Hell,—can any doubt ?
Petitions from the meanest, Answers He,
Then why the cause of all this Treachery ?
Such Cobbling Preachers, preach at a strange rate,
Who say that Christ will soon disturb the State.
All Governments, Christ left, just where he found ;
His Church with State affairs did ne'er confound.
Let Cobblers mind their Lafts, their Wax, and Ends ;
Dabbling in Politics to Mischief tends.
Let's drink the Royal Health in choicest Wine ;
May Heav'nly Glory round His Footsteps shine ;
The second Toast, or Sentiment, or Call ;—
Our Noble Selves, with GEORGE to stand or fall ;
Yes, Toast His loving Subjects Joys and Health !
"A speedy Peace and soon ;"—Plenty and Wealth.
Nor, None so Rich, to buy a Country's Stock ;
Nor Any very poor in GEORGE's Flock.
REFORMS, Where Wanted ; or OLD TIMES Renew ;
The Country full of LITTLE FARMERS view ; }
The KING their PATRON,—PLENTY would ensue.
Each Kill his Bacon, fed on Pease or Beans ;
And, HAPPY, (in their way) like KINGS and QUEENS.
Each have an Orchard of the choicest Trees ;—
Themselves Industrious, like their Hives of Bees.
A Mixed Government, Mixt Properly,
Where People, Not Outweigh'd by Property,
Is BEST.—God bles's the Royal Family ! }

Entered at Stationers' Hall.—Price Two-pence.

N. B. By the Author of the above will speedily be published, Price 5 Shillings,
A MISCELLANEOUS POEM, with CUTS, &c.

INCLUDING

BROAD HINTS to ABBE SIEYES and others.

In Constitution-mending should be kill'd ;
Sieyes was a Blockhead, that talk to fulfil :
To fortify a Garrison or Town,
What Master Builder first would pull them down ?

SOGREGAN, PRINTER, EENT-STREET, BOROUGH.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN's, Esq.

Celebrated additional Verse to the old popular Anthem of God save the King, to which are respectfully added, 20 others, by an Irishman in London; who, though not having much Faith in the received Opinion that the Millennium^{*} will exactly commence in this present Year, 1800, yet loyally and sincerely wishes that the next Century, or the Century after that, may begin with Universal Peace and Happiness, and continue so to the END OF TIME.

* Compare the 22d Chapter of Revelations with the 11th Chapter of Isaiah.

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From every latent Foe,
And the Aflaflin's Blow,
God save the King!
O'er him Thine Arm extend,
For Britain's sake defend,
Our Father, Prince, and Friend,
God save the King!

1. From ev'ry Traitor's Awl,
Which lurketh in his Stall,
God save the King!
From Visions, Dreams, and such,
Religion over-much,
Let not such touch'd, him touch!
God save the King!
2. From everlasting Wars,
Infernals, senfeleis jars,
God save the World!
Wars cease to be a Trade,
Nations no more afraid,
Enjoy their Ploughs and Spade,
God save the King!
3. From ev'ry Prejudice,
Conquests, or Avarice,
God save the World!
Each Cobler mind his Ends;
All Princes live as Friends,
God praise, who all defends,
God save the King!
4. Send ev'ry Parish Peace!
Would LITTLE FARMS increase!
THOSE bleſſ the World:
Plenty THESE would procure,
All rather Rich than Poor,
Singing on ev'ry Moor,
God save the King!
5. Some Hurdigurdies bring,
Whilst others jovial sing
God save the King!
The Clergyman says Grace;
In Chorus, oft sings bafs;
Sing none with a wry Face!
God save the King.
6. Odd Fellows many be,
John Bull contentedly,
Toasts Farmer GEORGE!!!
At Harvest Home, glad sing,
Thanks to our heav'nly King,
From whom all Comforts spring,
God save the King!
7. Fish, Flesh, and Fowls, they eat,
And various Kinds of Meat,
Puddings and Pies;
In Brandy swims the Fish,
In Wine each other Dish,
Here's to you, Farmer Biſh;
God save the King.
8. In Chorus, all combine,
French Horns and Trumpets join,
God save the King!
Let Handel lead the Band,
Or such who understand
To make a cheerful Land,
God save the King!
9. With Roses ſrew the Way,
For that all-glorious Day,
When God will come;
When He omnipotent,
Mercy, his element,
Will ſimile Peace and Content,
And ſave the King.
10. Let Precedents of Grief
Be buried in Belief,
God will arise;
That heav'nly glorious King,
Fore whom the Angels sing,
Will yet Salvation bring,
And ſave the King.
11. God ſave great George our King,
God ſave our noble King,
God ſave the King!
Pleasures on Angel's Wing,
To him ye Seraphs bring,
Millions with raptures sing,
God ſave the King!
12. May Sheridan write more,
Out of his copious Store,
In praise of GEORGE;
May he to Favor climb,
As Counſellor ſublime,
The King to Peace incline,
God ſave the King!
13. New Times, new Arguments,
To quiet Discontents,
God ſave the King!
Old Jealousies ſhould drown'd,
Which Politics confound,
Let Honesty be found;
God ſave the King!
14. In Whirlwinds may he ride,
Direct the Storms aside,
Remove the Caufe;
Then dire Effects would ceafe,
A ſoon and speedy Peace,
Would Hell on Earth decrease,
Then glorious Kings.
15. Make a Thanksgiving Day
To praise the Lord, I ſay,
Pray for the King!
Allegiance all would swear,
Heav'n hear each fervent Pray'r!
Make George Thy ſpecial Care;
Our Friend and King!
16. The Towns illuminate,
Let Bonfires Mirth create,
God ſav'd the King;
Let Squibs and Rockets fly,
Laugh at the starry Sky,
Whilſt dancing we with Joy,
God ſav'd the King.
17. Healths give in Punch and Wine,
Rich Loyalty thus fhine,
And toast THE KING;
Whilſt poorer Mobs in Beer,
Glad drink the royal Cheer,
Better they wish each Year,
And, LOVE THEIR KING.
18. May Soldiers' Arms reverse
Throughout the Universe,
Then, happy Kings.
Louis enjoy his Crown,
Would wear it with Renown,
Nor would his Subjects frown,
But chear that King.
19. May Belzebub, that Foe,
That horrid Dragon know,
God will him chain
A Thousand Years.—St. John
As Prophet, wrote thereon;
For that Time Nations long;
God ſave the King!
20. A Thousand Years confin'd,
The Devil out his Mind,
Once Lucifer!
Pride is a hellish Luft;
Let Mortals know they muſt
One Day be turn'd to Dust;
God ſave us all!

ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL.—PRICE TWOPENCE.

N. B. The whole of the above will ſoon be translated into French, German, and Russian Poetry; with the hearty Wish for their extensive Circulation and Impreſſion on the Continent, by Post, or otherwise.

To be had of the Author, Wholesale only, No. 2, Temple Place, Blackfriars Road, Surry.

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FATHER THAMES AND THE BUILDERS' STRIKE.

Quoth Old Father Thames, as he sat in his chair,
Breathing and puffing the pestilent air,
" What's this I hear ? The Builders have struck !
For me that's indeed a rare bit of luck, }
Since it stops for a time all additional muck.
At present I'm laden too much for my strength,
I flow thick and heavy the whole of my length ;
I try to run out and get dipp'd in the sea,
But vain are my ebbs, and I dirty must be.
Ah ! fifty years since, I was gay, I was bright,
My face shone quite clear, my body was light;
I nourish'd the people, I nourish'd the fish,
For my eels and my dabs were an excellent dish.
I was call'd at that time a beautiful stream,
And ship-masters held me in high esteem ;
But their casks are now fill'd from tanks on the shore,
For I am too foul to be drank any more.
Ah ! then the metropolis sewers were clean,
Neither garbage nor filth was in them oft'n seen ;
The old law upheld me at that time of day,
As much as it now leans a contrary way ;
And all who offended, whatever their names,
Were fin'd for polluting the waters of Thames.
Then, there were fields to be had at small cost,
Where money was earn'd by making compost ;
But builders rush'd in and cover'd the ground,
Until, for the stuff, not a spot could be found.
Whilst houses that rose demanded a share
Of drainage, and Echo said, ' Where, tell me where ? '
Commissioners squabbled, the Commons debated,
But giving the cash was a measure they hated ;
So, finding 'twould be much more easy to make
Father Thames all the filth and the water to take,
They order'd my sides to be trapp'd in a way,
That the sewers might deluge me twice in a day ;
Whilst builders continued to cover the ground
With their bricks and their mortar for many miles round.
But every new row of houses, I think,
Adds one per cent. more to the aggregate stink ;
And no man can tell, though great be his sense,
What the sum will amount to a year or two hence.
Oh ! had they but order'd the builders to wait
Till matters were put in a more wholesome state,
By raising a loan, and making a drain
Capacious enough for a railway train ;
And building it strong with walls and arches,
And carrying it on to the Essex marshes ;
And there constructing machines and tanks
To make compost, they'd have left my banks
Cleanly and sweet as beds of roses,
And Parliament men would have sav'd their noses.
Now, if it is true that fresh drains are in hand,
I hope they will keep all the filth on the land,
And not soil my face as they've done heretofore,
But give me a chance to look pretty once more.
I am dos'd with quick-lime, and the doctors are clever,
But my bottom, I fear, will stink for ever."



CONQUER OR DIE!

A NEW SONG.

(To the Tune of *Anacreon*).

ADDRESSED TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND IN THE PRESENT
ALARMING CRISIS.

ROUSE, BRITONS, arouse! from your slumber awake!
Your HONOR, your INTEREST, your ALL is at stake!
No time must be lost. See the foe at your doors!
Behold him just ready to land on your shores!
If glory delights you, if freedom has charms,
Hark! your country invites you, the drum beats to arms!
Fly, fly to her standard, with eagerness fly,
And bravely determine to CONQUER OR DIE!

For your own dearest interests you're call'd to contend,
While the cause of your country you boldly defend.
You fight for your DWELLINGS, your CHILDREN, your WIVES,
Your RELIGION, your COMMERCE, your FREEDOM, your
LIVES;

For all that as men you esteem the most dear,
And all that as Christians you're bound to revere!
Let no danger then cause you to yield or to fly,
But bravely determine to CONQUER OR DIE!

'Tis an honor reserved for Freemen like you,
To give to a haughty Usurper his due:
On his impious head let your vengeance be hurl'd,
His ambition to crush and give peace to the world!
Tho' from every quarter his legions should pour,
Till their number exceeded the sands on the shore,
Those slaves of a despot before you will fly,
When they see you determin'd to CONQUER OR DIE!

Never doubt of success in so glorious a cause,
Defending your KING, your RELIGION, and LAWS.
The GOD whom you worship, whose name you adore,
Whose will you regard, and whose aid you implore,
When danger is near, if in Him you confide,
Will surely appear as your guard and your guide,
While on his protection you firmly rely,
And bravely determine to CONQUER OR DIE!



*W.H.F.
32x*

A CRY FROM THE WORKSHOP.

I.

Wearied and jaded and worn with toil,
 For a single hour we pray,—
 An hour of rest for our wearied limbs
 At the close of labour's day—
 For repose by the side of our homestead hearths,
 For a breath of the pure fresh air,—
 For a transient taste of liberty,
 O, heed the sufferers' prayer.

II.

Do we need it? But look at our sunken cheeks,
 But glance at our haggard frames,
 Read the warning signs of approaching death,
 And truth will admit our claims,
 Though Englishmen, born in the land of the free,
 Yet we wear the bondsman's chain,
 For we have no time we can call *our own*,
 Save the hours of disease and pain.

III.

Do we need it? Look, look at that pallid face,
 That silvery head, that tottering form,
 And know that the lines on that wrinkled brow
 Were worn by Oppression's storm.
 But a few brief years and the flush of youth
 Illumin'd that care-worn face,
 And the vigour of manhood was in its prime,
 And health was seen in his sturdy pace.

IV.

Do we need it? Go forth at the break of day
 When the sons of toil are hurrying on
 To the scene of their strength-consuming toil,
 With features worn and wan.
 Go, meet them at night, as they homewards wend
 With energies spent and souls oppressed,
 Then scoff at their cries, then doubt if they need
 A brief, brief hour of rest.

V.

Do we need it? Go into that lowly room,
 See stretched on the pallet there,
 The man who has slaved from his earliest days
 And lived on the humblest fare,
 Who has spent his health and strength for those,
 That leave him when they are fled,
 To suffer and die without a thought
 For the life-blood they have shed.

VI.

Do we need it? Go into your quiet graveyard,
 See the widowed wife who is weeping there,
 Go into the streets, see the orphan child
 That is starving and almost bare.
 Go ask of the widow the cause of her tears,
 Of the orphan its hapless fate,
 You will learn 'tis a system of slavery
 Then crush it 'ere 'tis too late.

VII.

Let the voice of humanity touch your hearts,
 Let religion's gentle tones be heard,
 Let your soul's, by brotherhood's fondest claims,
 To their lowest, inmost depths be stirred,
 Give heed to the artisan's fair demand
 For a single hour of rest,
 Let England be once more the land of the free,
 Not the land of the slave oppressed.

D.

R
 Issued by the Committee of the Nine Hours' Movement.
 London, — March 1859.

TILLING, Printer, Rochester Terrace, Rochester Row, Westminster

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K JOHN BULL's Anticipation — OF —

BONAPARTE's Threatened Invasion.

Tune — *Moll Brook.*

Entered at Stationer's Hall.

JOHN BULL by Wars long teased,
Of Taxes can't be eased,
Nor can he be well pleased,

That France should bear the sway :

And as for Bonaparte,

From him he scorns to start —

Although he boasts and blusters,
And Slaves around him musters,

Let them embark in clusters,

We'll shew them British play.

Then let the Tyrant boast, Sir,
He visit will our Coast, Sir,

With his prodigious Host, Sir,

Of Sycophants and Slaves :

Yea, though himself appears,

In Centre, Front, and Rear —

Still Briton need not fear him,
For should our Tars come near him,

How would their Broadsides scare him,

Or sink him in the Waves !

No doubt his Great Ambition,
To form this Expedition,

Much pompous Exhibition.

Of Power will display :

But let him do his best,

With confidence we rest —

John Bull by Wars assai'd,

Has seldom ever fail'd,

But commonly prevail'd,

To Capture, Chase, or Slay !

While Continental Powers
Bow, when the Tyrant lowers,

Stiff Briton so much fours

His mind, he cannot sleep :

John Bull cares not for that,

But still keeps on his Hat —

To Bonaparte's ambition,

He scorns to yield submission,

Till in much worse condition

Unbended he will keep.

With Zeal and Courage warm'd,
Well Organiz'd and Arm'd,

Shall Britons be Alarm'd,

At Bonaparte's wild roar :

Prepar'd to meet the Foe,

Undaunt'd let us go —

Where he attempts a Landing,

Puts either Foot or Hand in,

Brave Britons take your standing,

And drive him from the Shore.

But should his Plans succeed, Sir,
To land his Troops indeed, Sir,

He then would stand in need, Sir,

Of Bridges quickly made :

From Britain unto France,

That backward he may dance —

Should he find no Retreating,

Of what a fatal Beating,

The Tyrant would be meeting,

Who dares our Coast invade.

R/2
U

To the independent Citizen whose inventive
genius planned and perfected the Steam
Packets, which the French call Bateaux
à vapeur, or, Vaisseaux à vapeur, accord-
ing to their magnitude; by M. Beziers,
Teacher of French, Latin, and Italian
Languages, Yarmouth.

K

Sur ces bords fortunés, séjour de l'industrie,
Où le sage Colomb illustre sa patrie,
Un peuple généreux, enivré de ses droits,
A rempli l'univers de ses rares exploits;
Descendu d'Albion présente à sa mémoire,
De ses nobles ayeux il partage la gloire;
Mais lorsque séparé du reste des humains,
Il jouit en repos du travail de ses mains,
On le voit, de son sol étendant la culture,
Par ses projets hardis étonner la nature.

C'est chez-lui qu'un mortel favorisé des cieux
Honora son pays de l'art ingénieur
Qui, des fiers aquilon qui grondent sur nos têtes
Répousse les efforts et brave les tempêtes.
De l'onde qu'il captive excitant la fureur,
Le cylindre vomit une épaisse vapeur
Avec art condensée et toujours agissante,
Du feu qui la produit sans cesse rénaissante;
Mus par cette vapeur, des avirons nombreux
Fendent rapidement les flots tumultueux;

Le vaisseau animé dans sa course rapide
Vogue légèrement sur la plaine liquide;
Contre le cours des eaux et les vents déchaînés
L'art a su combiner des ressorts assurés,
Tels on voit, au sortir de leurs grottes profondes,
Les monstres de Thétis se jouer sur les ondes.
Le pilote empressé, tenant le gouvernail,
Avec un seul nocher partage son travail;
Mais lorsque l'Océan, franchissant ses barrières,
S'élève et vient gonfler le cours de nos rivières;
Que la voile s'ouvrant au souffle du zéphir,
De l'ardent matelot prévienne le désir;
Favorisé des vents, secondé de Neptune,
Le vaisseau prend l'essor et fixe la fortune.

De naïves beautés joignant à leurs attraits,
De l'aimable vertu la candeur et les traits,
S'empressent sur la proue, et d'un regard timide
Suivent des flots bruyants la tourmente rapide;
Leurs charmes enfantins, leurs fronts parés de fleurs,
De l'heureuse innocence annonçant les douceurs.
Cependant sur le sein d'Amphitrite étonnée
La nef d'un vol égal, est toujours transportée.
Déjà l'on apperçoit les remparts et les tours,
Où le commerce actif apporte ses secours.
De mille objets confus la ville se dégage;
Et l'heureux passager contemple le rivage;
Enfin l'agile nef, d'un cours majestueux
S'avancant dans le port, attire tous les yeux.

Quel spectacle touchant sur l'onde fugitive!
Les citoyens surpris s'empressent sur la rive:
Tout cédant aux transports de l'admiration,
D'un art si précieux chérît l'invention.
Par ces ressorts puissans, ignorés de nos pères
Des trésors inconnus vont enrichir nos terres.
De ces climats glacés où jamais nos ayeux
Noserent s'opposer au cours impérieux
Des glaces, qui du nord nous ferment la carrière,
Cet art victorieux nous ouvre la barrière.
Du couchant à l'anrre, aux bouts de l'univers,
Nous irons désormais, sans craindre les revers,
Aux humains isolés, nourris dans les alarmes
De la société représenter les charmes;
Et pour les engager par d'aimables liens,
Nous leur apporterons l'aisance et les vrais biens.

Mortel industrieux, dont le puissant génie
A su semer de fleurs le sentier de la vie,
Tu rapproches de nous, par tes soins bienfaisans,
Du pôle négligé les pâles habitans:
Le ciel qui l'inspira voulut changer la face
De ce globe où jadis il fixa notre race:
Partout où nos vaisseaux, sans peine, sans efforts,
Chargés de nouveaux biens entreront dans nos ports,
Le commerce et les arts attireront à ta gloire;
De tes nobles travaux enrichiront l'histoire;
Et pour ériger tes exploits glorieux,
L'olive à tes lauriers vient s'unir à nos yeux.

#622
60 K

NEW FASHIONS;

OR, A

PUFF at the GUINEA PIGS.

Tune --- Bow, Wow, Wow.

Good people all attend to me, I'll sing a merry tale, sir,
About the various Novelties and Titles that prevail, sir ;
For now both Lords & Ladies too, or wear they hair or wigs, sir,
If they throw flour on their heads, are called GUINEA PIGS, sir.

*Squeak, squeak, squeak,
Pretty Guinea Pigs, sir,
Squeak, squeak, squeak.*

Then for the rest, whose hungry maws a guinea can't afford, sir,
They are, by Pride and Folly's laws, call'd Swine, upon my
word, sir :

And if, to save appearances, they clip their hair away, sir,
Why, then, we call them Simple Crops, and laugh at them all
day, sir ! —

*Ha ! ha ! ha !
A pretty herd of swine, sir !
Grunt, grunt, grunt.*

*'Twas yesterday I saw a beau come tripping thro' a square, sir,
Two pounds of powder on his sconce, to hide his want of
hair, sir,

He met a taylor on the road, a little dapper dog, sir,
And push'd him from him with disdain, crying, — " Damme,
you're a bog, sir ! " —

*Hog, hog, hog,
A little dirty hog, sir.
Hog, hog, hog.*

The taylor bristl'd up his locks, and snapt his shears in fury,
Saying, " Tho' your tail is now so long, I warrant these shall
cure ye ! —

" To call a man like me a bog ! — a very pretty rig, sir ! —

" You saucy, snub nos'd, puppy dog ; — nay, curse me, you're
a pig, sir ! " —

*Pig, pig, pig,
A stupid long-tail'd pig, sir.
Pig, pig, pig.*

The taylor flourishing his shears, then seiz'd his tail so neatly,
That in a trice he whipt it off, he dockt him most completely.
The beau stood trembling by his side, while fitch-louse, full of

gig, sir,

Cry'd, " Smoke a beau, who's lost his tail ! — A stump-tail'd
Guinea Pig, sir ! " —

*Crop, crop, crop,
A pig without a tail, sir ;
Crop, crop, crop.*

Then we have coats without the skirts, call'd SPENCERS, by
the mob, sir ;

And hats with brims twelve inches round, to fit each kiddy's
nob, sir.

Besides, our Ladies in their caps have feathers niddy noddy, sir,
And round their necks they wear cravats, and gowns without a
body, sir. —

Ob ! ob ! ob !

*Our Ladies have no bodies, sir.
No, no, no.*

Likewise our females, on their heads, place turbans, like a
Turk, sir,

And golden chains hang down their breasts of ornamental
work, sir :

Those beauties they contrive to show, which poor men soon
bewitches : —

Indeed, I'm told it for a fact, they often wear the breeches.

Lack ! Lack ! lack !

Women wear the breeches, sir !

Lack ! lack ! lack !

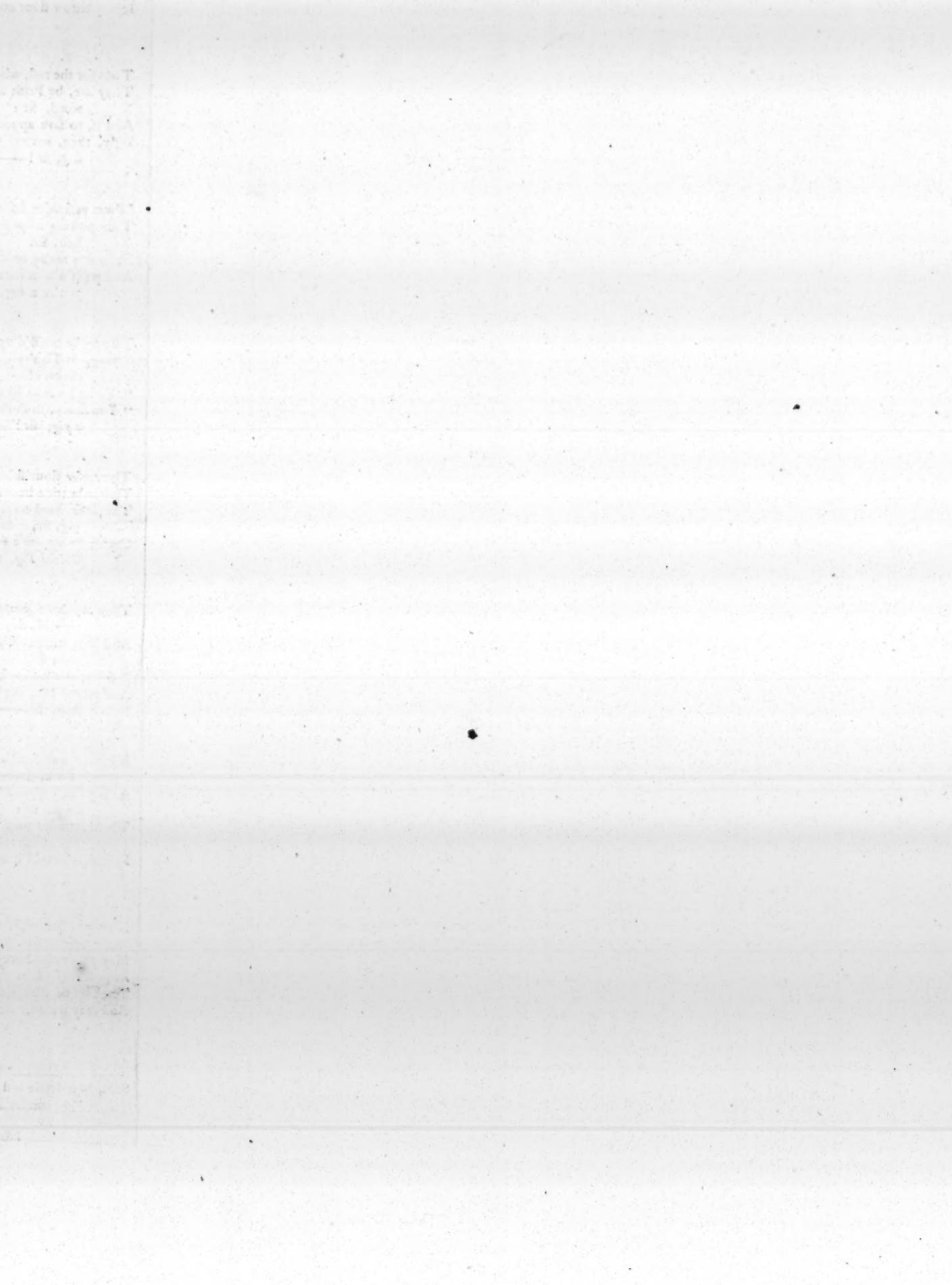
Now prosper well, my neighbours all, and let the Fashions
pafs, firs.

May every one have health and strength, both pig and swinish
clafs, firs.

Then let us always merry be, or hot or cold the weather,
And may we ever well agree like loving pigs together.

*Bow, wow, wow,
Fal de ridde, tidde, idde,
Bow, wow, wow.*

Sold, Wholesale and Retail, at No. 34, Clerkenwell Green ; and
under Bartbolomew Gate, Smithfield.



5157

THE True PRESBYTERIAN Without DISGUISE: OR, A CHARACTER OF A Presbyterians Ways and Actions,

By Sir JOHN DENHAM, Knight.

*Difficile est satyram non scribere, nam quis iniquæ
Tam patiens urbis tam ferrens, ut teneat se? Juv.*

A Presbyter is such a Monstrous thing,
That loves Democracy, and hates a King ;
For Royal Issue never making prayers,
Since Kingdoms (as he thinks) should have no Heirs,
But stand Elective ; that the holy Crew
May (when their Zeal transports them) chuse a New.
And is so strongly grounded in belief,
That Antichrist his coming will be brief,
As he dares swear (if he dares swear at all)
The Quakers are ordain'd to make him fall :
From whence he grows impatient, and he says,
The wisest Counsels are but fond delays,
To hold him lingring in deluding hope,
Else long e're this he had subdu'd the Pope.

A Presbyter is he, whose heart doth hate
The man (how good soe're) advanc'd in State ;
And finding his disease a Leprosie,
Doth judge that all in Court Gehazi's be ;
Whilst he himself in Bribery is lost,
And lies for gain unto the Holy Ghost.
When though in shew he seems a grave Tobias,
He is within a very Ananias.
The Lay-prophane-name (Lord) he hates, and says
It is th'approaching sign of the last days,
For Church-men to be stiled so ; Nay more,
Tis Usher to the Babylonian Whore.
The Bishops Habits, with the Tip and Rôchets,
Beget in him such Fancies and such Crochets,

That he believes it is a thing as Evil
To look on them, as to behold the Devil.
And for the Government Episcopal,
That he condemns to be the worst of all,
Because the primest Times did suffer no man
T' exalt himself, for all was held in common :
Yet 'tis most strange, when he is most Zeal-sick,
Nothing can cure him but a Bishoprick,
Where once invested, proves without all scope,
Insulting, boundless, more than any Pope.

A Presbyter is he, that's never known
To think on others good, besides his own ;
And all his Doctrine is of Hope, and Faith,
For Charity, 'tis Popery he faith :
And is not only silent in Good works,
But in his practice too, resembles Turks,
The Churches Ornaments, the Ring of Bells,
(Can he get Pow'r) 'tis ten to one he sells ;
For his well-tuned ears cannot abide
A Jangling noise, but when his Neighbours chide.

A Presbyter is he, that never prays,
But all the world must hear him what he says ;
And in that fash'on too, that all may see,
He is an open Modern Pharisee :
The name of Sabbath still he keeps (tis true)
But so he is less Christian, more a Jew ;
Nor ruled form of Prayer his zeal will keep,
But preacheth all his purer Flock asleep :

To

To study what to say, where for to doubt
Of a presumed Grace to hold him out;
And to be learn'd is too too Humane thought,
Wh'Apostlecall (he says,) were men untaught;
And thus he proves it for the best to be
A simple Teacher of Divinity.

The Reverence which Ceremony brings,
Iuo the Sacred Church, his Conscience stings,
Which is so void of Grace, and so ill bent,
That kneel he will not at the Sacrament,
But sits more like a Judge, than like a Sinner,
And takes it just, as he receives his Dinner,
Thus do his saucy postures speak his Sin,
For as without, such is his Heart within.

A Presbyter is he, who doth defame
Those Reverend Ancestors from whence he came.
And like a Graceless Child, above all other,
Denies respect unto the Church his Mother;
His Chosen Protestants he scorns, as men
Not sav'd because they are not Brethren:
And left his Doctrine should be counted new,
He wears an antient Beard to make it true.

A Presbyter is he, that thinks his place
At every Table is to say the Grace;
When the good man, or when his child hath paid,
And thanks to God for King, and Realm, hath said,
He then starts up, and thinks his self a Debter
Till he doth cry (I pray you thank God better;) When long he prays for every living thing,
But for the Catholick Church, and for the King.

A Presbyter is he, would wondrous fain
Be call'd Disciple by the Holy train.
Which to be worthy of he'l stray and erre
Ten miles to beat a silenc'd Minister;
He loves a Vesper Sermon, hates a Mattin,
As he derests the Fathers nam'd in Latin,
And as he Friday, Sunday makes in dyet,
Because the King, and Canons do deny it,
The self-same nature makes him to repair
To Week-day Lectures, more than Sundays prayer.
And as the man, must need's in all things erre,
He starves his Parson, crams his Lecturer.

A Presbyter is he, whose heart is bent
To cross the Kings designes in Parliament,
Where whilst the place of Burges's he doth bear,
He thinks he ows but small Allegiance there;
But stands at distance, as some higher thing,
Like a Licarius, or a kind of King.
Then as an Errant, times bold Knights were wont
To seek out Monsters, and adventures hunt;
So with his wit, and valour, he doth try
How the Prerogative he may desie;
Thus he attempts, and first he fain would know
If that the Sovereign Power, be new, or no:
Or if it were not fitter, Kings should be
Confin'd unto a limited degree;
And for his part like a Plebeian State, 4 OC 58
Where the poor Mechanicks may still debate

All matters at their pleasure, not confin'd
To this, or that, but as they cause do find;
When though that every voice against him go,
He'l stay the Giant, with his single (no.)
He in his heart, though as a poor expece
Abhors a gift that's call'd Benevolence;
For as his mind, so is his bounty bent,
And still unto the King molevolent.
He is the States-man, just enough precise,
The nearest Government to Scandalize.
Not like a Drunkard, when he doth expose
In secret underneath the silent Rose.
To use his freedom, when the Pot might bear
The faults which closely he committed there,
But *Sbini*-like, to all the men he meets,
He spews his frantick Venome in the Streets:
And though he says the Spirit moves him to it,
The Devil is that Spirit made him do it.

A Presbyter is he, (else there is none)
That thinks the King will change Religion,
His doubtful thought, like to his Moon-blind eys,
Makes the beast start at every shape he spies.
And what his fond mistaken fancy breed,
He doth believe as firmly as the Creed:
From whence he doth proclaim a Fast to all
That he allows to be Canonical;
And then he consecrates a secret Room,
Where none but the Elected Sisters come:
When being met, doth Treason boldly Teach,
And will not Fast and Pray, but Fast and Preach;
Then strains a Text, whereon he may relate
The Churches danger, discontent of State,
And hold them there so long in fear and doubt,
That some do think 'tis danger to go out;
Believeing if they hear the Cieling crack,
The Bishops are behind them, at their back;
And so they sit bewailing one another,
Each groaning Sister howling to her Brother.

A Presbyter is he has Womens fears,
And yet will set the whole World by the ears:
He'l rail in publick if the King deny,
To let the Quarrel of the Spaniard die;
He storms to hear in France the Wars should cease,
And that by Treaty there should be Peace:
For sure (saith he) the Church doth Honour want,
When 'tis not truly called Militant,
And in plain truth, as far as I can find,
He bears the self-same Treasonable mind
As doth the Jesuit; for though they be
Tongue-Enemies in shew, their hearts agree.
And both professed foes, alike consent,
Both to betray the Anointed Innocent,
For though their manners differ, yet they aim
That either may the King or Kingdom maim:
The difference is this way understood,
One in Sedition, t'other deals in blood:
Their Characters abridg'd if you will have,
Each seems a Saint, yet either proves a Knave.

TO
ALL LOVERS
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LIBRARY COMPANION,
A BROTHER PHILOBIBLIS
OFFERETH
THIS MERRY AND CONCEITED SONG.

M.DCCC.XXV.



(Sixty Copies printed for private Distribution.)

A

MERRY AND CONCEITED SONG:

TO BE SUNG AT ROXBURGER'S HALL.

TO THE TUNE OF

"All you that Love upon the Land."

ALL you that "toy" amidst your books,
According to the Poet,*
Come hear your sentence—right or wrong.—
'Tis fit that ye should know it.

Ye are a pack of driv'ling fools,
Who all your acts shall rue;
Vide, for your reflected selves,
The Westminster Review!

ROXBURGHERS, cautious be your steps,
Lest, ere each one supposes,
The critics look right o'er your heads,
And see your naked noses!

Unless, indeed, they get an act,
For your obliteration!
Or meet your future practices,
At least with transportation!

* Armstrong or Heath.

Pray what is BIBLIOGRAPHY?

A thing at best instructive;
But you support the audacious Wight,
Who makes it quite seductive.

What gave you for this clumsy book?

—My motive's far from dirty,—
I thought 'twas shillings TWENTY-SEVEN,
The critic says 'twas THIRTY!

Here some one's honour, it is clear,

Is very much at stake;
And I should wish to ascertain,
Who LIES in the mistake?

But is it, Sirs, to be endured,

What erst hath caused complaining,
In this man's hands comes forth at once,
Lively and entertaining?

Forbid it, oh, ye leaden gods!

Nor let it e'er be said,
That whilst the CRITIC'S lore is damn'd,
The AUTHOR shall be read!

What is the growler's last pretence?

Our friend's familiarity:
When will they tell his real crimes,
His *fame* and his *hilarity*?

When speak the welcome he receives

In every Classic dome?
Whose owners greet the industrious BEE,
But WASPS must never come!

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 His *fame* and his *hilarity* ?

When speak the welcome he receives
 In every Classic dome ?
 Whose owners greet the industrious **BEE**,
 But **WASPS** must never come !

Appalling thought!—the self-same work,
 With five or six decryers,
 May have—howe'er the snarler foam—
 Full twice ten thousand buyers.*

Somnif'rous powers avert our fears!
 Sustain each fond endeavour;
 Till all scholastic lore become,
 As DULL and DRY as ever.

Yet something whispers a decree,
 Of everlasting shame:
 And gives the warning “ damn'd be he
 Who basely TRIES to damn!”

Then cheer up noble Roxburghers!
 For ten, that prove your haters,
 Your lov'd pursuits shall still command
 TEN THOUSAND IMITATORS!

* Two thousand Copies of the LIBRARY COMPANION were printed, and sold
 in three Months, during the most unfavourable season of the Year.

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"Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord."—Ephes. v. 19; & Col. iii. 16.

HYMN I. *Self Examination.*

"Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves."—2 Cor. xiii. 5.

1.
Saviour, can I ever be
On land or ocean far from Thee?
No—for on the swelling wave
Thou hast prov'd Thy pow'r to save.

2.
Christ can make the floating bark
Ride triumphant as the ark,
Though the tossing billows bound
Or the wild winds rage around.

3.
Saviour, I can never be
On land or ocean far from Thee:
Let Thy Spirit's still small voice
Whisper "fear not, but rejoice."

7's.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He—He will clear the way:
Wait thou His time—so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.

3.
Thou see'st our weakness, Lord;
Our hearts are known to Thee;
O lift Thou up the sinking hand—
Confirm the feeble knee.

HYMN II. *"Fear not."*

148 METRE.

The many "fear nots" in scripture, imply that the Lord's people are too prone to fear, and needlessly afflict themselves.

1.
Jesus, at thy command
We launch upon the sea,
And leave our native land
To Providence and Thee.
O may we reach that distant shore
Where winds and waves distress no more.

2.
Thou art our pilot wise,
Our compass is Thy word;
The soul each storm defies
That trusts to such a Lord.
Then let Thy faithfulness and pow'r
Preserve us in each trying hour.

3.
Whene'er becalm'd we lie,
And storms forbear to toss,
Be Thou, dear Lord, still nigh
Lest we should suffer loss.
The treacherous calm, O may we dread,
As angry tempests o'er our head.

HYMN III. *"Go Forward."*

8.7.4.

This standing command implies a readiness "to halt," and to be "cast down," even in the "Leader" of Israel.

1.
O'er an ocean wide and cheerless,
Though our destin'd passage lie;
Render'd by Thy presence fearless,
Wind and sea we may defy.
Nought shall move us
While we see our Saviour nigh.

2.
With a price Thy love hath bought us—
Saviour, who hath love like Thine?
Hitherto Thy power has brought us—
Power and Love in Thee combine!
Lord of glory!
Ever on thine Israel shine.

3.
Faint or hungry, Thou wilt feed us—
Manna shall our path surround!
Sick or thirsty, Thou wilt heed us—
Streams of comfort shall abound!
Happy Israel!
What a Saviour thou hast found.

HYMN IV. *Holy Encouragement.*

S.M.

1.
Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismay'd;
God hears thy sighs, counts all thy tears,
And will lift up thy head.

HYMN V. *Divine Contemplation.*

C. M.

1.
A word from Jesus calms the sea,
The stormy wind controls,
And gives repose and liberty
To tempest-tossed souls.

2.
To Peter, on the waves, He came,
And gave him instant peace—
O Saviour, still reveal Thy name,
And bid our sorrows cease.

3.
Upon Thy promise rest our hope,
And keep Thy love in view;
O let Thy spirit hold us up,
And guide us safely through.

HYMN VI. *Cheerful Resignation.*

L. M.

1.
O Thou by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide,
My Saviour Thou shalt be my guard,
My peace, my safety, and reward.

2.
All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impress'd with sacred love!
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee,
In heav'n, on earth, or on the sea.

3.
To me remains nor place nor time:
My country is in every clime;—
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore since God is there.

4.
While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with the Lord to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

5.
Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

HYMN VII. *Parting Consolation.*

7's.

1.
As the sun's enliv'ning eye
Shines on every place the same;
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love His name.

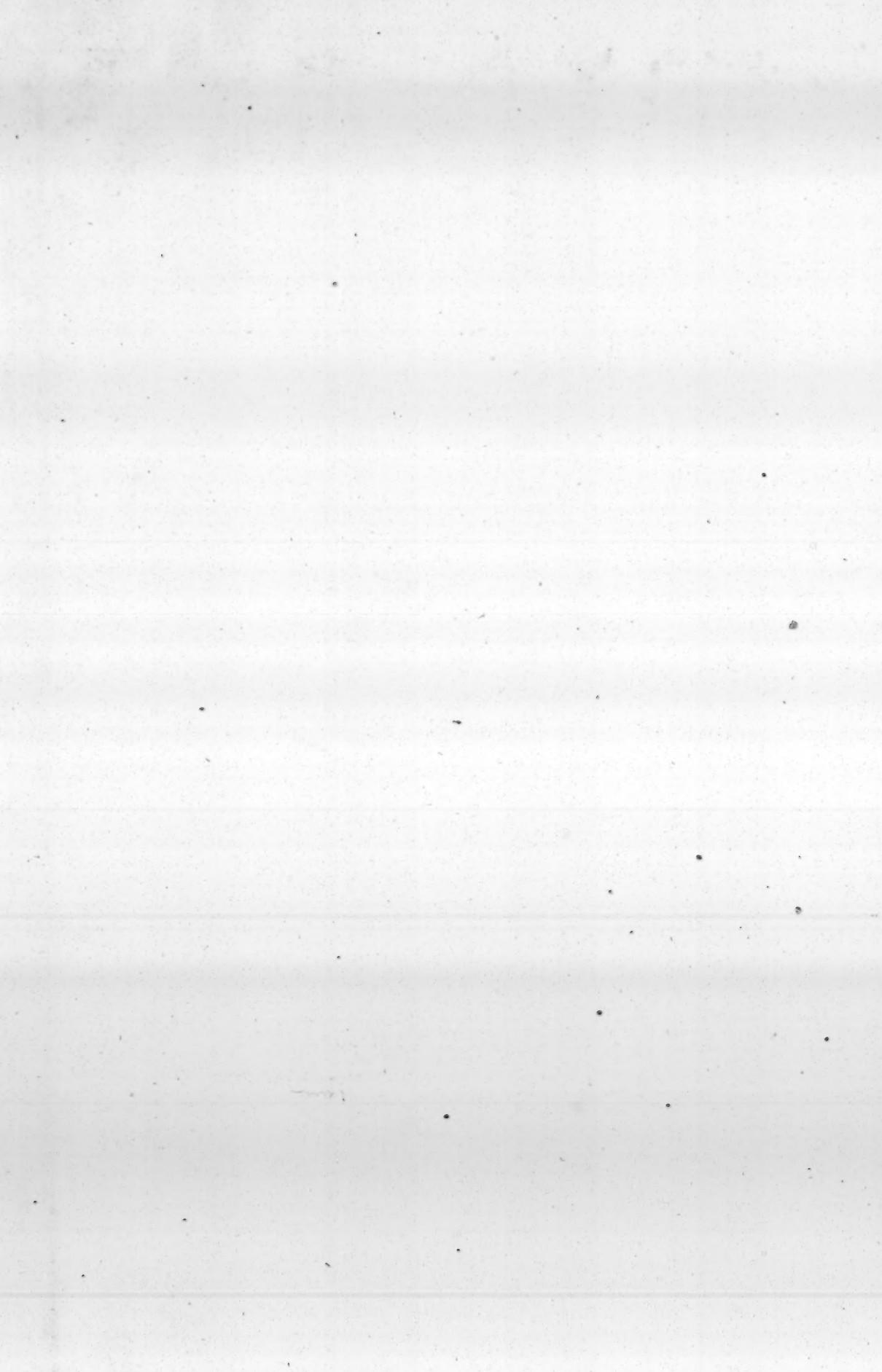
2.
When they move at duty's call,
He is with them by the way;
He is ever with them all,
Those who go, and those who stay.

3.
From His holy mercy seat
Nothing can their souls confine;
Still in spirit they may meet
Still in sweet communion join.



LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY TRELAWNEY SAUNDERS, CHARING CROSS.



The LONG-TAILED PIG, and the SHORT-TAILED PIG,

THE PIG WITHOUT A TAIL.

&c., &c., &c.

Ye Guardians of the Union,
Who sit at home at ease,
You let your great "Economists"
Just blink you as they please.

At "Brown's" they are carousing all—
A pretty clique they make—
Enjoying with a zest the ale,
While they dispatch the steak.

And, after that, a jovial pipe,
And plenty of hot grog,
Which warms within, while warms without
The blazing Christmas log.

Cheap comfort this "Economy,"
For little does it cost;
The pig-wash made us nothing yet;
Who now can say 'tis lost?

But oh! the profit on the Pigs!
A Guardian now does ask—

QUESTION.

"Come now, friend S——, give an account,
Twill be an easy task:
What did they cost all nine, now say?
For nine from first to last,
Have been in this new Palace fed;
Come, up the profit cast.
Put down of whom you bought the pigs,
A statement now prepare,
And tell us who sold you the straw,
For they must needs have hair;
And say to whom you sold when fat,
Let all be fair and straight;
Ump'em Lump'em were they sold?
Or were they sold by weight?
Come tell us who the Palace built,
For you were architect;
Investigation's now the rule,
Ourselves we must protect.
For full twelve pounds this pig-stye cost—
A most enormous price!—
Such jobs unnoticed must not pass.
So tell us in a trice."

AND

ANSWER.

"Well, gentlemen, the truth I'll tell;
I paid into the Bank,
A certain sum—the profit's good,
And you have me to thank.
The pigs, if bought of Soak or Styles,
It matters not to you,
So long as there's a profit gained—
Ah! and a good one too."*

QUESTION.

"Since Soak and Styles are nobody,
Did they sell you the straw?"

ANSWER.

"No; the straw was bought of Somebody,
I own, against the law.
I sold the pigs, when saleable,
To this Somebody's brother,
And at the 'Sun' we settled all,
Without such noise and bother.

The Board gave leave to build the sty
A good 'un'tis, depend on't,
My brother 'E. D.' had the job,
So now you have the end on't."

PUBLIC OPINION.

And sure a pretty end it is,
A pretty piece of jobbing,
If boot was on the other leg,
Twould then be called "dead robbing."

But, last of all, good honest man,
He sold the ninth by auction,
So lost the feasting at the "Sun"
And brandy's hot decoction.

And shall we deign to prophecy
A yet still worse disaster?
That "Sim" and "Somebody" will lose
Their places.....Not the Master!!!

* Seven pigs bought and sold by the Economist were a loss of £1 10s. 6d. (including 10s. 6d. for brandy and water) to the Union. No charge is here made for wash and other refuse of the Union House for fifteen months, which will add considerably to the loss stated.

The following Lines

WERE SUGGESTED BY THE AUTHOR ON READING AN ACCOUNT OF

THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES

OF

THE LATE DOUGLAS JERROLD,

IN "THE WEEKLY TIMES."

"The days of man are passed away like a tale that is told."—PSALM xc.

AWAKE, my muse, awake! and gently touch the strain

Of mournful grief; nor for awhile refrain

To drop the silent tear upon that dark-green grave,

Beneath whose shade lies all that we would crave.

The last sad task is done,

That ardent spirit's gone,

And sorrowing friends who now are left behind

Record its lofty sentimental mind.

In Lethe's stream is lost that brilliant caustic wit

Whose pungent words the coldest heart up-lit;

Now it is silent all and hush'd! But do we dream?

No, 'tis gone for ever—like Meteor's dying beam.

Like Meteor's dying beam! fit semblance of the dead,

Around whose honor'd name the brightest halo's shed

Refulgent light; nor close they with his terminated life,

Though Death's dread dart has sped and finished the strife!

The dark Mausoleum's cave,

Tenacious as the wave

Of Ocean's angry main,

Holds all we would regain.

Where's now the philanthropic heart?

The Great Redeemer claim'd His part,

And shrin'd within His breast 'twill there for ever stay

When Earth, and Sea, and Sky have pass'd away.

Attention now may sit absorb'd; no more we'll hear

His aspirations in our anxious ear;

Oft have we listen'd to the energetic strain

Of manly eloquence for others pain.

Whilst for himself or kin no thought was e'er bestow'd,

But all was given as his heart o'erflow'd

With Charity's beneficent and sacred flame,

No selfish feeling caus'd a blush of shame.

Say, then, shall we who knew and priz'd his honest worth

Repay with coldness those who owe their birth

To our departed friend? No, with untiring zeal

We'll render back ten-fold,—to shew we feel

The father's loss,—to those dear pledges left behind,

And tell the world—all brothers should be kind.*

ALPHA KAPPA.

* In allusion to the mystic rites of Freemasons.

1872. a
65

In Remembrance

OF THE

LATE MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Prologue.

BY SAMUEL LUCAS.

K will be

WELCOME in Jerrold's name! From Jerrold's tomb
This greeting chases half the gathering gloom,
And turns our sorrow for his mortal part
To joy and pride in his immortal art.
If of this art, enduring at its prime,
We gather salvage from the wrecks of time,
You, mindful of the storms and struggles past
Receive and welcome it to shore at last.
True to yourselves, and to each other true—
In honouring one who greatly honoured you,
Behind this curtain you can greet at will
His genius living and triumphant still.
There waits the actor—there the scene is set,
And there the author's thought is pregnant yet ;—
There the light offspring, of his fancy sprung,
Betray their parent by their English tongue,
Reflect his native humour in their part,
Or draw their pathos from his manly heart.
As 'twas of old, in England's classic age,
HIS OWN creations amply fill our stage.
Their's is the savour and the zest we crave,
Surging and sparkling like a Channel wave,
With salt that had been *Attic*, but the *Nine*
Steep'd them in *English* and a stronger brine.
Forgetful of their state here kings may sit,
Subjects themselves to his imperial wit—
Wit that flows on regardless—free as air,
Like the rough waters around Canute's chair.
You humbler men, who come to see the play,
And cheer the playwright, carry this away—
The *man* was still more worthy of regard,
And—though he smote the Philistines so hard,
He fought a fair, a brave and generous fight,
And struck in honour's name for truth and right :
—*Hopeless of cross or riband*—taking heed
Less for his fortunes than the common need—
So,—for his guerdon and the common cause,
Do you now crown him with your just applause.

JOHN BLACKWOOD, Esq.
SHIRLEY BROOKS, Esq.
JOHN B. BUCKSTONE, Esq.
WILKIE COLLINS, Esq.
PETER CUNNINGHAM, Esq.
JOHN DEANE, Esq.
CHARLES DICKENS, Esq.
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OFFICE AT THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, REGENT STREET,

WATERLOO PLACE,

HANDSOMELY PLACED AT THE DISPOSAL OF THE COMMITTEE BY MR. WILLERT BEALE.

THE Committee, in remembrance of their deceased friend, beg to announce the following occasions:

ON SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 18TH, will be repeated, at the GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, Regent Street, Mr. WILKIE COLLINS's new romantic Drama, in three acts, THE FROZEN DEER, performed by the Amateur Company of Ladies and Gentlemen who originally represented it, in private. The Overture composed expressly for this Piece by MR. FRANCESCO BERGER. The Dresses by MESSRS. NATHAN, of Titchbourne Street, Haymarket, and Miss WILKINS, of Carburton Street, Fitzroy Square. Perruquier, Mr. WILSON, of the Strand.

CAPTAIN EBSWORTH, of <i>The Sea Mew</i>	MR. EDWARD PIOTT	MISS HELEN.
CAPTAIN HELDING, of <i>The Wanderer</i>	MR. ALFRED DICKENS	MISS KATE.
LIEUTENANT CRAYFORD	MR. MARK LEMON	MISS HOGARTH.
FRANK ALDERSLEY	MR. WILKIE COLLINS	MISS MARY.
RICHARD WARDOUR	MR. CHARLES DICKENS	MRS. FRANCIS.
LIEUTENANT STEVENTON	MR. YOUNG CHARLES	MISS MARLEY.
JOHN WANT, <i>Ship's Cook</i>	MR. AUGUSTUS EGOD	(OFFICERS AND CREWS OF THE SEA MEW AND WANDERER.)
BATESON } Two of <i>The Sea Men's People</i>	MR. SHIRLEY BROOKS	
DARKER }	MR. FREDERICK EVANS	

The Scenery and Scenic Effects of the First Act, by MR. TELBIN. The Scenery and Scenic Effects of the Second and Third Acts, by MR. STANFIELD, R.A., assisted by Mr. Danson. The Act-Drop, also by MR. STANFIELD, R.A.

To Conclude with Mr. BUCKSTONE's Farce, in Two Acts, UNCLE JOHN.

NEPHEW HAWK	MR. WILKIE COLLINS	MR. YOUNG CHARLES.
EDWARD EASEL	MR. FREDERICK EVANS	MISS HOGARTH.
UNCLE JOHN	MR. CHARLES DICKENS	MISS KATE.
FRIEND THOMAS	MR. MARK LEMON	MISS MARY.

Musical Composer and Conductor of the Orchestra, MR. FRANCESCO BERGER, who will preside at the Piano. The Audience are respectfully desired to be in their places by Ten minutes to 8 o'clock. Stalls, One Guinea. Area, Ten Shillings and Sixpence. Amphitheatre, Five Shillings.

On WEDNESDAY EVENING, JULY 22ND, MR. W. M. THACKERAY will deliver a Lecture on "WEEK-DAY PREACHERS," in ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

To commence at 8 precisely, and last one hour and a half. Prices of Admission : Stalls, Five Shillings. Body of the Hall, and the Centre Gallery, each Two Shillings. Back Seats and Side Galleries, each One Shilling.

On FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 24TH, MR. CHARLES DICKENS will read his CHRISTMAS CAROL in ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

The reading will commence at 8 precisely, and will last two hours. Prices of Admission : Stalls, Five Shillings.

Body of the Hall, Centre Gallery, and Side Galleries, each Two Shillings. Back Seats, each One Shilling.

[Over.]

On SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 25TH, will be repeated at THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, Regent Street, FOR THE LAST TIME, MR. WILKIE COLLINS's new romantic Drama in three acts, THE FROZEN DEEP, performed by the Amateur Company of Ladies and Gentlemen who originally represented it, in private. The Overture composed expressly for this Piece by MR. FRANCESCO BERGER. The Dresses by MESSRS. NATHAN, of Titchbourne Street, Haymarket, and Miss WILKINS, of Carburton Street, Fitzroy Square. Perruquier, MR. WILSON, of the Strand.

The Scenery and Scenic Effects of the First Act, by MR. TELBIN. The Scenery and Scenic Effects of the Second and Third Acts, by MR. STANFIELD, R.A., assisted by Mr. Danson. The Act-Drop, also by MR. STANFIELD, R.A.

To Conclude with Mr. BUCKSTONE's Farce, in Two Acts, UNCLE JOHN.

Musical Composer and Conductor of the Orchestra, MR. FRANCESCO BERGER, who will preside at the Piano.

The Audience are respectfully desired to be in their places by Ten minutes to 8 o'clock.

Stalls, One Guinea. Area, Ten Shillings and Sixpence. Amphitheatre, Five Shillings.

On WEDNESDAY EVENING, JULY 29TH, will be represented at the THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI, the late MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD'S Drama, in three acts, THE RENT DAY.

GRANTLEY	MR. F. HALL.	BEANSTALK	MR. C. J. SMITH.
OLD CRUMBS	MR. C. SELBY.	STEPHEN	MR. MORELAND.
MARTIN HEYWOOD	MR. H. WEBSTER.	SECOND FARMER	MR. ROMER.
TOBY HEYWOOD	MR. BILLINGTON.	BURLY	MR. WAYE.
SILVER JACK (as originally performed by him)	MR. H. WALLACE.	SAILOR	MR. HENRY.
HYSSOP (as originally performed by him)	MR. P. BEDFORD.	RACHEL HEYWOOD	MADAME CELESTE.
BULLFROG	MR. WRIGHT.	POLLY BRIGGS	MRS. KEELEY.

To conclude with the late MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD'S Drama, BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

WILLIAM (as originally performed by him)	MR. T. P. COMBE	BLUE PETE	MR. P. BEDFORD.
CAPTAIN CROSSSTRE	MR. BILLINGTON.	SEAWEED	MR. ROMER.
BAKER	MR. J. BLAND.	QUID	MR. SANDERS.
HATCHET	MR. C. J. SMITH.	LIEUTENANT PIKE	MR. F. HALL.
DOGGGRASS	MR. C. SELBY.	YARN	MR. WAYE.
ADMIRAL	MR. GARDEN.	PLoughshare	MR. HENRY.
JACOB TWIG	MR. MORELAND.	BLACK-EYED SUSAN	Mrs. M. OLIVER.
GNATBRAIN (as originally performed by him)	MR. BUCKSTONE.	DOLLY MAYFLOWER	Mrs. WYNTHAM.

Prices of Admission : Stalls, Ten Shillings and Sixpence. The rest of the house as usual, except the Private Boxes, which may be had at the Committee's Office, or at MR. SAMS'S Royal Library, St. James's Street.

Tickets for any or all of these occasions (including the Theatre Stalls, which also can be purchased at the Haymarket and Adelphi Theatres) are on sale at the Committee's Office, at the Gallery of Illustration, Regent Street, every day between the hours of 12 and 4.

No charge of the Light Brigade.

1855.

Removed of Mr. Farrel's order -
is separately bound for Select case.

Oct. 13. 1892.



JUST PUBLISHED.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

DEDICATED TO THE

RIFLE CORPS OF ENGLAND,

BUT MORE ESPECIALLY TO THE
MEMORY OF J. J. DEMPSEY, ESQ.,

WHO WAS INSTRUMENTAL IN RAISING THE IRISH RIFLE CORPS, BUT DIED WHILST SO DOING, TO WHOSE MEMORY
THEY ARE ABOUT TO ERECT A MONUMENT IN THE BROMPTON CEMETRY.

BY HIS FRIEND, WILLIAM SHARPE, M.A.

Arma hominesque cano. Pro aris et focis.

MARS! mighty Mars! inspire the soul,
And Britons' mighty hearts control,
 Against despotic sway :
Let no proud tyrants dare usurp
Dominion; thou honour'd Europe,
 Drive tyranny away!
 “To arms! to arms!” we cry.

Minerva, raise the mighty shield,
And give us strength our arm to wield,
 Against oppression's name :
Inspire our hearts with British fire,
To strike with wisdom—not with ire—
 And glory in our fame!
 “To arms! to arms!” we cry.

Oh! let the olive-branch of peace
Be our bright emblem, when we cease
 From battle's horrid din :
Let nations of the earth ~~know~~,
What blood within our hearts doth flow,
 And what we are within.
 “To arms! to arms!” we cry.

Oh! then, arm! arm! Riflemen, arm!
Be ready, boys, steady, and calm,
 And we will fear no foe :
The Standard of England remains,
As long as there's blood in our veins,
 To strike the warlike blow!
 “To arms! to arms!” we cry.

Let the rich blood that fills our veins
Recall great Wellington's remains,
 And raise our banner high !
Oh! Britons, ne'er forget that soul
That could the mighty world control—
 In peace and honour die !
 “To arms! to arms!” we cry.

Rule, Britannia! Britannia, sway
The hearts of despots with dismay,
 Till tyrants are no more :
Their hearts shall bear no longer sway,
Their rancour they must put away,
 Nor reach our British shore !
 “To arms! to arms!” we cry.

Let peace and love our laurels crown,
And let us Queen Victoria own,
 With virtue in her soul :
Our hearths and homes we will defend,
And the last drop of blood we'll spend,
 Where British oceans roll !
 “To arms! to arms!” we cry.

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ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

1872 A.D.
68

Emerged from Chaos, and from Darkness drear,
I now can move through all Creation's sphere:
In Heaven I dwell although on Earth I tread
I live in Air, though counted with the Dead.
Once time dancing on the sparkling wave,
Again enshrouded in the silent Grave;
I dwell in Palaces, and Halls of State,
In beggars' garb approach the rich man's gate.
A babe within my cradle see me rest,
And then reclining on a Giant's breast,
In weakness perfect, yet in perfect health,
The beggar owns me, though I roll in wealth.
Brought out of atoms, I pervade all space,
And all mankind enclose in my embrace;—
Brave with the brave, I tremble still with fears.
My heart, though adamant, oft melts in tears.
Without me none can talk, or walk, or leap;
No harvest ripen, and no Reaper reap;
Without my aid the lovely lamp of night
No more would shed its pale and pensive light;
~~Thought, wild, no, manly, sometimes in a rage,~~
In stature small I still in years increase!
I say Farewell! and leave you now in Peace.—

John Chapman, K.

Oct. 29th 1860



[1]

Colleg 18

69



A

POEM

(By way of ELEGIE)

UPON

M^r Stephen Colledge,

Vulgarly known by the Name of

The PROTESTANT JOYNER.

AH Colledge! how relentless is thy Fate,
That will not grant to Life a longer date!
No Cordial Ignoramus can retrieve
Thy fainting Spirits, and new Vitals give.
Since the too long and last Farewel you took,
How lonely seems the Coffee-house to look!
Your long beloved Twist, that us'd to be
Sedition mixt with little Loyalty,
Complains of your long absence, and doth fear
Some Rival Twist will entertain you there.
Circl'd within her Hempen Arms, you'll be
Rapt in surprizing Sweets of Extasie:
There to unenvi'd Bliss you'll safely soar,
Till Breath begin to fail, and you give o'er.

Great Martyr, Stephen, who shall now succeed
To lance Religion till the Beldam bleed?

A

Under

Under whose circumspection will you see
 Your Infant-Libels that in time may be
 Fomenters of your fatal Jealousie ? }
 Was't thus you sought for Libertie and ease,
 Redress of Grievances, and endless Peace ?
 Incorrigible Zealot ! sigh, and see
 How painfully you've drudg'd for misery.
 Thus the too active Sun himself betrays,
 Exhaling Mists that intercept his Rays.

But now he dies, his Stratagems do fail :
 Hark how the whining Puritans bewail
 Their Shams and Train of Oaths discover'd lay ;
 Let them seek easier people to betray.
 Yet on their Darling Colledge we'll bestow
 An artless Monumental Verse or two.

Here lies the man that zealously wou'd be
 Pretending Union and Liberty :
 But now his Glew-pot's useless, 'tis too late,
 He cannot piece the breaches of the State.

London : Printed for J. Bowen. 1681.
 To those Religion will be a blessing
 Till the world begin to list, say you big o' o'.

4072

70

THE WHIGGS LAMENTATION, For the Death of their Dear Brother Colledge, *Colledge* The Protestant JOYNER.

To the Tune of, *Now, Now, the Fights Done, and the Great God of War, &c.*

(I.)

Brave Colledge is Hang'd, the Chief of our hopes,
For pulling down Bishops, and making New Popes ;
Our dear Brother Property crawls on the Ground,
In Poland, K--- *Antbony* ne're will be Crown'd :
For now their resolv'd, that *Harts* shall be Trump,
And the Prentices Swear, they will Burn the Old Rump.

(II.)

Brave Coll'dge, both Champion and Carver of Laws,
Who dyed undaunted, and stuck to the Cause ;
What mischief might thou, to the Godly have done
Had thy daring Soul, dreaded the World to come ?
And all thy dear Party to dainger expos'd,
If thou to the World, had thy secrets disclos'd.

(III.)

But now thou art Hang'd, and that fear is past,
Were all that's in question as safe in the Nest ;
Then we some new means, might consult or contrive,
To drive on our purpose, to prosper or thrive :
But the Popish PLOT, has now quite lost it's Name,
And none thy bright Blunderbush dare to maintain.

(IV.)

What K---but Great Colledge, could er'e make a Pope
Tho' he was or'e rul'd by the end of the Rope ?
Great Colledge, was certainly *Jure Divino*,
When the Tripple Crown, on the Popes Head did Shino.
He burnt him to Ashes, for pastime like Nero
Then strait made a new one, such Power had our Hero.

(V.)

Great Colledge, must certainly dye a good Martyr,
Being Knight of the Halter, and above the Garter ;
Our dear Brother States-man, tho' bred in a Saw-pit,
Had Internal Genious, enough to or'ethrow Wit :
He fram'd a new Moddel, to limit the K---,
In hopes Crown and Sceptre, might truckle to him.

(VI.)

Great Britain, ne're bred such a Brother as Colledge,
He made Seven Popes, in his Time on our knowledge ;
Our Signals of Crimes, he put in the Popes Armes,
Which prudent Contrivance, our Function Alarms.
With threats in Petition, Kings Power to restrain,
Tet Tonser, and *Ramstaff*, rides Admiral again.

(VII.)

Great Hanibals Conquest, nor Oliver's Nose,
Could with such small Slaughter, subdue such great Foes,
As he in this three years, with help of our Party,
Hath check't our three Kingdoms and *Magna Carta*.
The Head of our Church, and the Head of our Cause,
He would have maintain'd them by Perjury and Blows.

(VIII.)

He now may be call'd, a third Saviour oth' Nation,
To save his dear Church, he Renounced Salvation ;
Like Famous *Cargile*, he dy'd for King Jesus,
Defying Church Idols, enough to amaze us :
He ty'd up together, both his and our Crimes,
And dy'd like a Devil, to damp our Designes.

(IX.)

Our Case toth' Carrecter-men, we must refer
To *Shadwell*, and *Settle*, to *Curtis*, and *Carr*.
To know who Succeeds, our Late Captain the Joyner,
He must be an Artist, some Carver, or Coyner,
To make our Solemnity, and some New Popes,
On which our dependency, hangs and our hopes.

(X.)

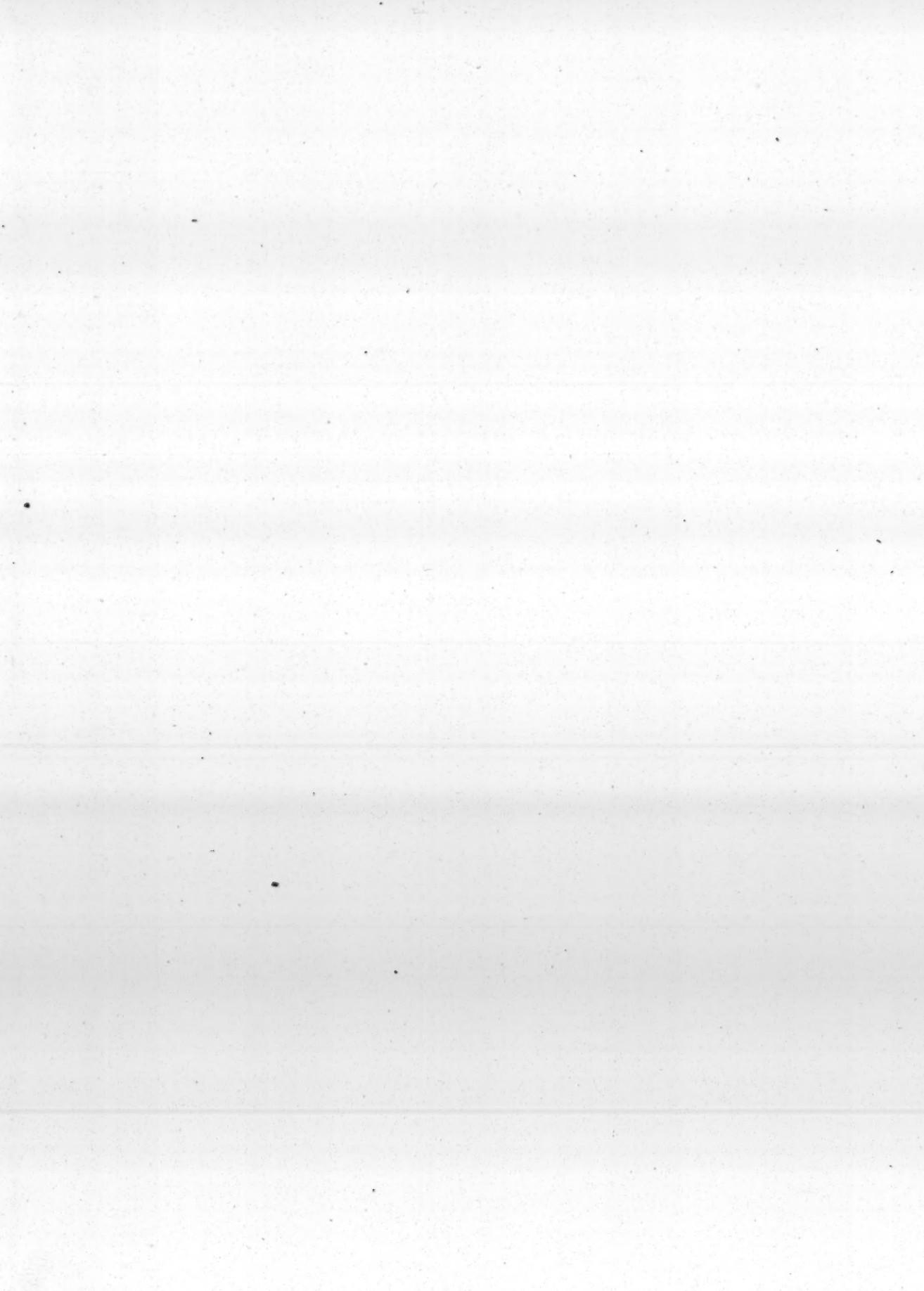
But when the time comes, that the Pope must be burn'd
I fear we shall finde that the Tide is much turn'd ?
For the *Tory* Party, hath got so much ground,
To Head a Rebellion there's none will be found ;
For now they'r Resolved that *Harts* shall be Trump,
And the Prentices Swear, they'l burn the Old Rump.

(XI.)

Such a confused Monster, they swear they'l Compose
Of all the Dissenters, that are the Kings Foes ;
The *Baptist*, and *Biter*, the *Pendant*, and *Quaker*,
From which they will draw such a prodigious Creature :
More Diabolical Iavective Far,
Then all Popes Solemnity's at *Temple-Barr*.

(XII.)

Our Commonion-Council lets Summon together,
To Pannel pack't Jury's, Let's mak't our endeavour,
For an *Habeus Corpus*, insist on our Power ;
To fetch our Great Patriots out of the Tower ;
And then we'l Dispute the Case, for Reformation,
And make the Proud *Torys* Resign us the Nation.



Loyal Man's Letany:

Or a Prayer against
FACTION,
This present time of
LENT.

From a Presbyters Zeal, and the Faith of a Scot,
Who both by like Merit the Blessing have got
To Pray as devoutly as 'tother do's Plot.

Libera nos Domine.

From defending the Rights of Monarchical Power,
And then to Betray it the very same Hoitr,
To those whom they knew would have cropt it before

Libera, &c.

From taking up Arms for Religions Defence,
Which is always the cause, and a Traytours pretence,
Tho the cursed design was to Ruine their Prince,

Libera, &c.

From Pawning of Plate to maintain the Old Causse,
From venturing our Necks to Infringe the known Laws
On purpose to gain a Fanaticks Applause.

Libera, &c.

From shedding the Blood of a Million and more,
From plundering the Loyal to increase their own Store
Then laying the fault at their Sovereign's Door.

Libera, &c.

From Enacting of Laws without Law or Reason,
And then by a Trick Vote a Writ of Diffuzin
To turn him from Office, and Behead him for Treason.

Libera, &c.

From a long Thirteen Years of running astray,
T' an Arbitrary Rule and a Popular Sway,
Worse than that of a Nero or Caligula.

Libera, &c.

From those who the Oath of Allegiance disclaim,
Pretending their Conscience wont suffer the same,
And therefore a new they begin their Old Game.

Libera, &c.

From him who would sham us with Plots in the Air,
And to make us believe him, devoutly does Swear
That Invisible Armies of Pilgrims appear.

Libera, &c.

From conferring of Titles on this Man and that,
And Swearing them in and out of the Plot,
Then Hang them because----he knew not for what.

Libera, &c.

From the rest that did damn themselves to Avow,
What ever their Prodromos said to be True,
Tho nor him, nor his Evidence ever they knew.

Libera &c.

From the Gaol and the Pox, and what ever Disease
Do justly attend such Wretches as these,
Who Rebellion promote, the Rabble to Please.

Libera &c.

From a Patriot Captain that once dar'd to lay
He'd show his brisk Boys an Excellent way,
Not how they might Conquer, but how run away.

Libera, &c.

From not following Advice, tho never so Evil,
But tarrying behind, to be foolishly Civil;
So be Hang'd by Jack Ketch, and sent to the Devil.

Libera, &c.

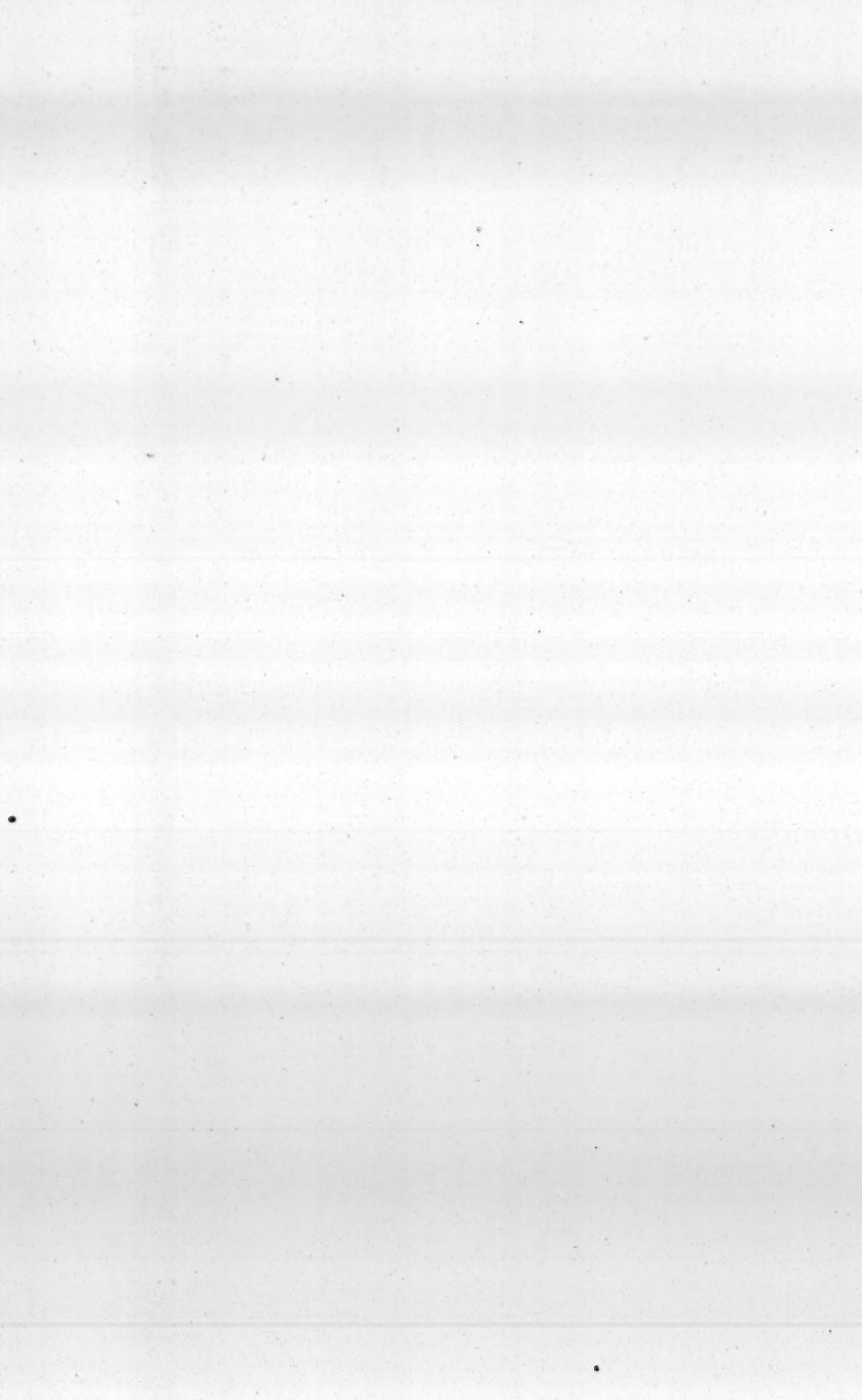
From a Mimical Doctor who Wrote their last Speeches;
As far from their Sense as the Doctrine he Preaches;
But Gain is his Godliness, 'tis that that he Teaches.

Libera, &c.

From all those who deserve the same or worse Fate,
Who pretend to be Witty in shewing their Hate
Against Royal James, the Church or the State.

Libera nos Domine.

LONDON, Printed by George Croom, at the Sign of the Blue-Ball in Thames-street,
over against Baynard's-Castle. 1685.



SECOND PART

Of the LOYAL

LETANY.

THAT it may please Thee to decree
Our Wishes may compleated be
We pray'd for in the *Letany*.

Querimus te Domine.

That it may please Thee to disown
The *Plots* and Prayers of every one
Who seek thy Anointed to de-Throne.

Querimus, &c.

That it may please Thee to prevent
All such to Sit in Parliament,
Who did the *Exclusive Bill* invent.

Querimus, &c.

That it may please Thee to debar
All those who would foment a War,
And of a *B-----d* make an Heir.

Querimus, &c.

That it may please Thee to see good
To Punish those who lately wou'd
Have wash'd their Hands in *Charles's Blood*.

Querimus, &c.

That it may please Thee to Display
Their Cants and Cheats who do Betray
And lead thy Chosen Flock Astray.

Querimus, &c.

That it may please Thee to Disdain
And render all their Prayers in Vain,
Who make their Godliness their Gain.

Querimus, &c.

That it may please Thee in good time
The Heads of *Otes* and *Prance* may Climb
To *Rouse's Pole*,—we want a Rhyme.

Querimus, &c.

That it may please Thee to Confute
And strike them Dumb who dare dispute
('gainst Law) for *Pi----ton* and *S---te*.

Querimus, &c.

That it may please Thee O that we
May ne'er again be shamm'd to see
An Army Rais'd Invisibly

Querimus, &c.

That it may please Thee these our Eyes
May ne'er behold in woful wife
Our Murdered Corps, when next we Rise.

Querimus, &c.

That it may please Thee for to Grant
We ne'er a *Scotish Whigg* may want,
To teach us when we are Hang'd to Cant.

Querimus, &c.

That it may please Thee to deliver
Us from those that would endeavour
The King and Parliament to Sever.

Querimus, &c.

That it may please Thee to Increase
In *Englands Bosom* Wealth and Peace:
And may it never never Cease.

Querimus, &c.

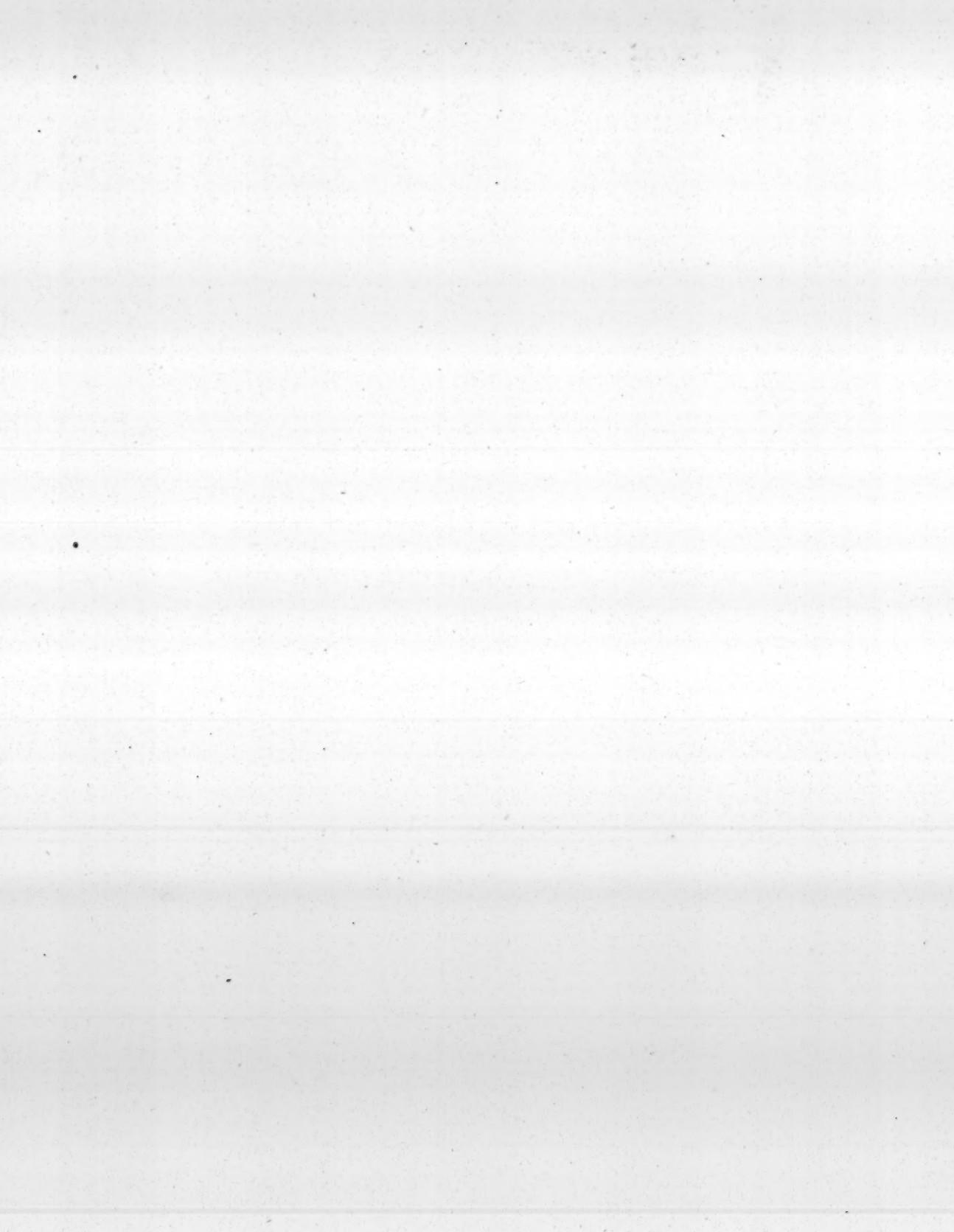
That it may please Thee to dispence
Thy best and kindest Influence
Upon the Head of *James* our Prince.

Querimus, &c.

That it may please Thee to Defend
'gainst secret Foe and flattering Friend,
His Life and Crown, World without End.

Querimus te Domine.

LONDON, Printed by George Croom, at the Sign of the *Blue-Ball* in *Thames-street*,
over against *Baynard's-Castle*. 1685.



APPARITION

That appeared to TITUS OATES.

K. Mar. 1644

Some night late past, as I (*accursed*) lay,
Tumbling and Tossing, wishing long for day ;
Just fallen into a Sleep, I did Espy
(Methought) some frightful Things approaching neare
My trembling Bed : Those who at first appear'd,
Were naked Men with *Crimson Blood* besmeer'd,
Dragging their Bowells trayling at their Heel,
Their Breasts ript open, wanted Hearts to feel :
They gently came, and drew near to my Bed,
Shew'd what, and who they were but nothing said ;
At which I then (though ne're before) turn'd red :
In every Gesture you might plainly find,
A Soul compos'd, and a well order'd mind,
They knew me not, their Thoughts did soar more high,
Their Eyes and Thoughts were fix'd above the Sky :
But with true Consort each did Sing this Song,
O Lord most Holy, Lord most Just, how long ?
Just following them, came Two so cloutely joyn'd
As Matrimonial Bands had e're design'd ;
For Man and Wife, (Perhaps they so might be,)
The one drest Man-like, t'other contrary ;
The Robes he wore were of a Scarlet dye,
Of Aspect Reverend, full of Gravity :
In whose right Hand fast held (me thought) I saw
A Book, Intituled, *Govern by the Law.*
Her Dres as *Vestal Nuns* are made to wear,
From Head to Foot, did purely White appear ;
Whose Eyes were Cover'd with the Finest Lawn ;
In her right Hand a Naked Sword was drawn,
Pointed towards me, at which I trembled more,
Then at the Bleeding sight I nam'd before.
As if she knew me, she did boldly come,
Inquir'd for *Conscience*, I reply'd, *from home* ;
Quoth she, *How long ?* I said, *I cou'd not tell,*
She very seldom us'd with Me to dwell.
Then with a Bold (I thought commanding) word
To th' Scarle: Gov'ncryes, *Judgment give my Lord:*



APPARITION

That appeared to TITUS OATES.

K. Harris 114

Some night late past, as I (accursed) lay,
Tumbling and Tossing, wishing long for day ;
Just fallen into a Sleep, I did Espy
(Methought) some frightful Things approaching nye
My trembling Bed : Those who at first appear'd,
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As if she knew me, she did boldly come,
Inquir'd for Conscience, I reply'd, from 'ome ;
Quoth she, *How long ?* I said, I cou'd not tell,
She very seldom us'd with Me to dwell.
Then with a Bold (I thought commanding) word
To th' Scarle: Gov'ryes, judgment give my Lord.

He seem'd reserv'd, and would but little say,
Yet shook his Head, Look'd Stearn, and went away,
With threatening Signs of a severer day.

At which I walk'd from that most dismal Dream.

And thus I write upon the Tragyck Theme.

Alas those inward Pangs I hourly feel,
Are now grown greater than I can reveal?
None e're more sensibly than I, cou'd tell,
How like a wounded Conscience is to Hell:

My crying Crimes, like Vipers dayly tear
My Bleeding Intralls, and I'm all dispair:
The Fate of Judas was more mild than mine,
He shew'd Repentance of his Treacherous Crime:

Favour was granted to that Cursed Elf,
And strength of Mind enough to hang Himself.

But I more miserable far than He

Who dare not do what none will do for me,

Ungrateful Ketch where's thy Civility!

You know that lately, might I had my Will,
And Cornishes and Bethels Sheriffs still,
I wou'd have sworn whilst Death had Power to Kill,
And was in all Superlatively ill.

For I, more fierce than all the Devils, hurl'd,
And strove to turn to Chaos all the World:

For which I'm Plagu'd, and Burn with more than fire,
By the strict Vengeance of th' Almighty's ire.

To Heaven I dare not look, that Glorious Throne

Did evermore my Hateful Crimes disown.

Th' Infernal Spirits seem to dread me too,

Or envy that my Crimes did Theirs out-do.

Proscrib'd by all, Where Wretched shall I flye?

To hide my Guilt from G O D's All-searching Eye.

— But hold, have I not read

Pythagoras Faith, and what th' Egyptians said

Of Transmigration of the Souls of Men,

Into some Birds or Beasts, alas! What then?

Where may I search? for either Beast or Fowl

Deserves the Plague of such a Loaded Soul?

What Land e'r so accurst as to produce

So foul a Creature, to so foul a Use,

Unless perhaps on that Unhallow'd Ground

Where my Learn'd Tutor dy'd, such may be found.

If that proves true, then Tirus thou art blest,

And in that hope, accursed Oates take Rest.

By ANTHONY HARRIS.

Printed by Nat. Thompson at the Entrance into the Old Spring-Garden, near Charing-Cross. 1684.

An Excellent New

B A L L A D,

Of the PLOTTING HEAD.

To the Tune of, *How Unhappy is Phillis in Love*. Or, *Let Oliver now be forgot*, &c.

You Presbyters now Relent,
For your Plotting is all in vain,
Since College does now Repent,
And hourly does complain ;
That all your contrivance is nothing,
And M---yet proves a Slowthing : *Monmouth*
Ah little Pate !
Politick Pate !
Thy Policy now is grown quite out of Date.

Now all the Caball Men of Fortune,
With *Toney*, the Head of the Crew
Who the People did often Importune,
To Swear things that never were true :
Oh ! this is the Fox of the Nation,
Who made your Sedition a Fashion,
Ah little Pate !
Ill was thy Fate !
For to bring thy self to this wretched Estate.

And now where's thy Policy *Toney*,
The Nation so much did Admire,
Ha'ft lost both thy Wit, and thy Money
Since Friends with thy Fortune Expire ;
Had not *Harris* spoke truth at's last Hour, *Fitz*
Thou ne're hadst been sent to the Tower, *harris*
Ah little Pate !
What is thy Fate !
Wilt thou have thy Head fixed fast on a Gate.

Poor *Stafford* indeed you out-witted,
And thought to have done all the rest,
But now your Quaint Policy's fitted
And you left to make up the jeast;
Except you Invoke your Friend *Tory*,
To turn, and to Swear a New Story :
Ah little Pate !
What is thy Fate !
Alas must thy Head now be fix't on a Gate ?

The Zealots that live in the City,
Are griev'd, for to see your strang Fate ;
Though yet they your Fortune may pity,
They'll finde out your Treasons too late :
For the Devil you faithfully served,
Has left you, to what you deserved
Ah little Pate !
Dam'n'd little Pate !
To cause this destruction and Curse in the State.

Like Lucifer swel'd with Ambition,
And tost from a Heavenly Seat ;
So you from a wretched Condition,
Was by your King's Favour, made Great
But like the worl'st of all Creatures,
Whose Treacherie's seen in his Features ;
For you little Pate,
To bring in a State,
Would venture your Head being fix't on a Gate.

You thought that when *Hide* was Transplanted,
That you should have grown in his place,
But his Off-spring, who never were Daunted
Your Actions did hourly Trace ;
For you (*Janus* like) have two Faces,
And fit your self for all Places ;
Ah little Pate !
Politick Pate !
Which for Treason at last, will be fix't on a Gate.

Confess all thy Traterous Actions,
Consider the Blood hath been Shed ;
Lay open thy yet hidden Factions,
Of which thou art surely the Head ;
Pull out thy Tap of Sedition,
Gain Mercy by true Contrition.
Ah little Pate !
Politick Pate !
Or else may thy Head be fast fix't on a Gate.



(i)

75

WORDS for a

Musical Entertainment

AT THE

New - Theatre ,

IN

LITTLE LINCOLNS INN Fields;

ON

The Taking of Namur ,

AND

His Majesty's Safe Return.

Set to Music by Mr. John Eccles.

Written by Mr. Motteux. *R.*

Haste, Loyal Britons, haste, prepare ;
William, Victorious William comes.
Sound, sound ye Trumpets, beat ye Drums ;
A Martial Sound best greets a Martial Ear.
Haste, Loyal Britons, haste, prepare ;
William, Victorious William comes.

How glorious is the Hero's Fate !
As angry Winds encrease a Flame,
His Foes but fight to raise his Fame ;
And Lewis gain'd but to make William great.
How glorious is the Hero's Fate !

Lo !

Lo! *Namure*, which a Pow'r immense
Outdid it self to conquer and to fence,
Tho throng'd with fierce defying *Gauls*,
To *William* yields its boasted Walls.

In vain its threatening Champions forward move ;
Like *Mars* He dares, and strikes like *Jove*.
See ! numberless they come, all *Gallia* takes the Field !
He Looks, They fly ; He storms, They yield.

Thus, Peace and Freedom to bestow,
With Thought He orders, and performs with Flame :
Fate by his Prudence takes its Aim,
And by his Valour strikes the Blow.

These 4 lines
are not Sung. Proud *Lewis*, from this *Aera* date thy fall :
He, who thus conquer'd, soon may conquer all ;
Yet toyls but for the World's Repose ;
And Tyrants are his only Foes.

Grand Chorus

Hail ! Glorious Monarch Britain's Pride,
Europe's Prop. the World's Delight !
Thus ev'ry year triumphant ride,
Till Peace and Freedom crown thy Right.

1860

F I N I S.

1672-a

HARTLEY COLLIERY.

DEDICATED TO

THE REV. CHARLTON LANE, M.A.,

WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF GRATITUDE, AND PROFOUND RESPECT, BY HIS
DEVOTED FRIEND AND OBLIGED SERVANT,

JOHN YARROW,

January 26th, 1862.

HARK ! the loud cries of agonized despair,
Burst from yon cavern, dark with deadliest gloom !
Hark ! midst those screams, the cries of fervent prayer
Rise from the miners in their living tomb !

The treacherous elements the beam have riven,
And falls, with thundering crash, the iron arm !
The brattice yields, and tons of stones are driven
Within yon pit, as by some demon charm !

Hundreds of living beings struggling stand,
Or crouch, beneath the pond'rous shelves of coal,
Fighting for life—and all their force command,
To hew a passage from yon lurid hole.

Water and fire contending are in strife ;
Pestiferous damp and poisonous atmosphere
Prostrate the energies of breathing life,
And force from manly eyes the anguished tear.

Above that yawning pit stand British hearts,
Who dig, dig, dig,—and forms of rescue plan :
Each man does well—all strive to do their parts,
And living might does all the mightiest can.

Forth from that cave ascends the mourning wail,
And maddening men their anguish utter loud :
The frantic yell, through clouds of dust, assail
The ears of those, whose heads on earth are bowed.

Hoping 'gainst hope, they ply the dauntless hand ;
Heart linked with heart, in desperate energy :—
Some fainting reel—and some, with grief unmanned,
Sink in the depth—call on their God—and die !

But oh ! who can portray the bleeding hearts
That crowd around, in that tremendous scene ?
What lips reveal the agonizing smarts
Of wives once happy, in their home serene ?

Some beat the breast, and, with dishevelled hair,
Call on the earth to yield their dearest lords !
Some mutely stand, like columns of despair !
Some maddening gaze, and find in grief no words !

The children sob,—repose upon the breast,
And ask their fathers—dearest fathers—where ?
“ Poor children ! all your fathers are at rest,
And we, with them, the gloomy grave will share.”

At length the efforts of undaunted skill,
Rive the choked gulf—and horrors plain appear !
The toughest hearts, the flintiest breast, must thrill,
And Desolation's self, appalled, is here !

Fathers and sons, entwinèd, lay below !
Brother with brother here hath found a grave !
Death here hath surely—surely worked—though slow ;
And man—proud man—was impotent to save.

God speed their souls ! God save their stricken wives !
God heal the wounds !—relieve the orphan's throes ;
God, who hath smitten, spare the widowed lives,
And, with thy mercy, soothe their o'erwhelming woes !

Rouse ! men of England ! stretch your hand to save !
Your Queen, with bleeding heart, hath gone before ;
Relieve the widows' wants—destruction's wave
Avert—and bless the dwellings of the poor.

Ye who are rich—your riches here bestow ;
Ye who are poor—give something to the dead,
The living dead ! who, crushed beneath the blow,
Lie shivering, fainting, waiting to be fed.

Ye who have nought—fall down on bended knee,
Pray for the widows—sobbing orphans—pray :—
He, who the sparrow feeds, your hearts will see ;
Answer your cries—and their sad pangs allay.

Then consolation and religion mild;
Shall soothe the agonies that reign around ;
Shall dry the mothers' eyes, with weeping wild,
And raise the children, sinking with the wound.

Pause o'er the grave !—beneath the clay-cold sod,
Rest forms once noble—hearts that once were brave :
Their spirits rest in bosom of their God !
Their flesh lies tomb'd within a Second Grave !

THE PROFITS TO BE GIVEN TO THE WIDOWS' FUND.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

PUBLISHED BY A. M. PIGOTT, 39, KENNINGTON PARK CORNER, S.; AND 13, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.



PRINTED FOR

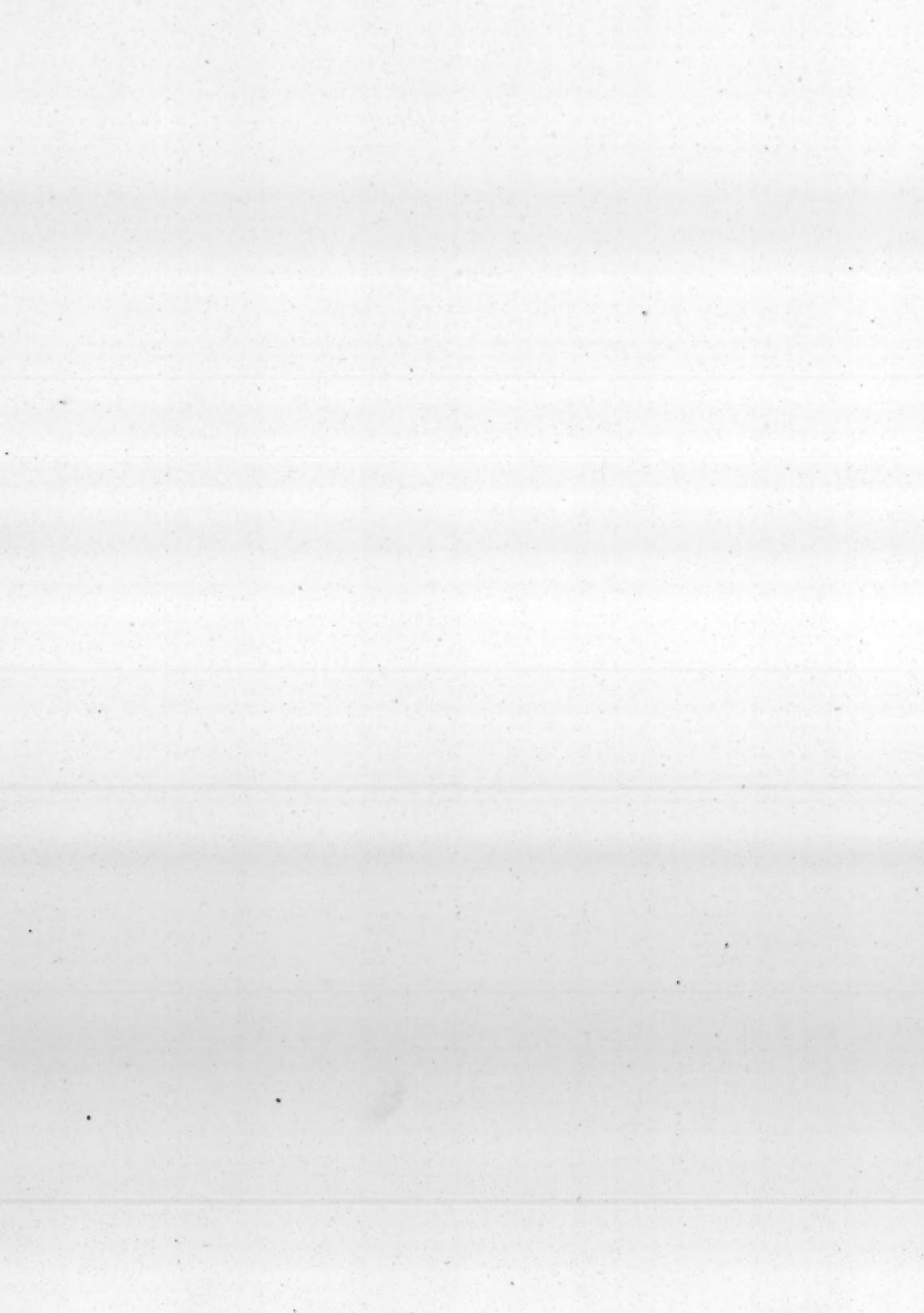
MR. W. STOKES, TEACHER OF MEMORY. FOR THE USE OF HIS PUPILS.

ODE TO THE DEITY,

(TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN OF DERZHANIN.)

This Ode is said to have been translated into the Tartar and Chinese languages, written on silk, and suspended in the Imperial Palace at Pekin. The Emperor of Japan had it translated into Japanese, embroidered in gold, and hung up in the Temple of Jedd. It is gratifying to learn that these nations have bestowed such honours on this noble composition. We believe that no man, however powerful his intellect and sublime his imagination, unacquainted with Holy Writ, ever did or ever will compose so exalted a Poem. It abounds with Scriptural allusions. The finest parts of the Ode were written when the soul of the author, perhaps unconsciously, was wrapt in contemplation of passages in the Bible. One of the most exquisite verses in the Poem is that in which the poet, fleeing from the nothingness of humanity, takes shelter in the gloriously consoling idea that the Divine Spirit shines in his spirit, "As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew."—Immediately after follow the words, "In Thee I live, and breathe, and dwell." Is it not manifest that the whole of this sublimely beautiful passage is borrowed from Acts xvii. 28?

- 1 1 O Thou Eternal One!—whose presence bright
2 All space doth occupy—all motion guide;
3 Unchanged through time's all everlasting flight,
4 Thou only God!—there is no God beside!
5 Being above all beings!—Mighty One!
6 Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
7 Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er :—
8 Being, whom we call "God."—I know no more!
- 3 9 In its sublime research philosophy
10 May measure out the ocean deep—may count
11 The sands or the sun's rays—but, God! for Thee
12 There is no weight, nor measure :—none can mount
4 13 Up to Thy mysteries!—Reason's brightest spark,
14 Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
15 To trace Thy counsels infinite and dark;
16 And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
17 E'en like last moments in eternity!
- 5 18 Thou from primeval nothingness didst call,
19 First chaos, then existence. Lord, on Thee
20 Eternity had its foundation!—All
21 Spring forth from Thee!—all light, joy, harmony!
6 22 Sole Origin!—all life, all beauty. Thine!—
23 Thy word created all, and dith create!—
24 Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine!—
25 Thou art, and wert, and shalt be!—glorious!—great!
26 Life-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!
- 7 27 Thy claims the unmeasured universe surround ;—
28 Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!—
29 Thou the beginning and the end hast bound,
30 And beautifully mingled life and death!
8 31 As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
32 So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee!—
33 And as the spangles in the sunny rays
34 Shine round the silver morn, the pageantry
35 Of Heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise!
- 9 36 A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,
37 Wander, unwearied, through the blue abyss;—
38 They own Thy power—accomplish Thy command,—
39 All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss!
- 10 40 What shall we call them?—Piles of celestial light?—
41 A glorious company of golden streams?—
42 Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?—
43 Suns lightening systems with their joyous beams?—
44 But Thou to these, art as the moon to night!
- 11 45 Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
46 All this magnificence in Thee is lost!
47 What are ten thousand worlds compared with Thee?—
48 And what am I, then?—Heaven's unnumbered host,
- 12 49 Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
50 In all the glory of sublimest thought,
51 Is but an atom in the balance weighed
52 Against Thy greatness!—is a cypher brought
53 Against infinity! What am I, then? Nought—
- 13 54 Nought!—But the effulgence of Thy light divine,
55 Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too!—
56 Yes, in my spirit doth Thy Spirit shine,
57 As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew!
- 14 58 Nought!—but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
59 Eager towards Thy presence;—for in Thee
60 I live, and breathe, and dwell ;—I lift mine eye
61 E'en to the throne of Thy divinity.
62 I am, O God, and surely Thou must be!
- 15 63 Thou art!—directing, guiding all,—Thou art!—
64 Direct my understanding, then, to Thee;—
65 Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart.
66 Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
- 16 67 Still, I am something fashioned by Thy hand :—
68 I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,—
69 On the last verge of mortal being stand,—
70 Close to the realms where angels have their birth ;—
71 Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!
- 17 72 The chain of being is complete in me ;—
73 In me is matter's last gradation lost ;—
74 And the next step, is spirit—Deity!—
75 I can command the lightning, and am dust!—
- 18 76 A monarch, and a slave!—a worm, a god!
77 Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously
78 Constructed and conceived!—Unknown?—This clok
79 Lives surely through some higher energy ;
80 For from itself alone it could not be!
- 19 81 Creator!—Yes!—Thy wisdom and Thy word
82 Created me!—Thou Source of life and good!—
83 Thou Spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
84 Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude,
- 20 85 Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
86 O'er the abyss of Death ; and bade it wear
87 The garments of eternal day, and wing
88 Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
89 E'en to its source—to Thee!—its Author there!
- 21 90 O thoughts ineffable!—O visions blest!—
91 Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
92 Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
93 And waft its homage to Thy Deity!
- 22 94 God!—thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar,—
95 Thus seek Thy presence—Being wise and good!—
96 'Midst Thy vast works, admire, obey, adore!—
97 And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
98 The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude!



YANKEE DOODLE.

(New Version.)

Yankee doodle went to war,
Thought himself a fighter,
Swore he'd sweep the rebels off,
And tie the Union tighter.
Yankee doodle, doodle doo,
Rebels hot and whippy,
Slick I'll sweep from Washington,
Down to Mississippi.

Yankee doodle fired his gun,
Took a sniff o' powder,
Liquor'd up his courage quick,
Taller talk'd, and louder:
Yankee doodle, doodle doo,
The rebels to tarnation;
Plank your pewter, Stars and Stripes,
We air a mighty nation.

Johnny Bull can lick the world,
And I can lick Old Johnny:
So he to Manassas march'd,
Fifers playing bonny—
Yankee doodle, doodle doo,
Stars and Stripes for ever;
Canada I'll conquer next,
Yankee doodle clever.

Yankee doodle fired his guns,
Trampled corn and grasses;
Couldn't sweep the rebels off,
Couldn't take Manassas.
Yankee doodle, doodle doo,
Spite of brag and liquor
Fac'd about and ran away,
Never ran he quicker.

Yankee doodle felt quite cheap,
So he took to drillin',
Rais'd a "young Napoleon,"
To keep his army willin'.
Yankee doodle, doodle doo
Took to serious thinkin';
Suck'd no end of sugar-sticks,
And drew his pay like winkin'.

Something now I'll do, said he,
Can't bear bein' idle:
So John Bull's steamer *Trent* he stopt,
And Mason sez'd, and Slidell.
Yankee doodle, doodle doo,
Yankee doodle dandy;
Johnny Bull won't dare to fight,
'Cause Canada's so handy.

Johnny Bull won't dare to fight,
His empire's old and rotten;
I'll stop my corn and starve him out,
He'll die for want of cotton.
Yankee doodle, doodle doo,
Stars and Stripes for ever!
Feed and flatter Captain Wilkes,
Who stopt the *Trent* so clever.

Johnny Bull then bristled up—
What! the mischief take ye,
You give those two pris'ners up,
Or I'll come and make ye.
Yankee doodle laugh'd and said—
Grandad, ain't ye jeerin'?
Afore this child gives rebels up,
He'll go a privateerin'.

What I've done once I'll do again
On the ocean wavy,
I'll sweep your traders from the sea,
And smash up all your navy.
Yankee doodle, doodle doo,
Canada's so handy:
Who'll annex and confiscate
Like Yankee doodle dandy?

Johnny Bull look'd stern, and said,
Bunkum's not the question;
Mason yield, give Slidell up,
Or you'll have indigestion.
Yankee doodle, you'll be sick,
You'll want pills and powder:
I'll send ye Doctor Armstrong quick,
Though you talk loud, he's louder.

No Sirree! my destiny
Makes me the greatest nation,
Smart as snakes, and spry as coons,
To conquer all creation:
So, old hoss, you'll jest shut up,
Clap your tongue in bridle;
You won't catch me givin' up
Mason, no, nor Slidell.

I once put Bound'ry in your pipe,
And laugh'd to see ye smoke it;
Not Oregon could make ye fight,
Nor San Juan provoke it.
Yankee doodle, doodle doo,
Yankee doodle dandy;
None can chisel Britishers
Like Yankee doodle dandy.

Johnny Bull his red-coats sent
O'er the ocean surges,
To keep out thieves from Canada,
With Doctor Armstrong's purges.
Yankee doodle shook his head—
Ho! ho! grandad means fightin';
I thought he'd let the matter drift
In long protracted writin'.

78

Darn the proud old rooster, for
His crowin' riles my dander:
I'll confiscate his millions yet—
What fightin' could be grander?
Yankee doodle, cocktail gas,
Bull shall have a whippin',
I'll annex his patch of earth,
And burn up all his shippin'.

Yankee doodle had a wife,
And she said, pray, consider,
Words is wind, but blows do hurt,
And war makes me a widder.
Johnny Bull will burn New York,
Steam up Potomac, all hot,
He'll hoist his flag at Baltimore,
And smash your Boston Teapot.

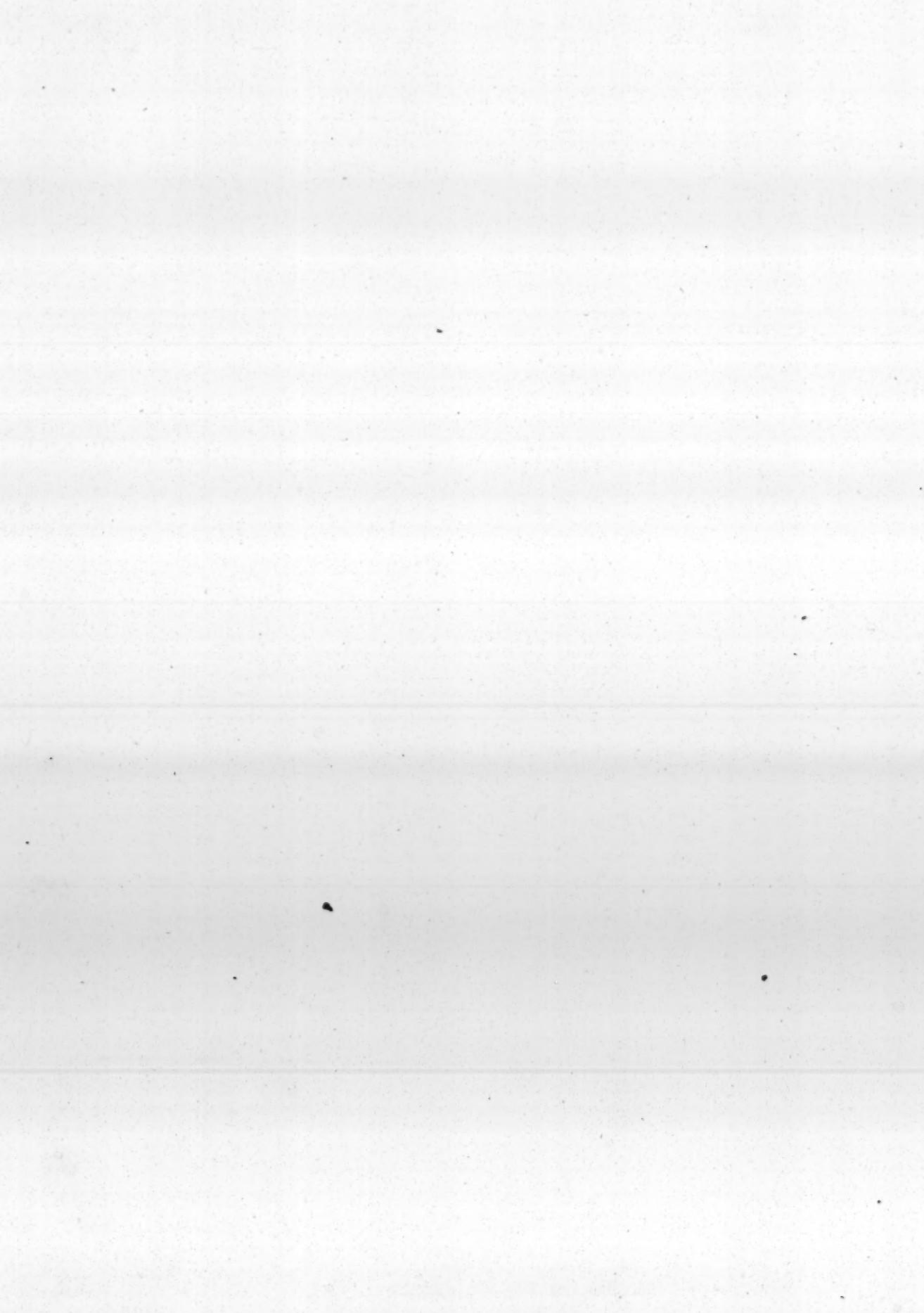
'Tain't no use your talkin' loud,
No use makin' faces;
Didn't you once run from him
At Bladensburg's races?
You've been spilt by Uncle Sam
With dognose, votes, and candy,
Hail, Columbia! happy land,
And Yankee doodle dandy.

Yankee doodle shook his head,
He let Wilkes drop to leeward,
He patted Lincoln on the back,
And tried to smile on Seward.
After all, what is the use
Of downright, arnest fightin'?
But some day I'll pay Johnny Bull
With barkin' and with bitin'.

Stripes and Stars, and Stars and Stripes,
Yankee doodle, dydle!

He caved in, and he gave up
Mason, aye, and Slidell.
Uncle Sam says words is wind,
Blows he will not bandy:
For blows do hurt—I'll give 'em up
Slick as sugar-candy.

Here's a health to Johnny Bull,
Freedom's cause maintaining,
Striving only for the right,
All treachery disdaining.
May his flag fly ever free,
Foe to all corruption;
Keep the highway of the sea
Clear of interruption.



THE FUNNIEST GIRL ABOUT!

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR

MISS LAURA SANDERS

BY R. B. FULLFORD.

79

When Birmingham you come to see,
With friends to make a call,
Now don't forget, a visit pay,
To HOLDER's CONCERT HALL.
A Rival now we have in DAY;
At night you'll give a shout,
Of all the jolly sights to see
Is the Funniest Girl about.—Tiddy, iddy, &c.

Now Mr. BROOKES, upon the stairs,
He takes your money well,
And hands two checks, *instead of one*,
For whatever GARDNER sells.
And Mr. SOWARD politely bows,
And welcomes you about,
And *sly hints* that you will see,
The Funniest Girl about.

Pray take your seats, pray take your glass,
Behave yourselves, *be sure*,
And listen to the words I sing,
I am a perfect Cure.
JOHN MOUNTFORD there, he's in the chair,
To keep you right about,
Do what he will, I'll please you still,
[Spoken.] Because
I'm the Funniest Girl about.

Now Madame ALFORDE sings a song,
So pretty and sublime;
JOHN WILLIAMS he's our *Tenor* too,
His voice is quite divine;
A Baritone J. MILLWARD is,
To raise a glorious shout;
MACKAIN, as Bass, he will chime in,
For the Funniest Girl about.

SAM HOBSON is a funny man,
And always tries to please;
Miss GARTHWAITE too, does what she can
Your sorrows to appease.
Now DAVIS and CAMPBELL, Niggers are,
Who dance, and sing, and shout;
But all they do is nothing like,
The Funniest Girl about.

Trapeze, you know, is all the go,
Sensation, too, the faster,
Then come and see the mighty tricks,
Of BERBI, LEACH, and FOSTER;
They turn about so wonderful,
You scream, and give a shout,
And think them very much *unlike*,
The Funniest Girl about.

Your help to fellows in distress,
I'm sure you'll never rue,
I feel so happy that I gave,
My mite as well as you;
So let us hope good times will come,
And lots of work about,
To cheer us all in happy homes,
[Spoken.] And then Laura will be
The Happiest Girl about.

And now my song is at an end,
I think it a good rule,
To give my thanks unto the *Band*,
Likewise the leader, POOLE. [Cursey.]
There's some one else I ought to name,
Ah! what am I about?
Oh! H. S. MAX, I thank him, too, [Cursey.]
[Spoken.] Now, gentlemen, if you please, altogether,
For the Funniest Girl about.
Repeat Dance. Go off Dancing.

ENCORE VERSES TO THE "FUNNIEST GIRL ABOUT!"

I thought I'd sang my little song,
And mentioned all I knew,
But now I find I quite forgot
My friends here—not a few.
My thanks are yours, you kindly greet
Me with a jolly shout,
And say of all that you do meet,
I'm the Funniest Girl about.

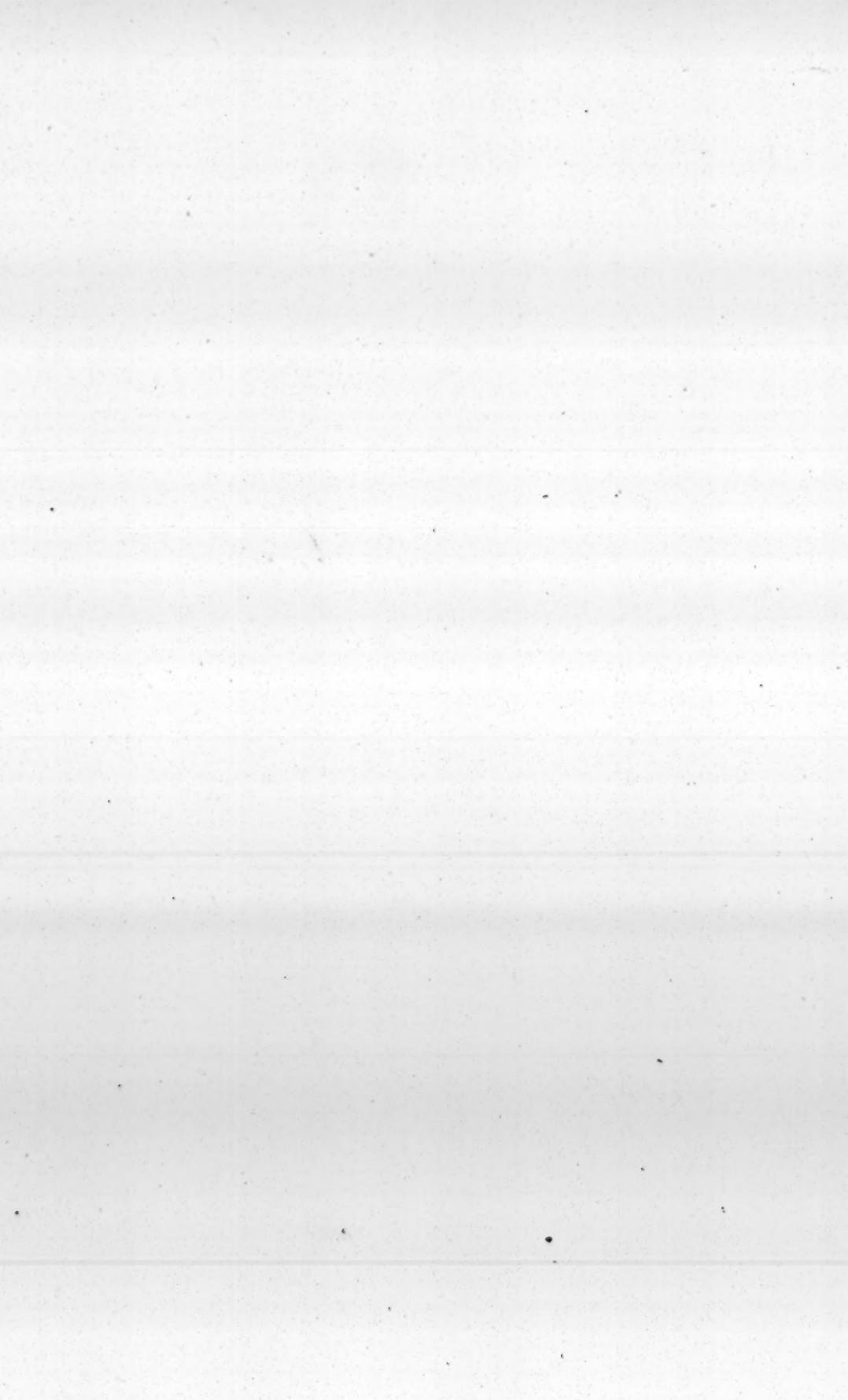
A Patriotic Fund to raise,
Most nobly to be seen,
'Twas echo'd through the world with praise,
And England's gracious Queen,
And Birmingham its help did send,
Amidst a glorious shout;
The soldiers cried, "Three cheers we give
[Spoken.] For dear old "Brum,"
And the Funniest Girl about."

At Hartley, too, a dreadful fate,
To colliers true and bold;
And many serious things of late,
So fearful to behold.

And Lancashire, in its distress,
Old "Brum" puts right about,
By sending help. I say God bless
[Spoken.] You all,
And the Funniest Girl about.

I thank the masters of this place,
For charity so kind;
The Hospitals and Railway Guards
Are always in my mind.
And now again, with pity's voice,
Let's raise a hearty shout;
To help the cause, I'm sure I'll sing
"The Funniest Girl about."

Good night to you, my dearest friends,
Your pleasure to ensure,
I've sang too much, so please to lend
Your pity to the Cure.
I can't sing more, so don't applaud,
But mind what you are about,—
Don't go elsewhere, but still come here,
[Spoken.] And see
The Funniest Girl about.



A BOON FROM ANGEL LOVE.

HER flow of feeling, fresh from Angel mind,
Has left a world of heart for souls refined.

THE ANGEL LOVE.

Sweet love is fancy's fairest form,
With waxen neck and bright eye warm ;
Her golden ringlets flowing free,
Her figure's grace and symmetry ;
Her voice as softest music's sweet,
Her charms eternal bond for fate ;
Her dream is spell, and soul can bind
She holds in rein the charmed mind ;
She yields to eye her fondest fires,
Gives nerves of heart on feelings' Lyres ;
And where she mingles dreamings fine,
Her nymph, if wooed, is chastity thine ;
The light she throws with halo dart,
Will lamp her sacred Fane in heart ;
And haunting minstrel fair on floor,
Is rural nymph that dreams adore ;
In fairy dells with fond delight,
She charms the poets while they write ;
And when on tower she takes her stand,
Creation seems at Love's command ;
She kindles soul, its dreams inspires,
Sweet Love is heart's Prometheyan fires ;
For ere her halo lights on head,
The heart, as clay, is cold, is dead ;
She comes as dew to drooping flower,
She's balm for grief in weeping hour ;
If sickning ills around appear,
She's ray celestial through the tear ;
If kindling dream has ceased to warm
She's life of life in chilling form ;
In tears her halo still shines on,
She's anchor lamp if hope is gone ;
For Love in melting fondness came,
A constant, concentrated flame ;
She sends a lively tone to mind,
And leaves a feeling heart refined ;
And once this maid assumes her reign,
In scenes she leaves is mental pain ;
If star of hope will cease to burn,
'Tis fanned by love, and lights return ;
O'er thoughts she takes a kind control,
In essence fondness melts with soul ;
With dreams co-mingle minstrel fires,
Like kindling strains on kindred lyres ;
And groups enamoured pass along,
Like melting sound with blending song ;
From lute on wave with charm she'll bring,
Responding notes from distant string ;
And souls attracted still by soul,

If fortunes part them pole from pole ;
 As bond from bliss is Love's put on,
 If Nymph of heart is pious one ;
 Love tangles souls to twine for ever—
 Ties sacred knot that none can sever ;
 If streams embracing freeze unite,
 From ruddy grape and clust'ring white ;
 Enrich, refine them, melt at will,
 The spirit ethers mingle still ;
 And thus, in lovers' halo dream,
 Blends soul with song at haunted stream ;
 As Love is sunshine fond of soul,
 Her charm will dreams of heart enrol ;
 Her tangles bond, 'tis fates control,
 If nymph of Love to bliss has flown ;
 Her power in scene celestial's shone,
 For every heart in scenes above
 Has felt the glowing dreams of Love ;
 In dewy morning's fragrant hour,
 Midst violets, Love was passion flower ;
 As rays of virtue round her shone,
 She won from world a halo throne :
 Then fair from vista bright in heaven,
 To earth the Angel Love was given ;
 And winning glance, from heart that strays,
 Is seen in courtship's fairy days.

The things unseen are found by tests of art,
 And Love's the only test for angel heart.

CREATION OF THE MUSES.

BENEATH Aurora's painted dawn,
 Love winged from ear to haunted lawn ;
 And this, sweet girl, as music's queen,
 Created Muse for every scene ;
 And crown'd on Rose, in rainbow showers,
 Gave soul of plant as Muse for flowers ;
 And made each kindling passion choose
 From angel suite an aerial Muse ;
 As every Muse this nymph inspires,
 Has minstrel train with songs and lyres ;
 And ere you wake celestial strain,
 Invoke her Muse in rural reign ;
 As from the minstrel glens above,
 The strains descend to Angel Love ;
 As Love her angel robe put on,
 With charm to make the lovers one,
 She thus addressed the kneeling crowd,
 From altar rock in sacred cloud :

To me the wond'rrous power is given,
 To kindle, heighten joys of heaven ;
 The sweetest bliss in heart above,
 Is waked by me by Angel Love ;
 If fondest lie to heart unknown,

How cheerless life on pillow lone ;
 How oft in grave will spirit find
 A calm for lone, deserted mind.
 I'll free the souls from ills below
 I'll yield affection's genial flow ;
 The fondest throb from bliss that came,
 I'll wake in youth's romantic dream ;
 As beings meet from Nothing's vale,
 In heart my kindled dreams prevail ;
 In glance of eye the eye will greet,
 The haunting treasure boon of fate,
 As fondest light from eyes that play,
 Was kindled o'er my halo ray ;
 Within that glance is being bright,
 A form that comes to couch at night,
 For such my power on life and dream,
 That souls will meet in eyelight flame ;
 Within first glance to youth is given,
 Creation fair, a child of heaven,
 As finest joy that soul will move,
 Is first, is early dream of love.
 He sees in costume fair arrayed,
 The nymph that bliss for heart has made,
 And fondest dreams at once combine,
 Like tears of joy with nectar wine;
 The passion's balm oe'r spirit spreads,
 Like odours o'er the violet beds.

The evils that arise from the introduction of steam can be avoided if foreseen. Steam and electricity were a boon to Adam and his posterity during the six days of the Creation ; and fallen man, engrossed by his desolating wars, his vices and his follies, did not gravely ponder over the marvellous treasures presented in the magnificently illustrated wisdom page which the Great Incomprehensible unfolded for his perusal.

Steam and electricity, these two miraculous, inestimable gifts, were not called into action till the nineteenth century, till an intellectual flash from above kindled a vision in the brain of the immortal Wat—till this creative vision passed before his soul, photographing on its mental page the intricate machinery, the wisely-constructed apparatus necessary for the new enlisted power, and, from the births of his brain, steam and its machinery have commenced their work, which is to enrich, enlighten, and revolutionize the extended universe, teeming blessings upon all mankind, and evangelizing a guilty world sunk in sin.

One spark of mind has more effect than all the explosive, fiendish fires enwrapped in breast of Oude.

THE EFFECT OF STEAM ON GRAIN-LAND—STARTLING FACTS ARE NOW BEFORE US.

The general manure for land is atmosphere condensed to a solid by vegetation, with the chemicals which vegetation extracts from the soil. In the new colonies vast extended regions of grain-land, manured in some places with four feet of leaf mould, are given in perpetuity for a few shillings per acre ; no taxes, and steam labour for nearly nothing ; continuous improving steam cultivation can make these grounds exceed Palestine in its olden fertility, inundate Europe with grain, and make corn cheaper than it was since the beginning of the world.

An acre of grain-land at home and an acre of grain-land abroad, if both are equally good, will be equally valuable, as the cost of transit for grain is only a nominal protection ; the home rental had only one protection, which was the cost of colonial labour, was four times the cost of home labour ; but steam labour will,

in future, be equally cheap all over the world, and that protection must cease, and grain-land will be nearly as cheap in the British Isles as it is in the colonies. The excess of the cost of foreign transit above the cost of home transit, is less than the home taxes.

The evils likely to arise from the introduction of steam can be avoided if foreseen.

THE EFFECTS OF STEAM ON THE ARMY.

In our agricultural and grain districts men will not be employed, and in these fields our nursery for war ceases to exist.

Rome, shorn of her colonies, is only the head without the Tantacula, and has dwindled to a perfect nonentity.

Our colonies are held by our sword. Where will we obtain troops like the victors of Waterloo? The gallant French said that they beat the English three times, but that there was no use in beating them; they were then fighting more furiously than ever, that the English did not know when they were beaten; they were like the Kilkenny cats, they would fight till there was only a little bit of the tail left. See the battle of Chevy-Chase. Nationality and patriotism was the spell that held the troops of the British Isles together. In this awful exterminating conflict, the Irish Brigade was looked upon by the conquerors of Europe and Russia as a wondrous prodigy of valour. Among some early settlers in Ireland were Pharaoh's soldiers, and their swords have not been sheathed since. In the words of Peter the Great, of Prussia, the Irish were the only people in the world that fought for fun. England's king exclaimed, when the Irish troops were beating him, "Cursed be the laws that deprived me of such soldiers!"

Let the British Isles remember, that men sinking enfeebled under the factory rot are too delicate for the field. The sedentary, unnerved Demosthenes though a Greek, in his fear cried out to a grasping entwining bramble, "Mercy, mercy." 'tis only country labour, and open air that can restore to us pristine vigour; "in the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread;" field labour is the treatment in the military hospital of the Creator. The Irish and the Scotch who, without receiving any injury, habitually, slept at the ditch side, on the wet rushes and the wet heather, were the very men the army wanted; they were at all times the first in the first breach; they were actors in every war; every power in Europe enlisted them in their ranks; they were "Fogabolough Boys;" the shade of Carthage need not blush for her sons, and classic Greece can proudly acknowledge her kindred. A nation might in sorrow put on her mourning and her chains if the vitality of her troops were gone.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Well-directed electricity, or the power of mind over matter, enables us to exchange our thoughts round the globe in a second, and the speed of our chariot leaves the race-horse and eagle behind. All the labours of man are performed by self-acting dead matter; volumes of books, and penny newspapers, containing forty columns, drop from a cylynder untouched by human hands. For the manuscript cost of one copy, and only one copy, of Homer, see Smyth's Longinus; a Bible can be sold for sixpence. Lightning is likely to become our future propeller to carry the sacred volume to the uttermost ends of the earth.

A large portion of the higher and middle classes all over the civilized world learn the Greek language at school, and, as continuous intercourse by steam intermingles all nations, would it not be a luxury—would it not be a blessing of incalculable value—if Greek were selected as the language for travellers in our new era; let a general agreement for its adoption take place, and the knowledge of it will progress without government cost, and it will greatly facilitate Scripture study. Can anyone dream of what will be stated in coming history? How marvellous are the times in which we live! Is the Almighty going to make His extraordinary, long-expected earthly change?

Original Poetry

BY MISS HARRIETT BATCHELOR.

A POEM,

On behalf of the English Nation and People.

Fair Britain's isle! my native land!
Blessed be thy sons on ev'ry hand;
Creator! Father! all is thine,
Give them rich stores of corn and wine;
Sustain them with thy goodness free;
Save them, and lift them up to Thee.

Them prosper in their pious zeal,
For thee, and Zion's holy hill:
We must, and always will maintain,
The honour of thy glorious name,
Untiring, active make them still,
To do thy righteous sovereign will.

Help on thy cause, and knowledge spread;
Justice and truth, may they be wed,
Together with the sons of earth:
That joy and gladness may have birth,
Make with us thine abode, and reign,
Peace and good order to maintain.

If ought thou see'st with them vain,
Unprofitable, or profane,
Right early cast it from their midst,
As in the times of old thou didst,
When Israel knew the accursed thing,
When they to idols dared to cling.

Make them a people truly free,
And may they find their liberty
In thee, their helper and their friend,
Their guide and ruler to the end;
Reign in them, give them life and love,
Out of thy treasures vast, above.

Make them both noble, true, and kind,
Thyself to love with all their mind:
Reclaim all who unwisely stray
In folly's path, the evil way;
Misery must on vice attend,
But virtue triumphs in the end.

Raise up the fallen to thy love,
And give them hope for joys above:
Thanks for thy precious spirit given,
To fit them for thyself and heaven:
O may thy people of all climes
Seek thee in this accepted time.

Enlarge and soften every heart;
Whom thou hast chosen, set apart,
To carry on thy great design
Of elevating all mankind;
Them for their noble work prepare,
By all prevailing fervent prayer.

Sustain and nourish the desire,
Their fellow-creatures to raise higher,
In moral goodness, and in thee,
The God of truth and purity:
Thy poor! may they be wisely taught
In every useful branch of thought.

In all things for their moral health,
For their enjoyment and their wealth,
May they be cared for; evermore
While dwelling on times changeful shore,
Freedom and independence give
Unto thy people, while they live.

AN ADDRESS TO MY NATIVE LAND,

On returning to England after a sojourn of 12 years in
the United States.

Native land! I long did leave thee,
In a far off land to dwell;
Absence from thee oft did grieve me;
Native land! I loved thee well.

Though I turned my back upon thee,
Bidding thee a long farewell,
How I cherished thee in memory,
And in dreams I may not tell.

Oft I've dreamed of thy beauty,
And I've longed to behold
Scenes within thee, fair and sunny,
Which to childhood oft were told.

R

Unforgotten, were the wild flowers,
Of thy ever verdant fields;
Joy to me in childhood's hours,
Did these lovely treasures yield.
Of innocence they are an emblem,
Fresh and sweet among the grass;
Dearly do I love to see them,
When their hiding place I pass.
Gems are they upon earth's bosom,
And a gift of love divine,
God hath added in his wisdom,
Therefore we should not repine.
But we always should remember,
In the Lord our God to trust,
He who clothes the grass for ever,
How much more will he clothe us.
Pleasant are thy summer bowers,
Native land! and native clime!
Lofty are thine ancient towers,
And enduring too as time.
Pleasant, fair, yea, and delightful,
Very charming to the eye,
Art thou to admirers youthful,
And we will not pass thee by.
But some tribute we must render,
Of affection and esteem,
For when we behold thy splendour,
As of old thou still dost seem.
Fairest, and the most enchanting,
Of the Islands of the sea,
Thee to perfect, naught is wanting;
Thou art beautiful to me.
In thy gardens fragrant flowers,
Of the most exquisite dye,
Blooms to life, by genial showers,
And the sunshine of the sky.
Happy are thy sons and daughters,
Merry England, they are free!
Free as any o'er the waters,
In bright lands of liberty.

UNIVERSALISM.

All nations, say they, that ever had birth,
That e'er sprang to life, on this wide, wide earth,
Shall be saved in the kingdom of God at last,
When the pains and the sorrows of earth are past;
The reward of our sins we must suffer below,
And there is no such place as a dark world of woe.

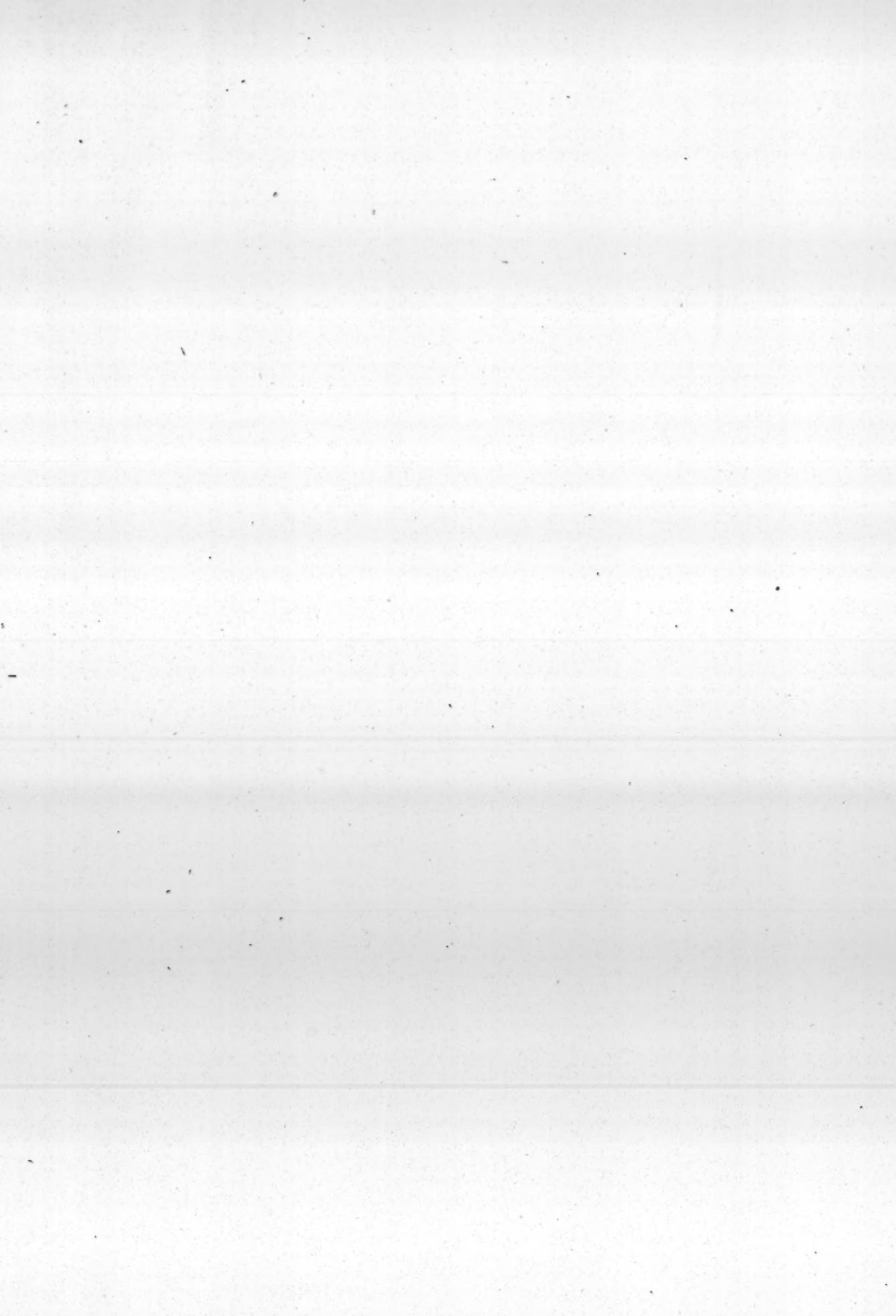
They will tell you that happiness, equal in heaven,
To all of mankind, by their maker is given,
No matter how good or how wicked they've been,
Since Christ gave his life to redeem them from sin:
Our God is too good, they most seriously tell,
To punish for ever the wicked in hell.

To confirm themselves in this belief, they will say,
No parent on earth could, in this fearful way,
Their own children punish, though cruel and severe,
Hardhearted, unmerciful, and most austere.
Ah! vain the delusion, absurd the belief,
Too soon, they will find, t' their unspeakable grief.

In neglect of their souls, some will venture to live,
Expecting that God will receive and forgive,
Without their repentance, all folly and crime,
And grant them a seat in that pure holy clime,
With angels all sinless, and saints undefiled;
And with this they expect to be quite reconciled.

As did one of the faithful in centuries past,
This question I feel it my duty to ask,
The Judge of the earth, shall he not do right?
Shall he spare the wicked, and clear sinners quite?
I tell you he will not, he cannot clear those
Who have all their lives long been his stiffnecked foes.

The offers of grace, and the light that is given,
Exalteth believers almost unto heaven;
For those who neglect them despair will attend;
To comfort no hope will they know in the end.
That we be not deceived, and at last cast away,
Let us look to ourselves, and prepare for that day.



A POEM

UPON THE

Cupreous Similitude of the Golden Eagle,

(WROUGHT BY THE HAND OF T. PHILLIPS, Esq., 55, SKINNER STREET, SNOW HILL, HOLBORN.)

BY WILLIAM SHARPE, M.A.,

Author of a Poem, entitled, "The Ministry of Angels," and a "Poem upon the Great Exhibition of 1862," &c.

"QUID ME LATENTEM ?"
QUIA
"ODI PROFANUM VULGUS ET ARCEO."

"THE NOISY WORLD COMPLAINS OF ME
THAT I SHOULD SHUN THEIR SIGHT AND FLEE
VISITS AND CROWDS AND COMPANY."

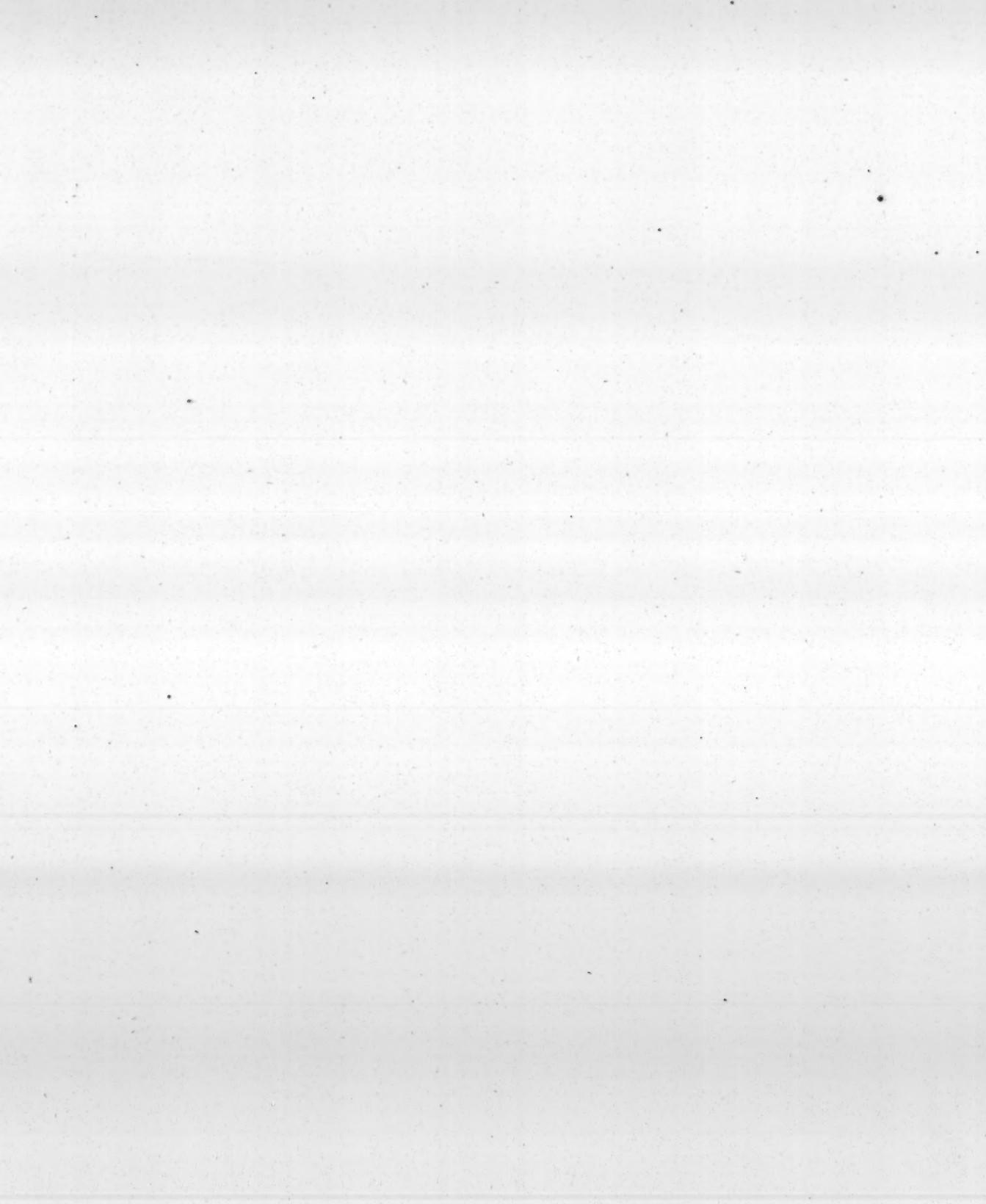
"MATERIEM SUPERABAT OPUS, NAM MULCIBER ILLIC."

WHY darts the eagle from this lower earth ?
Is it to hear some narration from an
Angel's lips, or seek some new Paradise
In the cloudless skies, while the lamp of day,
With flames unsull'd, measures out its own
Golden hours along his azure road ? or
Art thou gone up to worship there alone,
With none to molest thy sacred reign, but
The lark thy friend, will sing thy coming at
The gates above ? Go, ye happy pair ; and
For so would I mount, for so would I fly,
Up through the ocean of the boundless sky,
Towards the celestial coast ; with what
Amazing swiftness soar, till earth's dark ball
Is seen no more, and all its mountains lost—
Scarce can the muse pursue them in her sight.
But, angels, you can tell ; for oft you met
Their wond'rous flight, and knew the strangers
well.

Oh ! tell how they passed the radiant spheres,
And visited your happy seats, and traced
The well-known turnings of the golden streets,
And breath'd amongst the stars.
Is it that thou dost soar above to the
Intellectual world aloft, to hear
Some new golden harp to th' Almighty's deeds ?
Thou glorious bird, high priest of thy tribe,
Who dost raise thine eaglets, as an off'ring
Of love and gratitude, to Him who gave
Thee such dominion and such mighty strength,
Hast bade thee dwell alone like to himself :
Who is "mightiest of the mightiest."
Like as every priest has his own sponsor ;
So hast thou in the lov'd lark, whose music
Doth enchant the Universe with sweetest
Song and melody, who, like her own priest,
Dares to stray upward and with him pursue
The unbeaten way to God ;
Who, borne aloft and warbling, leaves the herd,

Sailing upon the morning-cloud, tinted
With dawning gold beneath the op'ning day,
Commands the globe with wide survey, where ants
In busy millions play and tug and heave
The mould, whilst we are tenants of the clay
They mount, they fly ; these only mount alike
And help each other's flight. Oh, bless, oh, bless
Them as they go ! For they soar far beyond
My lab'ring sight, and leave the mighty lord
Of this creation—Man—who, though the lord,
Can only gravitate, irresolute
And weak, whilst thou art mighty in purpose,
So worthy art thou, thou great bird of Jove !
Whose eyes are but the mimicry of the
Æthereal world, which flash and dazzle
E'en the vast sun with their phosphoric light,
And outvie the meteor of the human
Mind ; put to nought the lustre of the stars.
Such, such, is this great monarch of the sky,
That Phillips' mortal hand hath dared to mould
So like the original, in all its
Plumage, symmetry, and its expansion,
That, his great art truly, truly outvies
The dull material from whence it's wrought.

Praise for his lengthen'd labour here demands
An eulogy from man (beyond all praise),
For neither Greece, nor Rome, nor Memphis the
Renowned, nor Egypt vast with all her skill,
Have tempered aught so exquisitely well,
So turkoined, beautiful, elaborate,
That e'en the human eye can scarce detect
But that this Imperial Bird was formed
By some æthereal hand, and not of
Mortal mould, e'en more than mortal mind could
E'er conceive—mortal man could execute ;
But here thou stand'st, a monument of art,
To magnify the greatness of his mind.



ENGLAND AND DENMARK.

EXCELSIOR! SED NUNQUAM INFERIOR.

BY WILLIAM SHARPE, M.A., 

PRIVATE TUTOR : AUTHOR OF A POEM ENTITLED "THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS;" "AN ELEGY UPON THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT;" AND "A POEM UPON THE EXHIBITION OF 1862," &c., &c.

Veniet lustris labentibus etas,
* * * * *
Nascetur pulchrā Trojanus origine Cesar,
Imperium oceano, famam qui terminet astris ;
Julus, a magno dimissum nomen Iulo.
Hunc tu olim cōlo spoliis Orientis omustum,
Accipies secura : vocabitur hic quoque votis,
Aspera tum positis mitescent secula bellis.

VIRGIL.

* And age will ripen in revolving years,
* * * * *
Then Cesar from the Julian stock shall rise,
Whose empire ocean, and whose fame the skies
Alone shall bound ; who, fraught with eastern spoils,
Our heaven, the just reward of human toils,
Securely shall repay with right divine ;
And incense shall ascend before his sacred shrine.
Then dire debate, and impious war shall cease,
And the stern age be softened into peace.

QUODCUNQUE MAGNATES FACIUNT, ILLUD PERPUSILLI LOQUENTUR.

WITH unfeigned love for our illustrious Queen,
We hail the nuptials of her beloved Son.
England's shores resound with praise :—what she has been—
What her virtues for the British throne have won.

God preserve our Queen.
Her son, the day-star of this world's renown,
Born to bless us, and hand her known virtues down.
He great Rome has seen, and all its grandeur there ;
Jerusalem where once the mighty Prophets were—
Has sipp'd at the great Isis and old Cam,
Tasted their rich lore—like to a tender lamb.
All hail, young Prince ! all hail, our future Queen !
Denmark and England—what now lies between,
Seas.—But love beats the whole ocean to a span,
And breathes our Prince a more illustrious man.
He, born from one whom virtue clothed with power,
The greatest gift in life, nature's sweetest dower.
Why dwell in nature's dust, when we can rise
To raise our realm to the ethereal skies ?
Born as a great nation to embrace the stars,
And curse the foul bond of slavery—which mars
The name, the charter of man's immortal stamp.
We hail the blest nuptials at the poet's lamp,
And strike the lyre to make creation speak,
What blessings spring from the union we seek.
Oh, England ! England ! the pride of all this earth,
Born to bless the human race with second birth ;
Renew what nations great have left behind,
And be the foster-parent to all mankind.
Were I a poet with a Gabriel's voice,
I'd ask th' Almighty to bless this His happy choice,
That heavenly blessing might remain on you,
To give this world what nations never knew—
Love, Liberty, Freedom, by a just restraint,
Such as our laws prescribe, and angels paint.
We are a Trinity by mighty laws,—
The Queen, Lords, Commons, for one common cause.
Were we to pray our Prince and Princess' weal,
We wish this grand patent should be their seal,
And show how firm this nation stands with God,
Whilst it has Christ His spirit for its Lord.
Oh, Prince, pay back that love thy father bore,
Loving—such love as known in days of yore,
To thee—into the breast of thy choice in life,
For our Queen's consolation, in such a wife,
That nations may perceive what a wife should be,
Such as thy dear mother Queen has been for thee ;
Let all the nations of this grand earth proclaim,
That England has a glory in her sweet name,
Tho' her loved one has gone not from her alone,
From nature's lap to view his father's throne.
But he has left one we foster and we love,
And hail his nuptials, and the blest deed approve.
Oh may his footsteps, on this our happy land,
Beam hope of future bliss, and love command !
Oh may their offspring be like our own Queen,
A blessing to generations yet unseen.
Let us not live t' engross all this great earth,
But to expand all, all science into birth.
May Old Windsor have the greatest Monarch there
That ever trod these shores or breath'd her air ;
Whose footsteps, (like the patriarchs of old,)
Have been to ascend the British throne as bold,

Carving, daily, with a learned staff in hand,
Not to dash it like a rock of ice—then unman'd,
Thine is not "to wade through slaughter to a throne"
But thou, thou comest to one that is thine own,
Not "to shut the gates of mercy on mankind,"
But to live, to love, and be for ever kind.
Had I a lyre, I'd be like David the king,
I'd make all earth hear its sound—its string
Should conquer giants to exalt England's throne,
For life is sacred here for rich, and poor one.
Such is the soil that thou, sweet Maid of Denmark,
Wilt set thy foot upon, like unto a lark
To sing of mercy (and of the British throne
To be our future Queen, our beloved one).—
That greatest attribute of God, and therefore ours ;
Nor will we yield it to any other powers.
Oh England ! England ! England for ever live,
To crush the tyrant and wholesome freedom give.
Make all her great laws what laws should ever be—
The foundation of this world's prosperity.
May heaven protect these blossoms of our hope,
And fill our large hearts, our souls, with double scope ;
Wake the nations of the earth to join our song,
And tell what blessings to our Prince belong.
There are the virtues of his own mother Queen,
Our Queen, our lov'd one, for all that she has been.
Hail ! Hail ! Prince of Wales ! all hail, and Denmark too !
What is thine inheritance but love anew ?
What ! can we be deaf to thine own father's love,
Who bade nations from their apathy remove,
And made them all seek new laws of art and skill,
And by such means to humanize the will ?
Oh ! blessings on his loved name and offspring too ;
Earth ! give sanction as England and Denmark woo.
Heaven ! open thy portals : proclaim it good :
Make all the bright stars to bless them, as they should.
Mercy, Love, and Tenderness ; those attributes
Breathe in their young hearts, and make them substitutes
For God, for England's good and all this great earth,
That we may give to all nations freedom's birth.
Had I that lyre which I could tune—Love, love, love—
That should be but the one sounding string to move,
With this dear breath we will welcome thee, fair Maid,
To England, to England's shores—with sweet freedom made.
Thy husband's father's gone, but not his great faunie.
Denmark's once, but now thou claimest Old England's name,
Thou art espoused to it, and England's glory,
Make up thy mind dear Maid for its history,
To be ennobled in pages of bright gold,
Where none shall tarnish thee,—like Sheba of old.
* Young Prince, engrailed in our intrinsic laws,
Born of a gracious Queen to defend our cause,
E'en Victoria's pure heart is in thy right hand
Mark well thou hast England's talent at command.
Should I, though born, but of humblest parents dear,
Be required to defend thine own Denmark here,
I'd raise my pen, the best weapon that I have,
Expatriate thy foes to one common grave ;
Yet plead for mercy, that they be forgiven—
Mercy thou greatest attribute of heaven !
Follow this grand attribute, and you're secure,
To reign where God will eternally endure.

* The Prince was installed a Bencher at the Temple, 1862.

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I

A THYM N,

TO BE SUNG BY THE
CHARITY CHILDREN,
OF
DEPTFORD,

On SUNDAY, September, the 18th. 1791.

After a Sermon preached in the Morning at St. Paul's Church, by the Rev. H. JONES, B.A. Curate and Lecturer of Lewisham in Kent.

BLESS'D be the tender Hand of Love,
That's mov'd by Mercy from above ;
To imitate their Saviour's Life,
And give the Poor a Kind Relief

Bles'd be those Hearts whom Grace divine,
Empowers to make their Actions shine ;
Who feel that sacred Power above,
Impel their Souls to Acts of Love.

To thee our God we cheerful raise,
The Voice of Gratitude and Praise ;
For those alone canst warm the Heart,
To give an helpless Child a Part.

Bles's thou O God our Infant Minds,
With Gratitude to all our Friends ;
Cause what their Kindness shall impart,
To guide to Thee our ev'ry Heart
Hallelujah ! Amen.

These Schools are supported by Annual Subscriptions, and other generous Benefactions by which 60 Boys and 30 Girls are cloathed, The Boys are taught Reading, Writing and Arithmetic the Girls, Reading, Writing, Marking, Knitting and Sewing; and are supplied with Books, &c. necessary for their education.

All Persons inclined to promote this laudable Institution, are requested to leave their Address with either of the Trustees, or at the School House, in Buit Lane, Deptford. (where a List of the present Subscriptions may be seen) and they will be waited on by the Collector.

1791

2

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OR THE PRESENT

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Luther ill

No. 1.



CAROL BY MARTIN LUTHER.

ALL praise to thee, eternal Lord,
Clothed in a robe of flesh and blood ;
Choosing a manger for thy throne,
While worlds on worlds are thine alone.

Once did the skies before thee bow ;
A virgin's arms contain thee now :
Angels, who did in thee rejoice,
Now listen for thine infant voice.

A little child thou art our guest,
That weary ones in thee may rest ;
Forlorn and lowly is thy birth,
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

Thou comest in the darksome night
To make us children of the light ;
To make us, in the realms Divine,
Like thine own angels round thee shine.

All this for us thy love hath done ;
By this to thee our love is won ;
For this we tune our cheerful lays,
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Emmanuel's name ;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.

When he came the angels sung,
"Glory be to God on high!"
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue :
Who should louder sing than I ?

Did the Lord a man become,
That he might the law fulfil,
Bleed and suffer in my room ;
And canst thou, my tongue, be still ?

No, I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are and weak ;
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,
Every precious name in one,
I will love thee without end.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

No. 2.

HAIL the night, all hail the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
When amid the wakeful fold
Tidings good the angel told.

Now our solemn chant we raise
Duly to the Saviour's praise;
Now with carol hymns we bless
Christ, the Lord our Righteousness.

"AND there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is

While resounds the joyful cry
"Glory be to God on high,
Peace on earth, good will to men;"
Gladly we respond, "Amen."

We in perfect peace would live,
We to God would glory give;
Lauding, with the heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." LUKE ii. 8—14.

WHEN first our Lord came down to
He did not scorn like us to be; [earth,
For he was born of mortal birth,
A simple child of low degree.

But when our Lord shall come again,
With angel-hosts encircled round,
All earth and heaven shall hail him then
With thunder peal and trumpet sound.

And some in joy, and some in dread,
The sons of men his eyes shall meet;
For all the living and the dead
Shall stand before his judgment seat.

His voice on earth we did not hear,
His steps below we did not trace;
But when his glory shall appear,
We then shall meet him face to face.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

No. 3.



"Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins."

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
 Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant Light:
 Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
Wise men, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Lo, there shines his natal star:
 Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending,
In his temple shall appear;
 Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains;
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains:
 Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

HARK! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices:
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy;
Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth, his praises sing!
Oh receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

Hasten, mortals, to adore him,
Learn his name and taste his joy,
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high!

Now to Him who loved us—gave us
Every pledge that love could give;
Freely shed his blood to save us;
Gave his life that we might live—
Be the kingdom and dominion,
And the glory evermore.



A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FOR THE FIRESIDE CORNER. BY OLD HUMPHREY.

No. 4.



*"Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."—
LUKE ii. 11.*

I SING the coming of the Lord,
Then listen to my lay;
Tho' thrice six hundred years have
Since that eventful day. [fled
The Son of God! the Lord of Life!
How wondrous are his ways!
Oh for a harp of thousand strings,
To sound abroad his praise!

He came not as a mighty king,
With pomp, and power, and dread,
Ah no! a stable was his home,
A manger was his bed.
But hark! how joyful was the lay,
How rapturous the sound,
When "Glory be to God" was sung
By angel hosts around!

The star was bright, that led aright
The wise men to the place,
Where love and peace were lighting
The Holy Infant's face. [up
They worshipped him and freely gave
Their gifts, a rich display

Of spices rare and glittering gold,
And then "went on their way."

How passing strange, to leave the
Of heaven's eternal throne, [seat
And hosts of glittering seraphim,
For guilty man alone!

The Son of God! the Lord of Life!
How wondrous are his ways!
Oh for a harp of thousand strings,
To sound abroad his praise!

A brighter beam was spread around,
Than glory's flickering flood,
When meek and mild, the Holy
Child

In Judah's temple stood.
From lips of eloquence and love
The truth resistless broke,
And learned doctors listening stood
Astonished when he spoke.

With water and the Holy Ghost
Baptized—reproving pride—

To Israel he became a guard,
A glory and a guide.
He led them, as a shepherd leads
His flock in pastures free;
And lived a life of love to man,
And suffered on the tree.

And did he bow his sacred head,
And die a death of shame?
Let men and angels magnify
And bless his holy name.
Oh let us live in peace and love,
And cast away our pride,
And crucify our sins afresh,
As he was crucified.

He rose again; then let us rise
From sin, and Christ adore,
And dwell in peace with all mankind,
And tempt the Lord no more.
The Son of God! the Lord of Life!
How wondrous are his ways!
Oh for a harp of thousand strings,
To sound abroad his praise!

POLAND!

Extracts from the latest news from Poland, describing the gallant conduct of the Poles, with an ORDER of the DAY, and a WAR SONG for the Polish Soldiers, &c.

The latest accounts from Warsaw is to the 3d instant, by Hamburg, and we are glad to learn that the Poles are maintaining their resistance most gallantly. As a number of contradictory reports were circulated respecting events there, General Klicki published a spirited Order of the Day, addressed to all the civil and military authorities, of which the following is a copy :—

" False news, spread by malevolent persons or by cowards, have tended to weaken energy and confidence ; I expressly request all the authorities to apprehend every person who is guilty, and hand them over to justice, that he may be punished in an exemplary manner. In our sacred cause despair is prohibited as long as we continue faithful. A thousand examples are the guarantees to us of the resistance of the weakest nations against most formidable invasions. We shall triumph and exist as long as we have a sword in our hands, a generous heart, union, and perspective of immortal glory.

" Commandant of the armed force on the left bank of the Vistula, General of Division,

(Signed) " KLICKI."

" Warsaw, Feb. 24, 1831."

Hail, Polanders, brave Poles in arms,
Ye long enslaved but martial men,
Fear not, stout hearts, their false alarms,
France boasts her king a citizen ;
And ye shall fight the fight of pride,
Mid streams of blood, accursed tide.

Lead on to battle gloriously,
If you would have your country free ;
If Poles ye burst your fetters now,
You'll brand the despot's kingless brow.

The Autocrat is heard from far,
Belteshazzar like—but unlike him,

Imperial Nicholas breathes WAR,

Down with his iron diadem,

And brave to this our Christian world,

A Tyrant from his throne was hurl'd.

Lead on to battle gloriously,
If ye would have your country free ;
If you would boldly conquer—fight,
Make known your courage and your right.

Hark ! from the banks of icy Don,
The Serfish war-cry, we'll have blood ;

Your children answer, Poles, lead on

Poles, one and all through fire and blood.

And may you all long live to tell,

Glory's immortal—Freedom's spell.

Lead on, lead on, bloody and deep

The wound that gives the Cossack sleep ;

Glory and liberty arise,

Belona thundering moves the skies.

Your country's altar now is bare,
But long it shall not thus remain,

Strike but the blow....strike home,

And then your country's altar claims a tear.

A tear of joy yet unexpressed,

From all your children loved, caressed.

Lead on, lead on to battle gloriously,

If, Poles, ye wish your country free ;

If, Poles, ye burst your fetters now,

You'll brand the despot's kingless brow.

The hour draws nigh,

The foe appears ;

Yet undiscovered Poles advance,

While yet are gleaming sword and lance,

Thy spirit leads us on to war,

Kosciusko, from afar.

There's music in the gathering storm,

The shrill tened fife, the cheerful horn,

Proclaims to one whole listening world,

Brave Poles, your banners are unfurl'd !

MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES

With Seven NEW CAROLS.

WRITTEN BY THE REV. JAMES PUBLUTREE, OF CLARE HALL, CAMBRIDGE



AND the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river ; and her maidens walked along by the river's side ; and when she saw the ark among the flags, she sent her maid to touch it. And when she had opened it, she saw the child ; and, behold, the babe w-pf. And she had compassion on him, and said This is one of the Hebrew's children. Then said his sister to Pharaoh's daughter, Shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee. And Pharaoh's daughter said to her Go. And the maid went and called the child's mother. And Pharaoh's daughter said unto her, Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages. And the woman took the child and nursed it. And the child grew, and she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son. And she called his name Moses ; and she said, because I drew him out of the water,

EMANUEL.

HARK ! the herald angels ring,
Glory to the new born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumphs of the skies :
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem,
Christ, by highest Heaven ador'd.
Christ, the everlasting Lord :
Let em time hold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb,
Weil'd in flesh the godhead see,
Hail th' incarnate deity !
Pleas'd as man with men to appear,
Jesus our Emmanuel here.
Hail the Heav'n born Prince of Peace
Hail the Son of Righteousness !
Right and life to all he brings,
Roos with healing in his wings,
Mid he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Come desire of nations, come !
Fix us in thy humble home,
Hiss the woman's conquering seed
Sums in us the sceptre hand,
Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place,
Second Adam iron above
Reinstate us in thy love.

THE LAMB.

COME, Christians all, behold the Lamb
That on this day was born :
Come rise and praise his holy name
Angels now in the morn,

From Heaven these glorious tidings come,
To mortals here on earth,
God sent his own beloved Son,
With us to spend his birth.

Now to the Father, to the Son,
Be praise and glory giv'n,
Let saints on earth with angels join,
The harmony of Heav'n

WORTHY is the LAMB.

O Jesus, my Saviour, I fain would embrace
Thy name and thy nature, thy spirit & grace
And trace the fair footstep of Jesus my Lord
And glory in him whom the nations abhor'd
O wonder of wondrous ! astonish'd, I gaze,
To see in the manger the Ancient of Days
And angels proclaiming, the stranger forlorn,
And telling the shepherds that Jesus is born.
My God, my Creator, the Heavens did bow,
To ransom offenders he stooped very low
My spirit rejoices, the work it is done,
My soul is redeemed, and salvation is won.
O help me, ye angels, his love to proclaim,
From realms of high glory most joyful he
came :
For thousands of sinners the Lord bow'd his
head,
For thousands of sinners he groan'd and he
bleed.

Our God is returned to his glory on high,
All worthy the Lamb is the theme of the sky
Let earth join with heaven and sing with ac-
claim,

Hallelujah to God, and all worthy the Lamb,

CHRIST in the MANGER

Where is this stupendous stranger,
Nymphs of Soigns, saying &

Lead me to my master's manger,

Show me where my Saviour lies,

Oh ! most mighty, oh ! most holy,

Far above the Seraph's thought,

Art thou then no meek and lowly

As unfeared prophet taught ?

Oh ! the magnitude of meekness,

Worth from worth immortal sprung ;

Oh ! the strength of infant weakness,

It eternal is so young.

HOSANNA.

Hosanna I to the royal Son,

Of David's ancient line !

His natures two his person one,

Mysterious and divine,

The root of David here we find,

And offspring is the same,

Eternity and time are join'd

In Emmanuel's name ;

Blessed he, that comes to wretched men

With peaceful news from Heav'n !

Hosanna's of the highest strain ;

To Christ, the Cord, be given !

I let mortals never refuse to take

The Hosanna on their tongues

Let rock and stones should rise and break,

Their silence into songs.

THE SAVIOUR'S WILL

With one consent let all the earth,

The praise of God proclaim

Who sees the Saviour...by whose birth

To man salvation came.

All nations join to magnify

the great, the wondrous love

Of him, who left for us the sky

And all the joys above.

But vainly, thus in hymns of praise

We bear a joyful part

If while our voice aloud we raise,

We lift not up the heart,

We by a holy life alone,

Our Saviour's laws fulfil ;

By those his glory best is shewn

Who best performs his will

May we to all his words attend

With humble pious care !

Then shall our praise to Heaven ascend

And find acceptance there

CHRISTMAS HYMN

[Translated from the Portuguese]

Ye faithful, come triumphant, come !

To Bethlehem repair

Behold the King of angels born

Adore the Lord with prayer

Hi, God of God, light of light

A spotless virgin bore

True deity begot not made :

Come let us him adore

To thee, O Jesus this day born

Be glorious anthems sung :

Th' eternal Word of God made flesh

Be praised by every tongue.

Now let the holy host of heaven

The cheerful chorus raise,

Praise in the highest to the Lord,

Hi, let all nations praise.

Pitts printer Wholesale toy and Mar-
ble Warehouse 6, Great st. An-
drew street 7 dials

THE CATHOLIC ADVICE

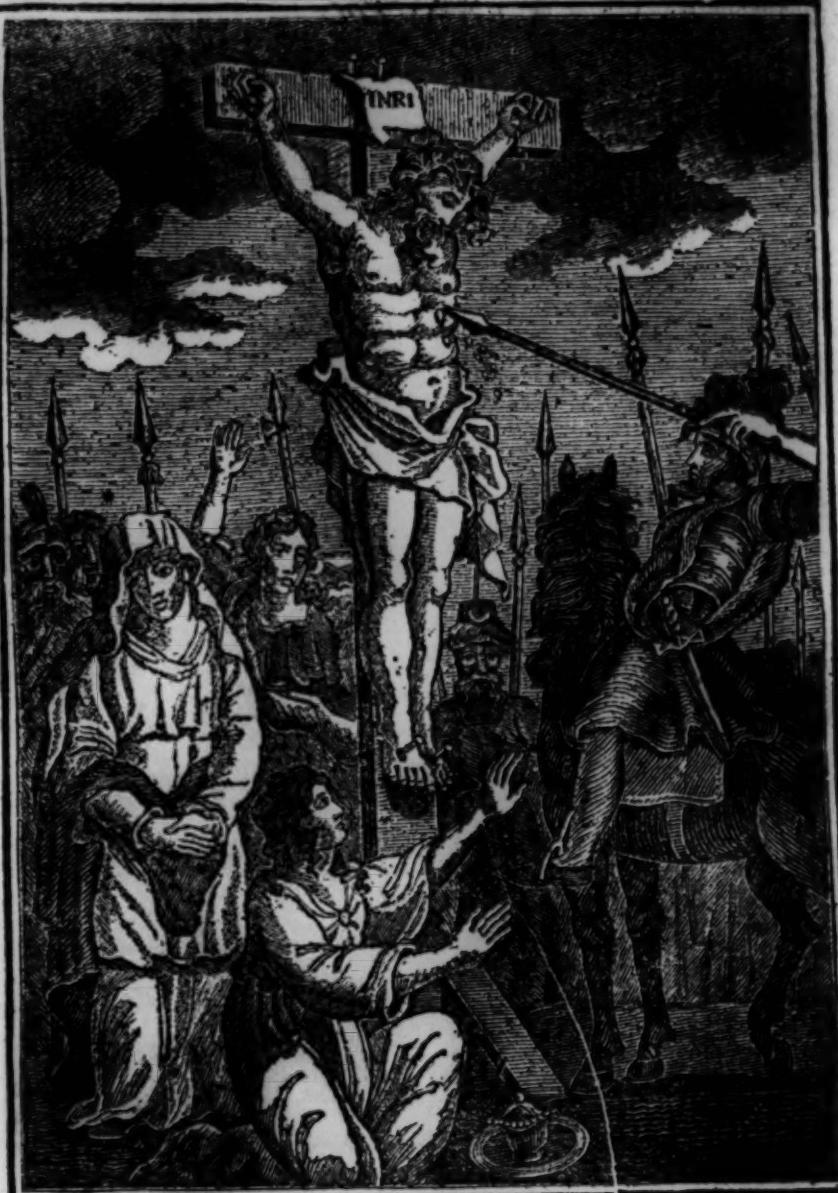
And they clothed him with purple, and plaid a crown of thorns, and it about his head.

And began to salute him Hail, King of the Jews

And they smote him on the head with a reed, and did spit upon him, and bowing their knees, worshipped him.

And when they had mocked him, they took off the purple from him, and put his own clothes on him, and led him out to crucify him.

And they compelled one Simon, a Cyrenian, who passed by, coming out of the country, the father of Alexander and Rufus, to bear his cross.



And they bring him unto the place Golgotha, where which is, being interpreted the place of skull,

And they gave him to drink wine mingled with myrrh, but he received it not.

And when they had crucified him, they parted his garments, casting lots upon them, which every man should take.

And it was the third hour, and they crucified him.

And the superscription of his accusation was written over, THE KING OF THE JEWS

And with him they crucified two thieves, one on his right hand and the other on his left.

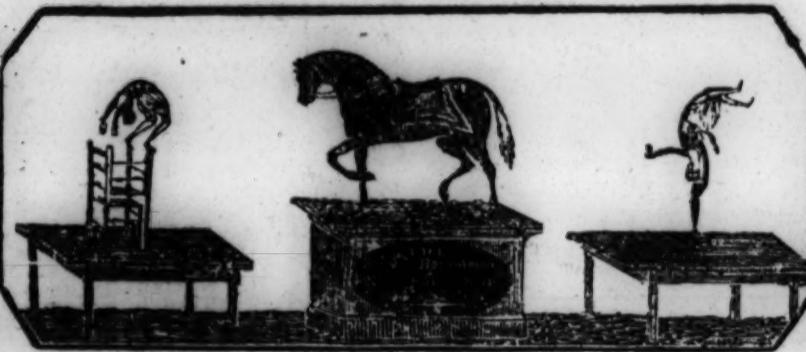
YOU Catholics all that never err at all,
But worship the true God of glory,
These lines I now indite are steady and right,
And I pray you give ear to my story.
Our Church most sublime appears now this time,
Though built upon a holy foundation,
By each usurping hand all danger to withstand,
That declares to destroy this our nation.
Tho' in king Pharo's days as the holy writ says,
This Church being then prosecuted.
Till through length of years an Angel appears,
On a burning bush Moles saluted.
With a rod in his hand the seas he did command,
Twelve tribes he did relieve out of bondage,
The Egyptians pursued but soon were subdued.
We their loss in the waves being drowned.
The Mount Carmel high Elias did spy,
Then he thought she was nearly expired,
In star from the seas ascending the sky,
And behold the same they admired.
Because a virgin's son the laurel had won,
And redeemed many souls that did languish,
The proud to cut down and to obtain a crown,
And the foes of this kingdom to vanquish.
Each prophet of old likewise has foretold,
That the womb of a virgin would nourish.
A prince of renown to wear King David's crown,
And his subjects for ever to flourish.
To redeem the kingdom the Messiah did come,
And the scriptures fulfilled in the due season.
He was by usurpers tried likewise crucified,
He died like a lamb by false treason.
That emblematic spark enlightens now the dark,
The eastern parts to adorn,
Behold the wise men to Jerusalem came,
Asking where the young child was to be born.
And as far as they went a star was sent,
To direct these wise sages from danger,

Till it stood o'er the ground where Christ they soon found,
With his virgin mother lying in a manger,
With frankincense and gold, as St. Mathew did unfold
The Catholic prince to adorn.
When Herod heard the news it did him confuse,
that the King of the Jews was now born,
A strong armed band he then did command,
The infant of Rachel to murder.
That thereby he might usurp David's right,
And keep him from proceeding any further.
But thirty three years on this world he appeared
And the will of his father still pleased,
The lame blind and dumb unto him did come,
For he powerfully cured all diseases.
Vile spirits did expell, idols by him fell,
He baptized all believers that repented,
What he had in store he divided with the poor,
But with wealthy misers never was contented.
The very sabbath day before our Lord did die.
As he rode upon an ass to the temple,
Each believer did stand with palms in every hand,
And the Catholics obey their example.
But the wicked out did cry we shall him crucify
For the actions that he is now performing,
The scriptures do unfold he was for thirty pieces
And convicted upon Good Friday morning. (fold,
Behold this church of same tho' persecution came
Till Constantine the Great he converted,
Ever since it doth shine most glorious and divine
Though bit upon the heel by a serpent.
All flocks of mankind that change with the wind,
Let Satan's works now not annoy you.
But you Catholics uphold your duty to the Lord
And no power upon earth can destroy you.
Printed by Pitts, Wholesale Toy Warehouse,
Great St. Andrew-street, Seven Dials,
PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE CHRISTIAN ALPHABET!

OR,

Parents' and Children's Guide and Instructor.



A

A CHILD just born, I do declare,
On parents must lie all the care ;
Baptize them in the faith and fear
Of Christ our Lord and Saviour dear.

H

HOLD true the faith, I do beseech,
Which Orthodox Divines do preach—
Cleave fast to Christ, our Saviour dear,
Then Satan's trap you need not fear.

O

O, what an awful wicked sin
The hypocrites are surely in,
That to your face tell a fair tale,
And to the next against you rail.

V

VAIN man, I need not tell you plain,
This world's a flying shadow—vain !
Beauty on earth is like a flower,
Springing and fading in an hour.

B

BRING up your little infants young,
To know the Creed in vulgar tongue,
Learn them with reverence to know,
What is the true baptismal vow.

I

If thy companions e'er should swear,
Leave their friendship when you hear
Young sinners take God's name in vain,
Or doth his Sabbath day profane.

P

PEACE-MAKERS quietly do rest,
Their habitations shall be blest—
In peace they live, in peace they die,
In peace they shall ascend on high.

W

WITH all thy heart and soul likewise,
Each morning when from bed you rise,
Give hearty thanks to God, and pray
That he may wash your sins away.

C

CHRIST's work & gospel let them know,
Unto them good example shew ;
Give them correction when 'tis due,
That they may love and honour you

J

JESUS was both patient and upright—
Though with affliction God did smite
This holy man, yet, nevertheless,
He liv'd and died in righteousness.

Q

QUIET thou the fury of thy mind,
When thou to passion art inclin'd,
That Satan may not bear command,
Nor get of thee the upper hand.

X

TEN strict commandments God hath
To be by young and old obey'd ; [made,
Christ came the laws to fulfil,
And for our sakes his blood to spill.

D

DILIGENTLY, while you live,
Unto them good instruction give,
That they to old age homage pay,
And guide the blind in the right way.

K

KEEP to the laws of Christ divine,
And in communion with him join—
For as with food the body's fed,
So must the soul, or else 'tis dead.

R

REMEMBER thy Creator in
Thy youthful days, and shake off sin—
God, if he please, can blight you soon,
Your morning sun can set at noon.

Y

YET we too often do them break;
And he that suffer'd for our sake
We little do regard indeed,
And make his wounds afresh to bleed.

E

EVER tempted Adam for to eat,
Of the forbidden fruit so sweet ;
Whence from that time all sin began,
That is to every mortal man.

L

LIBERALLY give unto the poor,
Then for yourselves lay up a store,
Which you will safe enjoy for ever,
For God doth bless the cheerful giver.

S

SEEK thou the perfect way of truth,
And let not pride corrupt your youth,
To stop thee in thy fervent race,
Which leads you to his holy place.

Z

ZEALOUS men are delighted still
For to obey God's holy will,
And by the world are not entic'd,
But still communicate with Christ.

F

FIGHT the good fight, and then you may
Run swiftly in the narrow way
Which leads to life eternally—
It is the blessed throne on high.

M

MOCK not the lame, the blind, nor halt,
For if you do 'tis a great fault—
For God above, who all things knows,
Can strike you soon as one of those.

T

TO GOD for grace and mercy call,
And he will never let you fall—
If e'er so poor, distressed, or bare,
Do not neglect the house of prayer.

&

And to conclude and make an end
Of those few lines that I have penn'd,
I hope when drops this earthly clay,
I may ever dwell in endless day.

G

God's love & kindness hath been shown,
In sending from his holy throne
His only heavenly blessed Son
To die, that we the race may run.

N

NOW I must let you understand
The Lord's most holy strict command :
Thou must not covet earthly wealth,
But love thy neighbour as thyself.

U

UNTO the counsel of the just,
Who put in Jesus Christ their trust,
O let my heart and soul give ear,
And to their wise precepts adhere.



EDINBURGH :
Printed by R. Menzies, Lawnmarket.

A N
E L E G Y
U P O N
Mr. H O B B E S.

Hold, Muse! thy Pleasant Harp a while lay by,
While I Endite for *HOBSES* an Elegy;
And write the Virtues of that *Famous Man*,
Who built th'impregnable *Leviathan*.
So great a *wit* perhaps the *World* ne're bore;
Irrevocable Evils Fools deplore.
He shew'd our Age by what Mysterious Spite
Th' Empire of Priests obscur'd the Sacred Light;
How Foreign vain Philosophy has vex'd
The *Christian World*, and thence debauch'd the Text.
This was that thinking Person, whose bold Salt
Made the blind Jargon of the School-men halt;
Damn'd *Bellarmino*, rigorous *Calvin's* Page,
And gave a check to all Bigotted Rage;
Baffling the wild Conclusions of each Sect,
By the clear vigour of his Intellect,
Who did the Pulpits fallacies untwist,
By making Truth and Reason well consist.
He must be wise, who rationally unbinds
Confounded Nonsense of astonish'd Minds.
What heaps of undigested Pedantry
As unintelligible, are now laid by?
And he that reads him well, discerns the cost
Of empty Stuff, and precious Hours lost.
For now all *Christendom* does fairly yield,
England for greatest Wit has gain'd the Field.
And now th' Adored *Stagirite* has run
His race, as cramped by the *British Sun*,
The Peevish *Memphian* Priests appear to be
Dull Sots, compar'd to our brave *Malmesbury*.
All *Grecian* and *Roman* Scriblers slide
Towards the brink of dark Oblivions Tyde.
How would those old Pretenders blush, could they
Their own corrected Volums but Survey?
They never understood the cause of *Sence*,
How blind they argu'd, we may judge from thence.
Lame Definitions craz'd Foundations make,
Non-cause for Causes they did oft mistake:
Instead of Truth they often did maintain,
From Age to age, fond Idols of the Brain.
So purblind Doctors, in the Physicks blind,
For knowledge occult qualities assignd:
So Lawyers, when their Arguments were spent,
Referr'd us to a tortur'd Precedent.
So Dull Divines, when they can Cant no more,
Leave us as blindly puzzel'd as before.
Their *Ethicks* were as fond, for who can tell
But from the Laws, where he does Ill or Well?
And for their *Politick*, it is enough
To say, they were all contradic'tious Stuff;
Not well considering in such Dispute,
The Seat of Power must be absolute.
Nor that State Maladies arise, because
Men do pretend th'are wiser than the Laws:

'Twixt King and Subjects, that the Mutual tye
Does in the Nature of Submission lye.
Nor did Men know, 'till taught by *HOBSES* of late,
Alleg'ance and Protection's correlate:
Nor that, since Governours became Christ's Friends,
The Clergies Right and Power on Law depends;
That our Religion, though from Heaven sent,
Was settled here by Act of *Parliament*.
Such useful Notions, which before lay dead,
Th' instructed Age owes to *HOBSES* reverend Head:
And tho misguided zeal be still so keen,
Some things written by him must not be seen;
Which Time may cure:
Succeeding Ages will conspire to find
The Solid Depths of his judicious Mind,
And immense Comments will be after writ
On him, as the brave Exercise of Wit.
And though, his Oyl now spent, he must give place,
Having spun out a long and worthy Race;
'Twill be by no Impartial Judge deny'd,
With him the most refined Wit and Learning dy'd.
And while Earth's Motion does determine Days,
And Years, all Wise will Celebrate *HOBSES* Praise.
If any that's good natur'd speaks him ill,
'Tis not for want of Ignorance, but Skill.

His EPITAPH.

Here lies that mighty Man of *Sence*,
Who, full of Years, departed hence,
To Teach the other World Intelligence.
This was that Prodigious Man,
Who Vanquish'd *Pope* and *Puritan*,
By th' Magic of *Leviathan*.
Had he not Controversy wanted,
His deeper Thoughts had not been scanted,
Therefore good Spirits him transplanted:
Wise as he was, he could not tell
Whether he went to Heaven or Hell.
Beyond the Tenth Sphere, if there be a wide place,
He'll prove by his Art there's no infinite space:
And all the good Angels may thank him, for that
He has prov'd they are something, tho men know not what.

Another.

Qui contemplatu totum direxerat Orbem
Hobbesius, duro Marmore Subtegitur.
Ingenui laudant, Stultis damnatur ubique;
Materies extat prodiga, volve Libros.
Tum si volvendo tu non sapientior es,
Principium Iesum stabitur esse tibi:
Morte licet terris datur irreparabile Damnum;
Redditia lactata lux redamata r*e*s.

THE VISION OF JACOB'S LADDER

With Thee Divine Hymns.

True Version.

Chapter of Genesis.

And Jacob went out from Beersheba, and went toward Haran.

And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was hot; and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep.

And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and, behold, the angels of God, ascending and descending on it.

And, behold, the Lord stood above it and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham, thy father, and the God of Isaac, the Lord who cometh to thee, to this will I give it, and to thy seed.

And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth; and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south; and in thee, and in thy seed, shall all the families of the earth be blessed.

And behold I am with thee, I will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.



BIRTH OF CHRIST.

BORNSD, the grace appears,
The promise is fulfilled;
Joy, the wood-vine virgin bears,
And Jesus is the Child.
The Lord, the highest God,
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule the land abroad,
And gives him David's throne.
Over Jacob shall he reign,
With a peculiar sway;
He nations shall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.
To bring the glorious news,
A heavenly man appears;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears,
So, humble swains (will he),
To David's city fly;
The promis'd infant born to day,
Doth in a manger lie.
With looks and hearts serene,
Go visit Christ your King;
And straight a flaming troop was seen
The shepherds hear them sing.
Glory to God on high!
And heavenly peace on earth;
God will to men, reparation's joy;
At the Redeemer's birth.

In worship & divine,
Loud saints employ their tongues,
With the celestial hosts we join,
And loud repeat their songs.
Glory to God on high,
And heav'nly peace on earth;
Good will to men, and angel's joy,
A our Redemer's birth.)
Christ's Death, Victory, and Dominion.
I fANG my Savoir's wondrous death;
He conquer'd when he fell;
He ris'n, "saw his dying breath
And shook the gates of hell.
Tis finish'd! "our Immanuel cries
The dread work is done;
Hence shall his sovereign throne arise
His kingdom is begun.
His cross a sure foundation laid,
For glory and renown;
When th' regions of the dead
H- pass'd to reach the crown.
Exult at his Father's side,
Sits out v'cious Lord;
To heav'n and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.
The saints from hi. propitios eyes
Await the sever'l crowns,
And a l the sons of darkness fly
The terrors of his brows.

And Jacob awaked out ewe sleep, and he said, Surely the Lord is in this place, and I kn th is not.

And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.

And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillow, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it.

And he called the name of that place Beth-el, but the name of that city was called Luz at the first.

And Jacob vowed a vow, saying If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way, that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on,

So that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God.

And this stone, which I have set for a pillar, shall be God's house, and of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto thee.

CHRIST'S COMMISSION

COME, happy souls approve your God,
Wi b' new melodious songs;
Come render to almighty Grace,
The tribute of your tongues,
So strange, so boundless was the love
That pity'd dying men,
The Father sent his equal son,
To g v them life again,
The hands, dear Jesus were not arm'd
With a reveng-ing rod,
No hard commission to perform
The veng'ance of a God,
But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne
When Christ on the kind errand came
And brought salvation down
Here sinners you may heal your wounds,
And wipe your sorrows dry;
Thus in the mighty Saviour's name
And you shall never die
See, dearest Lord our willing souls
Accept this offer'd grace,
We bless the great Redem c'low
And give the Father's prase,

A slight Memento

OF

MATILDA HARWOOD,

WHO DIED 11th DECEMBER, 1862, AGED THIRTY-ONE YEARS.

She was a Member of the Wesleyan Society, Stanhope Street, Hampstead Road, and also of The North-London Christian Association for Ministration to the Sick at St. Pancras Workhouse. Her delight was to tell of the love of Jesus to the suffering poor, to be in her place at the House of God, and to attend the social meetings of His people; and as long as her strength would permit, during the five years of her dying days, she was found seeking those things that are from above.

Great God! enlarge my soul! fill me with words of burning,
I would break forth and tell thy love to all,
Meet the proud sceptic's wrathful, cunning scorning,
With solemn truths from this dear maiden's pall.
Oh! Hear me when I cry, inspire my soul!
That I the truth may tell, and tell the whole.

Closed is the eye that once with smiles was beaming:
Low lies the head that loved to choose the right;
She lies a corpse, and yet to outward seeming,
Needs but a carmine touch to start again with life;
She's speaking still, absorbing is the theme,
Tells us to follow her, as she had followed Him.

Yet could I wish her back to pain and weary watching,
To cling to life, yet wishing to be gone,
Ah! no, the Saviour came and bore her hence rejoicing,
She's gone with Him to where grim sorrows never come.
"Oh! wrap me in thy crimson vest!" she cried;
"My soul is filled with glory," and she died.

Proud scorner of a holy life! dabbler with sin!
Exalter of the purse-proud! lend thine ear;
This maiden, with the hand of death upon her,
Would walk amongst the dying; seeking to cheer
The last sad moments of the wandering soul,
By pointing to the wounds that make the sinner whole.

With shortened respiration, but with heart of love,
She told of Him on whom her hopes were fixed;
Her life was His; her heart, her soul above:
And in her walk in life no guile was mixed.
Perhaps she trusted in a life well spent?
"Tis *faith* that saves!" she cried, and on she went.

Oh mighty faith! that grasps a higher life;
That sees the blood-washed throng before the throne:
That leans on Love Divine in every strife,
And claims a Saviour's promises as "Mine."
Doubter! the pool is troubled, look to Him,
This maiden weak, gazed upward and was clean.

Short was her earthly course, and years of pain,
Shut from her gaze the brighter side of life,
And yet to her a loftier vision came,
Than many view in the last hour of strife.
"I'm in the valley, but there's light afar,
"I'm covered with the robe the holy wear."

These words she uttered, and with eye of love,
Then looked around and asked them all to sing.
"Oh sing!" she cried, "He's here from heaven above,"
"Jesus is here to take me home with Him."
Go! happy soul, by such a guide attended,
Who is not glad thy suff'ring now are ended?

Can any mourn the lost one? Nay, rejoice!
Better by far that Jesus choose her lot,
Though scalding tears pour down her *mother's* face,
Yet even she is found to murmur not.
Oh! Let me e'er to the same ~~and~~ aspire;
And sink at Jesu's feet to mount the higher.

JOHN H. L. CHRISTIEN.

Most Astonishing and Wonderful Appearance of

Four Monsters To Four Young Ladies,

WEDNESDAY NIGHT LAST.



LAST night in this neighbourhood, MARY YATES, JANE SCOT, SUSAN JAMES, and ANN MOUNTFORD, agreed to meet according to the old rule and custom, to see if possible they could make their sweethearts appear, accordingly they assembled together at their houses, each of them provided with a maid shift, likewise a plentiful supply of bread, cheese, and ale, in order if their sweethearts should arrive, at length the long wished for time drew near and on its striking twelve, there was a awful flash of lightning, and they all began to repeat the following words,

*May our sweethearts if far or near,
At this moment before us appear,
And turn our shifts if love they bear.*

Many persons who where near the house was greatly alarmed at the sight.

They had no sooner uttered the above words when four men entered their apartment with ghastly appearance, each of them having a lighted torch in their hands, and like Banquo's Ghost unceremoniously seated themselves in the vacant chairs, Mirth like a coward, vanished at their presence, and every smiling feature of the face was changed to an expression of consternation and horror. At length one bolder than the rest retreated and she was immediately followed by the whole of the females, in the house, and the rest remained as if riveted by some magic spell to sit eat.

We shall leave him there to enjoy the company of his visitors and return to those who fortunately found an asylum in the house of a neighbour. After their alarm had a little subsided and the power of utterance was restored they began to conjecture who their visitors might be, and what was the purport of their errand? unlike many momentous consultations, there was little diversity of opinion for they unanimously agreed that it could be no other than his Satanic Majesty, and three of his Imps which had fled with their bread, cheese and ale !!

COME all ye merry Ladies gay
Who love to see good sport
and play,
Here is a song just printed new,
Will make you laugh till all is blue,
Of four young ladies who did meet,
To feast on thoughts of kisses sweet
Last Wednesday night the truth I tell
To try their fortune's by a spell.

Four Shifts with speed they did
prepare,
And hung them up before the fire
And each her lover did expect,
To turn her shift would not neglect
The table they did quickly spread
With nut-brown ale, and cheese
and bread,

At twelve o'clock each lady sweet,
These words did pleasantly repeat.

*"May our sweethearts far or near,
At this moment now appear,
And turn our shifts if love they bear
"To us four maids assembled here"*
But who do you think came walking
in,

Four dreadful Monsters black and
grim, (Ly and Sue
When Polly, and Dolly, Miss Sal-
As quick as light'ning away they
flew.

One ran east, another ran west,
And one fell flat upon her breast,
They did not stop for any repairs
But shov'd an old Lady down the
stairs.

The Monsters soon demolished,
The nut-brown ale, the cheese and
bread, (wind
Then off they flew
Leaving their

Leacherous ANABAPTIST:

OR,

Francis Smith
Bookseller.

The Dipper Dipt.

A New Protestant Ballad.

To the Tune of *Packingtons Pound*.

I.

O Ye Roundheads and Whiggs, for ever be silent,
Cease to scandalize Tory, and honest Tantivy;
I'll tell you strange News that happened nigh Lent,
Which if you disprove, I swear I'll forgive ye:

Of Protestant Francis,
That tells us Romances,

Of horrible Plots more strange then Miles Prances;
For Frank twelve Geneva good Bibles did proffer,
To lie with his Maid, but she slighted his offer.

2.

This Protestant News-monger, and Munster Imp,
Endeavour'd to Switchel her upon the Sabbath,
And made his Bibles his leacherous Pimp;
But some think that they together near lay both:

For the Maid was as Chast
As Lucretia, at least,

But had he been Tarquin, there had been the Jest;
For Frank twelve Geneva good Bibles did proffer,
To lie with his Maid, but she slighted his offer.

3.

Then he offer'd one Bible if he might but Grope her,
But the resolute Quean still stoutly deny'd him;
Quoth she, Master Frank you a Leacherous Fop are,
And after that manner severely did chide him:
You're the Brethrens Teacher,
An Anabaptist Preacher:

Reply'd he then to her, You a Papist and Bitch are;
For Frank twelve Geneva good Bibles did proffer,
To lie with his Maid, but she slighted his offer.

4.

He writes twice a week News Domestick & Forrain,
As Seditious as Care, Ben. Harris, or Curtis;
Great Lyes in abundance from France & from Lorrain
But never says word of his Majd: what a Cur'tis!
He tells us strange Stories,
Of Papists and Tories;

But this I'll lay for him, that his Maid no Whore is,
For Frank twelve Geneva good Bibles did proffer,
To lie with his Maid, but she slighted his offer.

5.

Then Frank be not angry cause she would not com-
For Saints in this world have misfortunes & crosses:
Suppose that she had the best Thing you could try,
You could have but tickled it with your Proboffes;

After that you wou'd curse,
You were not starv'd at Nurse,

Because you would then be twelve Bibles the worse:
For Frank twelve Geneva good Bibles did proffer,
To lie with his Maid, but she slighted his offer.

6.

From this Godly deed, St. Francis, you're call'd,
Because you endeavour'd to save your Maids Soul,
Though Satan your Pious intentions forestall'd,
And the Scriptures could not prevail on the Fool:

Though she wou'd not grant,
Yet deny it we can't,

But that you deserv'd to be called a Saint;
For Frank twelve Geneva good Bibles did proffer,
To lie with his Maid, but she slighted his offer.

THE UNHAPPY TRANSPORT,

Or the sorrowful sufferings of RICHARD GOLD, fully described in a letter to his Parents, and his lamentation.

Dear and honoured Parents,

Manifold are the sufferings which I have undergone since the sorrowful day of our parting, oh the horrors of that dismal day, that dismal parting, are engraven on my memory; time can never efface it. How bitterly do I now lament the errors of my past life, and how keenly do I feel the punishment which my misconduct has brought upon me. Dearest parents, upon my knees I crave your pardon for all the misery I have occasioned you; often in the midst of my never-ceasing toil, does the recollection of your tender love and anxious concern for my welfare and happiness rush upon my distracted mind, then do I feel the pangs of remorse to such a degree that I call upon Heaven to ease me of my wretched existence. Oh! happy England, Oh! country favoured of the Lord, how does my heart bleed at the recollection of thee compared with the misery around me, how great are the comforts which even the meanest of the inhabitants enjoy. Here am I in bondage in a foreign land, far from thy blessed shores, from friends, kindred and home, dragging a chain, the emblem of infamy, and digging in a dark and cheerless quarry from the first beam of morn till the dark night, then housed among scores of wretches like myself in a gloomy habitation, where after a coarse comfortless meal, I take such repose as a broken spirit and a pallet of straw can afford. The only comfort I have is in conversing with Susannah Hoskin who is a convict for 14 years; she is living as a servant at the house of our Overseer. remember me to all my companions, and tell them although I have acted unworthy of their regard I hope they will take warning by what I am come to, and my prayers are constantly for their happiness. Adieu, dear Parents. Your unhappy Son,

RICHARD GOLD.

The Lamentation,

Come all you wild and wicked youths,
Wherever that you be,
pray you give attention
And listen unto me.
The fate of us poor transports,
As you shall uns
And the hardships w ergo,
All on Van Dieman's Land

My parents rared me tenderly,
Good learning gave to me,
Until with bad company I was beguiled
Which proved my destiny;
I was brought up in Middlesex,
Near Uxbridge did dwell,
My name its Henry Jenkins,
At London I'm known well.

With five more I went one night,
Into a squier's park,
Hoping to get some game,
The night it proved dark,
But we were taken in the act,
To prison sent with speed.
In irons kept both day and night,
With shame made our hearts to bleed,

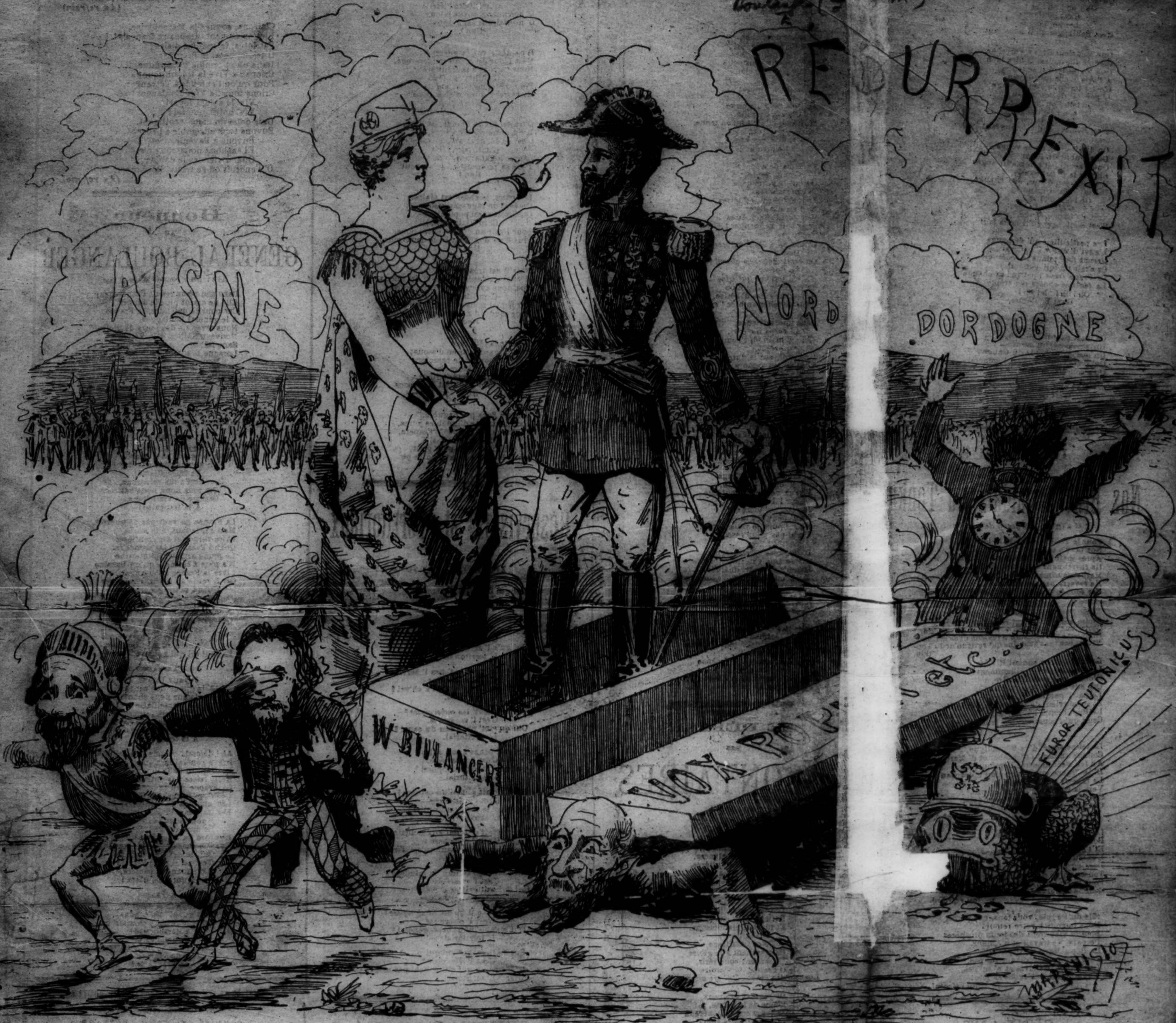
was at the Old Bailey
To the bar we did repair
Where we with patience did await
To hear our sentence there
We used the gamekeeper cruelly,
Which made it very hard
When we for life was banished
And quickly sent abroad.

The ship that bore us from the land
The Metcalf was her name
For full three months and upwards
We ploughed the raging main
Neither land or harbour could we see
Believe me what I say
Aboundless ocean all around
And over us the sky.

On the fourteenth day of April
We got in sight of land
And then we were soon landed
And chained hand to hand
To see our fellow creatures
We feel we can't tell how
Some chained to a waggon
And others to a plough.

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LA RÉSURRECTION DE BOULANGER

AIR: En rev'nant d la Rue

Par quel miracle, je l'ignore,
Il est sorti de son tombeau.
Petit bonhomme vit encore
Pour l'honneur de notre drapeau.
Ils croyaient l'avoir mis au cercueil,
Mais sa mort n'était qu'éphémère,
Le soldat de la Liberté
Comme Christ est ressuscité.

Plus vivant que jamais,
Le petit pioupiou français
Acclame et court le pays,
Fait trembler ses vils ennemis,
Réveille républicains
Battant gaiement des mains
En voyant s'arrêter
L'œil des mangouars de BOULANGER

REFRAIN

A sa santé
Il est ressuscité!
Pour lui l' peuple a voté
En conscience.
A la santé!
De notre député!
Vive la liberté!
Vive la France!

II

grâce à lui qu'i la France meurtrie
endra son rang — le premier —
l'image de la Patrie
pourquoi l'on aim' Boulanger,
Tonkin qu'a l'âme pure,
et qu'il rév' la dictature.

Jul's a tant d' nos, qu' probablement
D' loin, les dictateurs il les sent-i
Boulangier un Génér-i
On verra ça plus tard.
Nous n'acclamons pour le moment
Que le patriote unique-ment
Comme *aujourd'hui, demain*,
A nous seuls appartient.
Et s'il v'nait à changer
Nous changerions de BOULANGER !
(Au Ref)

III

Boulanger clairement s'explique ;
Il dit : « Mon épée je la mets
Au service de la République
Que je ne trahirai jamais ;

Tant que j' vivrai, servir la France
Sera ma plus chère espérance. »
C'est pour cela que nous l'aimons,
Pour cela que nous l'acclamons.
Non, devant l'étranger
L' Général Boulangier
Ne courbera jamais le front
Et si l'on nous fait un affront,
Son sang, pour le laver,
Il est prêt à l' donner.
Il l'a dit, nous l'croisons
Et voilà pourquoi nous l'urons.

IV

A la santé du sans-culotte,
A la santé de Boulanger !
Honneur à l'élu de la France
Son nom signifie : « Espérance
A la victoire », nouveau Marceau.
Il conduira notre drapeau.
Quand le clairon sonnera,
Quand le tambour batt'ra,
Au rendez-vous chacun sera,
En chantant tout l' mond' le su
La soupe on tâillera,
Puis on la trempera,
Ensuite on la mangera.

(*As Refrain.*)

PARIS. — LOUIS GABILLAUD, auteur-éditeur, 228, RUE SAINT-DENIS, 228. — PARIS

Le Journal des Comœdia (1^{re}, 2^e et 3^e édition). — *Le Journal des Comœdia* (1^{re}, 2^e et 3^e édition). — *Le Journal des Comœdia*. — *Le Journal des Bonnes d'Enfants et des Militaires*. — *Le Journal des Demoiselles et des Garçons*. — *Le Film, journal parodique critique et amusant des journaux financiers*. — *Le Journal des Papiers*. — *Le Journal des Femmes*. — *Le Journal des Comœdia*. — *Le Journal des Jolies Femmes*. — *Le Cochon, journal des gens seuls*. — *Le Journal des Amoureux*. — *Le Journal des Musiciens*. — *Le Journal des Amateurs*. — *Le Journal des Belles-Mères*. — *Le Journal des Violaines*. — *Le Journal des Croque-Morts*. — *Le Journal des Voleurs et des bandits*. — *L'Insurrection, écrite à Louise Michel*. — *Le Favot, parodie critique et amusante des journaux de guerre*. — *La Toute-Petite France de Paris*. — *Le Lapin, journal des faiseurs*.

LA MUSE REPUBLICAINE

C'EST BOULANGER QU'IL NOUS FAUT

AIR : C'est si bon.

Le soldat qui est étrange,
Qui n'a pas fait un peu trop,
Qui n'a pas fait d'erreurs,
Qui n'a pas fait de mal à son pays.
C'est Boulanger lâch' not're drapeau
Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh !
C'est Boulanger,
Lange, lange,
C'est Boulanger qu'il nous faut.

Que Monsieur Grévy étrange
Comme il vousira, faudra bien
Que tout ou tard il se range.
A l'avis d'chaque citoyen,
C'est à tort que l'on dérange
L'general de ses travaux.
Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh !
C'est Boulanger,

Lange, lange,
C'est Boulanger qu'il nous faut.

On disait que l'on se venge
Du républicain loyal
Qui le conduisit comme un ange
Entre le parti royal.
Il n'eut son d'voir, op' l'change.
Patriot n'était-il trop ?
Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh !
C'est Boulanger,

Lange, lange,
C'est Boulanger qu'il nous faut.

Les partisans qui dérange
L'envi d' envier l' général
Feront faire dans la boulanger
Qu'il soit un loli' général.
La France dans l'patrick' ça change
La fac' des choses trop,
Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh !
C'est Boulanger,

Lange, lange,
C'est Boulanger qu'il nous faut.

Qu'il soit patate malengy
Un gars qui est sordide
Un malengy des hards du Gange
Qu'il nous ramasse, c'est l' général
Qu'il soit patate, blanot.
Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh !
C'est Boulanger.

Lange, lange,
C'est Boulanger qu'il nous faut.

LE RETOUR

Nos Braves Soldats du Tonkin

AIR : La Fierge de la Paix.

Pour le Tonkin, l'armée de la France,
Nos braves soldats étaient partis;
Après maints et maints combats,
Ils reviennent dans leur pays.
Malheureusement, une dame mère
Ne reverra pas son enfant.
Car sous le tonkin malengy
Il est tombé, ce pauvre.

Voire des soldats qui reviennent de la Chine
Qui reviennent avec des armes qui reviennent de la Chine,
Qui reviennent avec des armes qui reviennent de la Chine,
Qui reviennent avec des armes qui reviennent de la Chine.

Le brave commandant Rivière,
Qui revient vainement valleymant!
Qui fait à ses héros militaire,
Qui fait mourir stoïquement.
Le petit garde sa memoire
Et se souvient de ton trésor,
La République n'oubli pas
Ceux qui illustrent par leur gloire.

(au refrain).

La jeune armé' d' la République,
Comme au temps d' Eléonor et d' Marceau,
Au feu s'est montré héroïque,
D' la France elle a bien fait l' drapeau!
La Liberté, mère chérie,
Vers la Gloire a guidé leurs pas,
Ses chers enfants, braves soldats,
Ont bien mérité d' la Patrie.

(au refrain).

La France vaillante la nature,
Bohilon, cœur de la France,
Et l'admirable armée amie
L'âlien de tous les bons amis.
Dors en paix, fils de la Patrie,
Ton exemple nous inspirera,
Pour la France grand' chose, bonnes,
Comme tel, eh !

(au refrain).

PENDANT VINGT-HUIT JOURS

SOUVENIRS D'UN RÉSERVISTE

Racontés par LIBERTÉ à la Scie

J' viens ouïss' réserviste

Faire ici

Le récit

France, mère impérieuse,

Comme dans des temps,

De nos aventure,

Pendant vingt-huit

Le matin, on nous appelle

À p'tit jour;

Crac ! on nous réveille,

On nous réveille,

Puis l'lever de nuit,

C'est l'ordre formé;

Et souris bien vite

Répondre à l'appel...

Il faut faire l'échauffe

Proprement,

D' Javier à Décembre

Correctement,

Tout l'air attendu,

Reverte la cour,

Et faire la corvée

Quatre fois par jour!

Faut faire l'échauffe
Du chass' de délics,
Le flingue,
Le poing, sans scrupules,
Français, sans délicatesse,
Prendre l'assoufie à Jules
Avant d'engouffrer!

Faut faire l'échauffe
Dans le cœur:
C'est la soupe qui sente,
Chacun court,
C'est en vain qu'on bougle
Avant l'caporal;
Le boulanger est aveugle
L'houli domm' ch'val...

La soupe finie,
Faut aller
À la bistro
Sans brouiller,
Bouilli à l'école
Faut répondre à tout,
Qu' l'engout vous colle
Quatre jours de clou !

Alors les convives
Faut aller
Au bistro, aux légumes,
Chacun bouche,
Faut coquin' fait qu'en trimé,
On fait l'alignement
A la salle d'escrime,
On bien consigné !

Après la parade,
Comme repas,
On fait la promenade
Sac sois.
Faut s' tirer des guêtres
Et l'pas léger,
Faire front' kilomètres
Sans boir ni manger !

L'jour on a les membres
Disloqués,
On croit, dans les chambres
Se poser...
Mais l' sergent qui frise
Sa moustache en croc
Nous dit : « Pas d' bêtise,
Vous sonchez au bloc ! »

Bans interminables,
L' corps meurti,
L' land'main on r'commence
Sans répit.
On couch' sur la dure,
Lois de nos amours,
Et c' plaisir-là dure
Pendant vingt-huit jours !

J' contribue un bonheur
À l'old' doux :
Où j'en est' ma donne
M'endre-vouz...
Le rôle, triste affaire,
Même à men tréor,
J'endre la belle-mère
De l'ambour-major !

Le malice, plein de rage
M' dit : « Champin,
Faux voleur c' outage
Sur l' terrasse.
J' t' pas pas' blessure
Or t' peut pas' la voir,
Mais d' pais, je vous l' jure,
T' n'as pas pu m' assocer !

D' Pontos à L'archere
Je suis v'nne,
March's et contre-march's
M'ont fourbie,
Et l'ant la p'tie quatre
Bouillies et la p'tie quatre

Qui que ça soit, ça va !

LE MILITAIRE DE CHEZ NOUS

CHANSON PATRIOTIQUE

AIR : La Mousie.

Connaissez-vous l' militaire
Qui met tout l'mond' sons d'us d'us
C'est l'ex-ministre de la guerre
C militaire ! (bis)
D' son succès soyez jaloux,
C militaire il est à nous

Hou !

Il n'dést' pas la guerre,
Mais l'jour du grand rendez-vous,
Nous verrons à la frontière
C militaire ! (bis)
Pour distribuer des aéros,
Et hanter l'entré d'abex nous

Hou !

D'un tel fils la France est fière,
Il est notre espoir à tous,
C'est en lui seul qu'on espère
C militaire ! (bis)
Saura, loyal avant tout,
Tnir sa promesse jusqu'au bout

Hou !

Les reçus, la chose est claire,
Crèvent de rage en deçous
Qu'il soit aussi populaire
C militaire ! (bis)
Pour l'voir au diable, entre nous,
Plus d'un dom'rait bien deux sous !

Hou !

Mais il est très nécessaire,
N'veus en déplais', mée p'tits chouz,
Que nous ayons, en cas d' guerre,
C militaire ! (bis)
Sur lequel nous comptons tous
Pour conduir' nos p'tits piepus

Hou !

Il porte la tête fière
Et ne r'garde pas en deçous;
C'est un homm' de caractère
C militaire ! (bis)
Il est garni d'croix partout,
Mais un vrai cœur bat si-dous

Hou !

Comme Bézaine, n'gouère,
Rampant sous d'ignobles jungs,
Il aimons vendre pas, l'espere,
C militaire ! (bis)
Et comme il est à n'c' goût,
N'importe le suivre n'importe où

Hou !

RÉSERVISTES ET TERRITORIAUX

SCÈNE

AIR : Le Chœur et la Flûte

Qui que ça soit, ça va !

Il n'est plus là, mais son absence,
Loin de l'au l'oubli dans nos ossements,
Y sera garder l'espérance,
A l'aise de nos trois œuvres.
Nous servons à la Patrie,
Encore en état, ancor' morts,
Les s'garde tournés vers l'avenir,
Nous portons à Boulanger,
Car il est notre espoir,
Ce soldat du Devon,

Bonami, de la Royauté,
Il défend le liberté.
C'est sur lui qu' nous espérons,
Et lui qui nous voulons
Et certes, nous l'avons,
C'est lui seul, si fou, qu' nous suivrons.
(du refrain)

Chârons, sonnez la Marseillaise,
Flottez en vous, drapeaux français!
Patriotes, trempez d'aise;
Il triomphera, le Progrès.
Dans un ensemble magnifique,
Griez : « Vive la République ! »
Pour qu'on l'entende à l'étranger,
Griez tous : « Vive Boulanger ! »
Vive le soldat loyal!
Vive notre général!
Unis dans un mém' sentiment,
Buvons tous ensemble à l'absent,
Buvons à l'avenir,
Et sachons nous souvir,
Quand viendra le danger,
D' l'endroit où se trouv' Boulanger.
(du refrain)

Honneur

AU

GÉNÉRAL BOULANGER

AIR : En l'avançant d' la Flûte

Dans son cœur remplit l'espérance;
Elle ne croit plus le danger
Car pour la défense, la France
A le général Boulanger.
Nous réverons des jours de gloire,
Nouveau Kléber, à la Victoire,
Sans falbri, ti neuf condurra,
Louque le tocsin sonnera !
Nous irons au succès,
Sous le drapeau français.
Sans redouter d'être battus,
Nous ferons face aux ennemis
Griez au premier rang,
Vendre votre honnête sang.
Car il faudra vaincre,
L'autre que nous à l'ennemi

JOYEUX JOURNÉE

A la guerre des canons

En l'avançant d' la flûte

La Marseillaise !

Oui nous vaincrons,

Car tous nous nous battons

Comme de vrais hommes

A la française !

La France ne veut pas de guerres,

Mais il faut que l' fait, elle saura

Etre respecter ses frontières

Quand l'ennemi les menaçra.

La jeune armé républicaine</p